

## Someone Else's Tomorrow

Patty Griffin

Have you ever been baptized in the cool winter water  
On a Sunday morning when the sky was gray?  
You filed out of the churchyard, so cold it was silver  
To gold, tan, and blue cars, and the cars drove away  
All the memories fade, send the ghosts on their way  
Tell them they've had their day, it's someone else's tomorrow

The tall and the tiny ships on the water  
Farther and farther, floating away  
Will never return now, all wooden and burned out  
They echo and groan now in their salty graves  
All the memories fade, send the the ghosts on their way  
Tell them they've had their day, it's someone else's tomorrow  
Someone else's tomorrow