

# Requiem For An Angel

Jorma Kaukonen

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Wait for tomorrow, it'll be better than today;  
Wait for tomorrow, child, and let it be the words that I say;  
Well the sun's gonna shine, ain't gonna change my mind, no way!  
When that new day comes, I know I won't be seeing no grey.  
Well everybody's trying to make me change my mind;  
My friend's tell me I'm just wasting my time;  
Well I don't care cause I'm living blind or crazy.  
I wouldn't lose my mind, but all I can find is trouble;  
Well, though the going gets rough, I just slide on by on the do  
uble;  
And though that highway calls, I fly through the sky like a bub  
ble;  
Ah, when the new day comes I'll be feeling fine and traveling a  
lone!  
Well everybody's trying to make me change my mind;  
My friend's tell me I'm just wasting my time;  
Well I don't care cause I'm living blind or crazy.  
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