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Tomorrow is a Long Time
Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded as a Witmark Demo Dec. 1962, in the NY Town Hall
Apr 12 1963 for the unissued live album .
  C/g
              G
                   C/g
                                                                    C/g
  G
        C/g
                                                  G
                                                       C/g
                                                                    G
              G
                                      C/g
  G
                                         C/g G
             C/g
     G
                              G
If today was not an endless highway,
               C/g
If tonight was not a crooked trail,
           D/f#
                           C/g
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,
                          D/f#
                                             C/g G
     C/g
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all.
         C/g
                     D/f#
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
   C/g
                     D/f#
                                    C/g
if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
                D/f#
         C/g
                                C/g
Yes, and only if she was lyin' by me,
                 D7/f# . . .
                                   C/g G | C/g G | C/g G | G
    C/g . . .
I'd lie
           in my bed
                             once again.
I can't see my reflection in the waters,
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain,
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps,
Or can't remember the sound of my own name.
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
Only if she was lyin' by me,
Then I'd lie in my bed once again.
There's beauty in the silver, singin' river,
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky,
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes.
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin', Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
Only if she was lyin' by me,
Then I'd lie in my bed once again.
   He sings "crooked highway".
New Morning Outtake, June 1970
Intro:
  Α
If today was not an endless highway,
If tonight was not a crooked trail,
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,
     D (n.c.)
Then lonesome would mean nothing to me at all.
and if only my own true love was waitin',
if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
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once again.