Promises, Promises

The Cooper Temple Clause

It's got me going inside I think it's happening again
I think there's gonna be some action
'cause you got me going inside
Got me where you want me
Sit down and talk to me
Well I just hope you're happy
With your snake skin dead bodies evening all
Well just go back to your bright lights
You made promises you couldn't keep
Sicking up rag doll more than you know
Just keep your mouth shut you got mind to blow
You celebrate things you celebrate things forget about me And
just desecrate everything
Oh you messed it up good yeah this kid's just a joke
Baby can't shoot straight
But you gotta shoot straight
'cause there's so many friends to make
Gotta take blows it's the way that you grow
Don't need to be seen
Just gotta get yourself known

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