Promises

1963

Promises given
And promises broken
Words stain my lips
Just like blood on my hands
And words are like poison
That sinks down inside you
And some things you do
You just don't understand
Well I offer no reason
And I ask for no pity
I make no excuse
For the way that I am
And words are like poison
That sinks down inside you
And some things you do
You just don't understand
I God is my witness
Then God is my savior
But if you are my judge
Then I'm already damned
And words are like poison
That sinks down inside you
And some things you do
You just don't understand
And would if my fingers
To cut off and give you
Could gain my redemption
I'd cut off my hands
But words are like poison
That bends you and blinds you
And some things you do
You just don't understand
So this is my story
And I hope that it finds you
For your sweet attention
I cannot demand
And words are like poison
That lives down inside you
And some things you do

You just don't understand

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