

## 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.