

# Maybe Someday

Loverboy

Some read the morning paper  
Some read the T.V. Times  
Some pour the 2%  
But never see the others eyes  
Some pass the second guessing  
Some write the tenth reprise  
A new vocation is the art  
Of taking bad advice

I don't know if we'll ever call it even  
I don't understand anything anymore  
You could be less aware  
I could be more awake  
We could be makin' it  
Well maybe someday  
In our own sweet time

Some could be hidin' something  
Some guess they'll never know  
Some turn in circles, until one of them  
Decides to go.

Some would be lying if they said  
They don't feel the same  
Some learn to shut their mouths  
And never have to lie again

I don't know if we'll ever call it even  
I don't understand anyone anymore  
You could be less alive  
I could be more sedate  
We could be makin' it  
Well maybe someday  
In our own sweet time  
In our own sweet time

People say that we'll never call it even  
They don't understand anything anymore  
There could be more to life  
There could be less to say  
There could be more to us  
Well maybe someday  
In our own sweet time

I don't know if we'll ever call it even  
I don't understand anyone anymore  
You could be less alive  
I could be more sedate  
We could be makin' it  
Well maybe someday  
In our own sweet time  
In our own sweet time

Maybe someday