

# 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.