

Promises Made

Inkwell

I remember when I had it all figured out
Summer days, summer nights
You let it go any day, any price

These highways bring us home,
and I will make it up to you somehow.
And I will make it up to you somehow.

I can count to twenty-three,
so sleep, sleep tonight.
I'm sorry I'm not home, home to do
all the things that I love to do.

These highways bring us home,
and I will make it up to you somehow.
And I will make it up to you somehow.

And I will make it up to you somehow.
And I will make it up to you somehow.
I will make it up to you somehow.