Tuesday's Dead

Words and Music by Cat Stevens

Fairly Bright Jamaican (in 2)



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Oh preacher won't you paint my dream won't you show me where you've been, show me what I haven't seen to ease my mind 'Cause I will learn to understand If I have a helping hand I wouldn't make another demand, all my life Whoa - where do you go when you don't want no-one to know Who told tomorrow - Tuesday's dead

What's my sex, what's my name, all in all it's all the same everybody plays a different game - that is all Now man may live, man may die searching for the question why, but if he tries to rule the sky - he must fall Whoa - where do you go when you don't want no-one to know
Who told tomorrow - Tuesday's dead Now every second on the nose
The humdrum of the city grows