

TOMORROW ...

Tomorrow is the day we all wait for
It's the beginning of the end ... here come the Great War.

The world becomes Khaki and camouflage green

Existence is hidden behind a smoke screen

Employment goes up. and we all have a job.

Ha! Work a few days and become a blob

of nothing... nowhere ... alone ...

in a void ... of silence.

But you can't complain now,

you chose your trade -

to work in the factories

where the guns were made,

and the missiles and bombs

and bullets and all.

For two bits an hour,

you earned your call

to the world beyond all comprehension

no fear ... no joy ... no sorrow ... nor tension...

Neither here ... nor there

Just suspended ... nowhere!

II

You've heard about The War no doubt

which will turn all existence inside out

and then, where will you be?

Stone cold dead, Baby, just like me.

But the moment before I heave my last sigh

I'll be able to say, I'm ready to die.

Being at work exactly on the dot

to help the boss get what you ain't got

If you're truly happy, then that's ok.

if not, don't waste another day.

Get out and fumble about and move.

Yes fumble, I said 'till you find the groove

most suitable to you,

If not, you'll be sorry when life is through

I won't, ... no-o-o-o-o-t me.