

# Broken Promise

Michael Stipe, Placebo

We'll rise above this  
We'll cry about this  
As we live and learn  
A broken promise  
I was not honest  
Now I watch as tables turn  
And you're singing I'll wait my turn  
To tear inside you  
Watch you burn  
And I'll wait my turn  
I'll wait my turn I'll cry about this  
And hide my cuckold eyes  
As you come off all concerned  
And I'll find no solace  
In your poor apology  
In your regret, that sounds absurd  
And keep singing I'll wait my turn  
To tear inside you  
Watch you burn  
And I'll wait my turn  
To terrorize you  
Watch you burn  
I'll wait my turn  
I'll wait my turn And this is a promise  
Promise is a promise  
Promise is a promise  
Promise is a promise And I'll wait my turn  
To tear inside you  
Watch you burn  
I'll wait my turn  
I'll wait my turn Promise is a promise  
Promise is a promise  
Promise is a promise A broken promise  
You were not honest  
I'll bide my time  
I'll wait my turn

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