

## Tomorrow

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Each day is just another day of hurt for me.  
If anyone knew I think they would agree.  
I wish there would be a better day, But I know it will not turn out that way.  
Oh, if tomorrow wouldn't have to be so bad, Because plenty days of pain and grief I have had.  
This day of hurt, will then vanish without a trace.  
Then tomorrow all over again these things I must face.  
I have never had someone I could call my best friend, And if there was, it always soon would end.  
Why does it always have to turn out this way?  
Just another cruel day.  
Will I ever see a brighter tomorrow,  
That isn't filled with so much pain and sorrow?  
I already know the pain tomorrow will hold.  
I will be reminded; I will be told.  
Will there ever be a little ray of hope?  
Through another tomorrow will I be able to cope?  
Will better times every come?  
Good days, will there ever be some?  
Tomorrow will just bring more bitterness and strife.  
That is the way it has been all of my life.  
So how can I expect it to be any different now for me, When I already know exactly the way it will be?  
There is a better life in Jesus, my friend.  
He has been my best friend and our friendship is yet to end.  
Ask Him to come and be your friend,  
And best of all, with Him your relationship will never end.