Promise

Rushing and hopeful
\( \frac{\text{l}}{\text{m}} = 120 \)

You never really know the way the
day might turn. Which city park might set the scene, or

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You ride the tails of summer days,
trying to foresee each midnight dream.
but you get nothing but the promise that you'll get the chance to learn what they might mean.

E'v'ry thing you are is promise!
We never really knew the way that time could twist, our hands clasp ing at an anchor, then each of us both reach for someone
new.

\[\text{May-be we didn't know the cha-sm grew be}\]

cause we never dug it deep with an-ger,

\[\text{or}\]

wrapped up in the pro-mise of our kiss for-got there was dan-

\[\text{mf}\]

\[\text{f}\]

\[\text{p}\]
The only thing we are is promise...

Like all life that blooms inside the august we're
made to grow but not to know when we're ripe.

May - be it's to -
may be it's tonight...

But we never really know the song our lives will sing,
the melody and how it's sung is
written and re-written ev'ry moment.

And maybe you think that it's broken, but

maybe it's really just caught on the tip of your tongue.
May - be we've a - wo - ken,

may - be we have just be - gun, but

pro - mi - ses can't tell you what might come. I can't

poco rit.

poco rit.
e-ven pro-mise we are... I love you... I loved you. But the
world is so un-sure. May-be now there's just the pro-mise that we were.