Promise

Butch Walker

Well, I fumbled for a pencil and my, I'm so sorry pad
And I wrote until I sprained my stupid brain
And I know that there's a reason why I made this up so fast
I thought I'd never get a chance to sayWhat's on my mind? I'm never kind
When my vocabulary's secondary to a bottle of wineBut I promise I can love you

Just like a man Promise I can hold you

Like nobody canI never knew the difference between bullshit or sincere As long as it sounded good while comin' out

And I can't blame it on my father, he gave me my 1st beer

And he held my head back as I puked it outWhat was I sayin'? There I go playin' the game I know so well I'm talking about myself when it should be youBut I promise I can love you

Just like a man Promise I can hold you Like nobody can

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