

# Who Knows What Tomorrow May Bring

(Henry Hipkens)

Who knows what tomorrow may bring  
Could be most anything  
A peaceful calm, an atomic bomb  
Who knows what tomorrow may bring

Who knows what tomorrow may bring  
These may be the last words that I sing  
So say your prayers to the man upstairs  
And in the mean time lets just swing

I don't mean to fiddle while Rome burns  
I just mean forget your small concerns  
So let's swing, let's swing, let's swing, let's swing  
Let's swing, let's swing, let's swing  
Let's swing, let's swing, let's swing, let's swing  
'Cause who knows what tomorrow may bring

Who knows what tomorrow may bring  
Could be the rain of spring  
a discouraging word, a buffalo herd  
Who knows what tomorrow may bring

Who knows what tomorrow may bring  
The rhetorical oracle sings  
So say your prayers to the man upstairs  
And in the mean time let's just swing

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I just mean forget your small concerns  
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