Book 1

## **Tomorrow is a Long Time**

Bob Dylan

ADAIf to-day was not an endless highway<br/>ADAIf to-night was not a crooked trail<br/>DE7AIf to-morrow wasn't such a long time<br/>DE7AThen lonesome would mean nothing to you at all

A D A I can see my reflection in the waters A D A I can speak the sounds that show no pain A D E7 A I can't hear the echo of my footsteps A D E7 A And I can't remember the sound of my own name

DE7AAh, but only if my own true love was waitin'DE7AI could hear her heart softly poundin'DE7ADDE7AOnly if she was lyin' by me then if I'd lie in my bed once again.

D OU A A There's beauty in the silver, singin' river; A D A There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky; A D E7 But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty D E7 A That I re-member in my true love's eyes

DE7AAh but only if my own true love was waitin'DE7AI could hear her heart softly poundin'DE7ADDE7AOnly if she was lyin' by me then if I'd lie in my bed once again.

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