# A Broken Tenor

## The Promise Ring

Red, blue, where are you tonight?
You say, everything's just right
You say, everything's just rightI live on a dead-end street where men and women meet
The country's really far from meWe need seasons universal
The seasons universal
Why are you still surprised
By a quarter of gin and a quarter scotch
A quiet airplane and a half-hour off the clockWhere are you? Where are you?
Your hair knows, your hair knowsYour hair knows the top of your T-shirt
The top of your T-shirt
And your back was up in arms about itBut I'm not as good as the inner states are
Not as good as the inner states
I can't take you that far
And I just can't take you that farAnd I'm not as good as the inner states are
As the inner states are
I just can't take you that farInto a Polish town, into a German town
A German town
And in time with Irish round
And he thinks you're young and every Russian girl is youInto a Polish town, into a German town
A German town, in time do you know it's round, round, round
Did he hear? Do you hear
Hear, hear, hear, hear, hearRed, blue, where are you tonight?
Where are you and where are you tonight?

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