

TOMORROW

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



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,

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

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 may." **SANDY:** To - mor-row! **ANNIE:** To - mor-row! I

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SANDY: love ya, **ANNIE:** To - mor-row! You're al-ways a day a -

(A policeman,
OFFICER WARD,
 enters.)

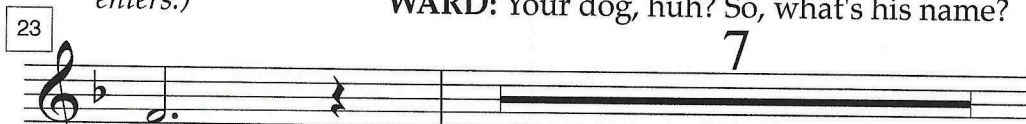
WARD: Hey, you! Little girl. Come here.

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!

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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