

Butch Walker, Promise

Well I fumbled for a pencil
And my I'm so sorry pad
And I wrote until I sprained my stupid brain
Well you know that there's a reason I made this up so fast
I thought I'd never get a chance to say
What's on my mind, I'm never kind
When my vocabulary's secondary to a bottle of wine

But I promise I can love you
Just like a man
And I promise I can hold you
Like nobody can

I never knew the difference between bullshit and sincere
As long as it sounded good
While coming out
And I can't blame it on my father
He gave me my 1st beer
And he held my head back as I puked it out
What was I saying, there I go playing

The game I know so well
Talking about myself when it should be you

But I promise I can love you
Just like a man
And I promise I can hold you
Like nobody can