

# 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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