

I Promise

Paul

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When I see you walking down alone
The road is fast against your pavement slow.
When there's not a lot to call your own
And you've known no place to call a home

I promise.

When ambitions inchoate their sunshine lives
And their distant lecterns teach a swooning style
And judging eyes turn down to tell you why
For you it's just a day you must survive.

I promise.

When happy faces look to book a place
And hands and arms do hook to share their chase
For choice and grace and warm embrace
I see you turn and walk... without a face.

So I promise.



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