

Smolik, Promises (faet. KEV FOX)

Wont you find somebody to lean on
Wont you find me somebody body who cares
One more night in the garden of evening
Wouldnt hurt

Take the roof off the burned out basment
The alarm bell beginning to ring
Wont you buy me another illusion
Or the pill

I promise you this
Ill be the writing on your wall
If i was a lion
You couldnt catch me if i fall

Now theyre making love on the station
Dressed in velvet and strong than most
Ill never tire of listening to elvis and the ghosts

Im alive and well can yo hear me
Ive been burned by ecscape and desire
I was rolling with your intentions
In the mire

I promise you this
Ill be the writing on the wall
If i was a lion
You couldnt catch me if i fall