

## Empty Promises

Cass McCombs

Like any force of nature  
You cannot be controlled  
The SPIRIT disappears  
Before you grab a hold  
Say it again  
I like the sound of that  
Whispers, nothings  
Another new toy for the brat  
Sweet honey  
Tell me where you stand  
Empty promises  
To you from Pan

Like any force of nature  
You cannot be denied  
How much SPIRIT  
Has industry supplied?  
Over five hundred years  
Since the bitch arrived  
And we still cannot find  
A decent place to hide  
Play the song on through  
The broken string  
Empty promises  
Of hope and things

Like any force of nature  
You are dangerous  
What mortal cannot  
Lose its SPIRIT, thus?  
Smother our  
Mother's generation  
Whose idleness and vanity  
Destroyed our glorious nation  
Punk was not severe enough  
For empty promises  
Forcefed in youth to us

This song is short, mean, and overplayed  
To take it in stride, well, that's okay  
Aha, empty promises!