

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