

## 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.

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