

# Promises, Promises

**Burt Bacharach**

Promises, promises  
I'm all through with promises, promises now  
I don't know how I got the nerve to walk out  
If I shout, remember I feel free  
Now I can look at myself and be proud  
I'm laughing out loud

Oh, promises, promises  
This is where those promises, promises end  
I don't pretend that what was wrong can be right  
Every night I sleep now, no more lies  
Things that I promised myself fell apart  
But I found my heart

Oh, promises, their kind of promises, can just destroy a life  
Oh, promises, those kind of promises, take all the joy from life  
Oh, promises, promises, my kind of promises  
Can lead to joy and hope and love  
Yes, love

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