[music intro]

I sometimes wonder why people make promises they never intend to keep.

Not in big things, like love or elections, but in the things th at  $\operatorname{count}$  -

The newspaper boy who says he will save an extra paper, and doe sn't.

The laundry that tells you your suit will be ready on Thursday and it isn't.

Love, well yes, but like everything else, we go from day to day

We move from promise to promise.

I've had a good many promises now, so I can wait for the harves t.

And some of them, they come about.

[music to the end]