

TOMORROW

He was going to be all that a mortal could be—
tomorrow.

No one would be kinder or braver than he—
tomorrow.

A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it too;
On him he would call and see what he could do—
tomorrow.

Each morning he'd stack up the letters he'd write—
tomorrow.

And thought of the folks he would fill with delight—
tomorrow.

It was too bad, indeed, he was busy today,
and hadn't a minute to stop on his way,
More time I will have to give others, he'd say—
tomorrow.

The greatest of workers he would have been—
tomorrow.

The world would have known him, had he ever seen—
tomorrow.

But the fact is, he died, and he faded from view,
and all that he left here, when living was through,
Was a mountain of things he intended to do...
TOMORROW.

Author Unknown