

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.