

## Promise

Butch Walker

Well I fumbled for a pencil  
And my I'm so sorry pad  
And I wrote until I sprained my stupid brain  
Well you know that there's a reason I made this up so fast  
I though I'd never get a chance to say  
What's on my mind, I'm never kind  
When my vocabulary's secondary to a bottle of wine

But I promise I can love you  
Just like a man  
And I promise I can hold you  
Like nobody can

I never knew the difference between bullshit and sincere  
As long as it sounded good  
While coming out  
And I can't blame it on my father  
He gave me my 1st beer  
And he held my head back as I puked it out  
What was I saying, there I go playing

The game I know so well  
Talking about myself when it should be you

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