

Icehouse, No Promises

a winter palace
from the arabian nights
white waves on an ocean
gems from a golden age

life in your new world
turning round and round
making some sense
where there's no sense at all

no promises
but if you should fall

stars die in the silence
of arabian nights
wind washes the seasons
in these days of a golden age

life in your new world
turning round and round
making some sense
where there's no sense at all

no promises
but if you should fall

I could give you more
than just the shape of things
break every word
begin it all again
your name on a white sheet
pure lace shot with passion
but as love lies
bleeding in your hands

heaven sends you
no promises
of arabian nights
no white waves on an ocean
no gems from a golden age

life in your new world
turning round and round
so make some sense
where there's no sense at all

I give you
no promises
but if you should fall

no promises
but if you should fall
you fall

no promises
but if you should fall

no promises
but if you should fall
you fall

life in your new world
as it turns round and round

no promises
but if you should fall