

Promises

You were dancing alone in your room late last night.
The music floated down to the street.
And I watched from the corner till you turned out the light,
Remembering when you used to dance with me.

I know it wasn't me you wanted; you just wanted to be loved.
But anyone with love to give would've done.
You stole my heart, but there was someone else that you dreamed of.
Why couldn't I have been that one?

Promises made in the heat of the night . . .
Promises that this would be the best . . .
But like a slow dance the romance
Lost the tune much too soon.
You changed partners; I stood holding promises.

Sometimes I wish that I'd never seen your face
Or felt you beside me in the night.
For so long I've been looking for someone to take your place,
But no one else has ever felt so right.

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Promises that this would be the best . . .
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Words by Michael Cody
Music by Michael Cody & Fred Carter, Jr.