

TOMORROW

(ANNIE:) For the both of us.
If not today, well...

Slowly in 4 rit. (ANNIE:) *a tempo*



The sun'll come out— to-mor-row.



Bet your bot-tom dol-lar that to - mor-row,— there'll be



sun! Just think-in' a - bout— to - mor - row



clears a-way the cob-webs and the sor-row,— 'til there's



none! When I'm stuck with a day that's gray and



lone-ly, I just stick out my chin and grin and



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say, "Oh, the sun'll come out to-mor-row,

17

so ya got-ta hang on 'til to - mor-row, come what

19

SANDY: ANNIE:

may." To - mor-row! To - mor-row! I

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SANDY: ANNIE:

love ya, To - mor-row! You're al-ways a day a -

WARD: Hey, you! Little girl. Come here.

ANNIE: Yes, Officer?

WARD: That dog there. Ain't he a stray?

ANNIE: A stray? Oh, no, Officer. He's my dog.

WARD: Your dog, huh? So, what's his name?

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way!

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ANNIE: His name? His name is... Sandy. Right, that's it. I call him Sandy because of his nice sandy color.

WARD: Okay, let's see him answer to his name.

ANNIE: Well, you see, Officer... I just got him and sometimes...

WARD: Call him!

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