

Making Promises

Lisa Germano

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