Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass "Promises Promises"

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Promises, promises I'm all through with promises, promises now I don't know how I got the nerve to walk out

If I shout, remember I feel free Now I can look at myself and be proud I'm laughing out loud

Oh, promises, promises
This is where those promises, promises end
I won't pretend that what was wrong can be right

Every night I'll sleep now, no more lies Things that I promised myself fell apart But I found my heart

Oh, promises, their kind of promises take all the joy from life
Whoa, promises, those kind of promises can just destroy your life
Oh, promises, promises, my kind of promises
Can lead to joy and hope and love
Yes, love

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