Don't Make Promises

Tim Hardin

Jesse come home, there's a hole in the bed
Where you slept now, it's growing cold
Jesse your face in the place where we lay
By the hearth, all apart, it hangs on my heart

And I'm leaving the light on the stairs
No, I'm not scared, I wait for you
Hey Jesse, it's lonely, come home

Jesse the floors in the boards
Recalling your steps and I remember too
All the pictures are fading they're shaded in gray
But I still set a place on the table at noon

And I'm leaving the light on the stairs
No, I'm not scared, I wait for you
Hey Jesse, I'm lonely, come home

Jesse the spread on the bed
It's like when you left, I kept it for you
All the blues and the greens have been recently cleaned
And are seemingly new, hey Jess, me and you

We'll swallow the light on the stairs
Fix up my hair, we'll sleep unaware
Hey Jesse, it's lonely, come home

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