

Burt Bacharach, Promise Her Anything

She doesn't really want things
That you can never get
Still every now and then
Maybe she'll complain a bit
Because she feels upset

She only wants you
To tell her that you love her
So if she wants you
To turn winter into Spring
Promise her anything
She's dreaming of
Promise her anything
She will be happy
If she only gets your love

Oh you can promise her the moon
When the sun is bright
Promise her the sun
When you're out of sight
Promise her the world
And promise her
Her every wish is your command
And you'll discover soon,
She doesn't want the moon
Just love will do

Promise her anything
But don't you ever
Let her get away from you