

# Time Flies Tomorrow

Paul Westerberg

Time flies tomorrow  
But it ain't made a move yet  
Time flies tomorrow  
And tomorrow will make a day since we've met

Your heart sings a feeling  
It don't ache but baby it's gonna  
Swing from the ceiling  
Break like a piñata

Break like a whitecap  
In the sand you shiver  
With eyes like two hubcaps  
At the bottom of the river

Time flies tomorrow  
But it ain't made a move yet  
Time flies tomorrow  
And tomorrow will make a day since we've met

Your hands are like an ovation  
An uncertain work of art  
I sometimes grow impatient  
Gonna tear me apart

Ain't no time for crying  
As you stand and deliver  
All my thoughts of dying  
Are silenced by your river

Time flies tomorrow  
And time flies since we met  
Time flies tomorrow  
Yeah, time flies since we met

Time flies tomorrow  
Time flies tomorrow