

## Making Promises

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People think i'm such a mess  
It doesn't make any sense  
'Cause i don't see  
That me

I am just a fragment  
Of my imagination  
And what i see  
Is what i see

I've got this thing with  
God and cigarettes  
Making promises, making promises  
Making promises

People make me think of me  
As something i don't wanna be  
But i can't  
I can't be that

Then they say i feel too much  
You're like a wine you shouldn't touch  
But i don't see  
The problem

I've got this thing with  
God and cigarettes  
Making promises  
Making promises

I don't believe those  
Bunch of broken hearts  
Give it up, give it up  
Making promises, making promises