

# Day After Tomorrow

Joan Baez

I got your letter today  
And I miss you all so much, here  
I can't wait to see you all  
And I'm counting the days, dear  
I still believe that there's gold  
At the end of the world  
And I'll come home  
To Illinois  
On the day after tomorrow

It is so hard  
And it's cold here  
And I'm tired of taking orders  
And I miss old Rockford town  
Up by the Wisconsin border  
But I miss you won't believe  
Shoveling snow and raking leaves  
And my plane will touch tomorrow  
On the day after tomorrow

I close my eyes  
Every night  
And I dream that I can hold you  
They fill us full of lies  
Everyone buys  
About what it means to be a soldier  
I still don't know how I'm supposed to feel  
About all the blood that's been spilled  
Look out on the street  
Get me back home  
On the day after tomorrow

You can't deny  
The other side  
Don't want to die  
Any more than we do  
What I'm trying to say,  
Is don't they pray  
To the same God that we do?  
Tell me, how does God choose?  
Whose prayers does he refuse?  
Who turns the wheel?  
And who throws the dice  
On the day after tomorrow?

Mmmmmmmmm...  
I'm not fighting  
For justice  
I am not fighting  
For freedom  
I am fighting  
For my life  
And another day  
In the world here  
I just do what I've been told  
You're just the gravel on the road  
And the one's that are lucky

One's come home  
On the day after tomorrow

And the summer  
It too will fade  
And with it comes the winter's frost, dear  
And I know we too are made  
Of all the things that we have lost here  
I'll be twenty-one today  
I've been saving all my pay  
And my plane will touch down  
On the day after tomorrow  
And my plane it will touch down  
On the day after tomorrow