Ben Harper, Tommorow Is A Long Time

If today was not an endless highway If tonight was not a crooked trail If tomorrow wasn't such a long time Then lonesome would mean nothing to me at all Only if my own true love was waitin' And if I could hear his heart a-softly poundin' Only if he was lyin' by me Could I rest in my bed once again I can't see my reflection in the water I can't speak the sounds that know 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' And only if my own true love was waitin' And if I could hear his heart a-softly poundin' Only if he was lyin' by me Could I rest 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 match the beauty That I remember in my own true lover's eyes And only if my own true love was waitin' And if I could hear his heart a-softly poundin' Only if he was lyin' by me Could I rest in my bed once again Could I rest in my bed once again