

The Chain

Ingrid Michaelson

The sky looks pissed
The wind talks back
My bones are shifting in my skin
And you, my love, are gone
My room seems wrong
The bed won't fit
I cannot seem to operate
And you, my love, are gone
So glide away on soapy heels
And promise not to promise anymore
And if you come around again
Then I will take, then I will take
The chain from off the door
I'll never say, I'll never love
But I don't say a lot of things
And you, my love, are gone
So glide away on soapy heels
And promise not to promise anymore
And if you come around again
Then I will take the chain from off the door
So glide away on soapy heels
And promise not to promise anymore
And if you come around again
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Then I will take, then I will take
Then I will take the chain from off the door

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