

No Promises

William Fitzsimmons

Love is whistling
Past the graveyard after dark
Love is listening
For the good inside a heart

Of no, no, no
Promises
Of no, no, no
Promises

Love is infinite
Pretty flowers and diamond rings
Love feels permanent
When the wedding singer sings

Of no, no, no
Promises
Of no, no, no
Promises

Soon he's fast asleep
While you're lying there awake
And you're Googling lawyers
On your lunch break

Oh, no, no, no
Promises
Oh, no, no, no
Promises

God, I would love for this all to work out
But hey, no promises
Oh, no, no, no

Hope the roof holds
When the house begins to shake
Hope there's always arms to catch you
When the branches break

God, I would love for this all to work out
But hey, no promises

Oh, no, no, no
Promises
Oh, no, no, no
Promises

God, I would love for this all to work out
But hey, no promises

Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no

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