

Burning With Promise

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Everybody's searching
Hell bent on finding
The inner flame
Burning with promise
Like the rising sun
And I say good luck to you all
Good luck to you all.

And it's a rare person who finds it
And I don't know many who have
There's always one thing
That's going my way.

That's my music
And you know what I mean
A good old-fashioned acoustic guitar
Makes me smile when you know I'm not so high
And keeps me there whenever I am.

That's my music
Need I say it one more time?
A melody and harmony
Picks me up now, when I'm feeling alone.

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