

A Broken Tenor

The Promise Ring

Red. Blue.

Where are you tonight,

You say everything just right everything's just right.

I live on a dead end street where men and women meet.

The countries really far from me.

Where the seasons get universal.

Yeah, the seasons get universal

Why are you still surprised by a quart of gin and a quarter scotch,

A quiet airplane and a half-hour off the clock.

Where are you?

Your hair knows.

Your hair knows the top of your T-shirt

And your back was up in arms about it.

But I'm not as good as the inner states are;

I can't take you that far.

To a polish town in German tongues

And in time with Irish rounds he thinks every Russian girl is you.

Did he hear? He didn't hear here.