

Jim Robert, I Promise

As I promised
I'm regretting
Every single word I missed
Play it over.
Pretend Flower,
Sitting under our street light.

This incandescent sun light
Combined with cool air and silent night
Makes me nostalgic for my promise.
There's got to be some insight
About that last look on that last night;
So I could go on living my pathetic life.

I hate to say that I miss you.
I hate to say that I love you
I hate to say that I'm lonely
I hate to say that I hate this.