

Sometimes the voices are there just to tell us
What we want to here
Sometimes the choices we make are the ones
That we pray disappear

But I suppose that one would say
That all our tomorrows began yesterday

I'll be your man in the mirror
But I'll need your help with the door
I'll be your constant companion
'Cause I've been right where you are before

Sometimes your promises
Made are a shade on the dubious side
And sometimes your actions speak
Louder than words of an off color kind

But I suppose that one would say
That all our tomorrows began yesterday

I'll be your man in the mirror
But I'll need your help with the door
I'll be your constant companion
'Cause I've been right where you are before

Falling, spinning, more than willing to call it a day
Twisting, turning, reaching, yearning for something to say

But I suppose that one would say
That all our tomorrows began yesterday

I'll be your man in the mirror
But I'll need your help with the door
I'll be your constant companion
'Cause I've been right where you are before

I'll be...