

Sherwood, Gentleman Of Promise

I've written letters to you on whitest paper,
But they all return to me a pale brown,
And I've tried to stand up to it,
But it all seemed kinda useless,
So I'm writing you this letter from the ground,

And if you see a gentleman of promise,
Stealing looks at you from there across the room,
And if your tired heart, it dances from exchanging second glances,
Don't hesitate to steal your glances too,

And I wanted to wait till the sun won't appear,
Making flowers and placing them over our ears,
But you are what you are, and I'm not very far along,

But something tells me there will come a time,
Tired of that back and forth affair that we've been through,
Thinking more than once it may be time for something new,
Suddenly you'll see him standing there across the room,
Staring at you,

And I wanted to wait till the sun won't appear,
Making flowers and placing them over our ears,
But you are what you are, and I'm not very far along,
And I'm not very far along,

And if your tired heart, it dances,
From exchanging second glances,
Please don't hesitate to put this letter down,