

Promises

Steve Harley

True romance in the dead of the night
The breeze in the air, it almost glistens
And the earth is a glorious sight
When nobody speaks and nobody listens
You're gonna have a night to remember
You're gonna be real, live, hot contender

Sleepalking in the dead of the night
Cold coffee in the china
Friends talking in the dead of the night
Promises, it's always the way
Promises, it's always the way

Running off by the light of the moon
The hand on your heart is almost hidden
You try from your favourite room
To get at the truth but it's forbidden
You've never been a shoulder to cry on
The lover's pledge is not to be relied on

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Cold coffee in the china
Friends talking in the dead of the night
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Old friends in a sepia frame
The proud photograph, the truth it measures
Is why in humanity's name
You take from the wounded personal treasures
You've never been a friend to depend on
You've never understood my view of heaven

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