

Randy Travis, Promises

Cheap perfume, and painted faces...
fallen angels fill the places
where I go when my troubles bring me down.
All the lies, I know they'll tell me,
and the time that they will sell me...
for a while, I'll be the biggest man in town.
Back at home...
in bed, she's crying.
For her love for me is dying.
But she'll pray I make it safely through the night.
When the morning sun starts showing,
to her bedside I'll be going,
And she'll hold me
while I face the morning light.
And I'll make promises...
promises to change.
I'll make her promises,
swear I'll rearrange,
and I'll start giving all the
love she needs, if only she
will stay.
Once again, she'll reassure me.
And I believe her love will cure me,
and I'll fall asleep with tears on my face.
And I know she's just a woman,
and her love can't last forever.
And someday soon, I know
she'll leave without a trace.
For, broken promises will tear her dreams apart.
Just token promises will someday
break her heart,
and for the last time, she'll hold me
when I cry, and while I'm sleeping...
she'll quietly say goodbye...