

# Ribbons

Ingrid Michaelson

I'm sitting pretty and I don't know why  
I found somebody, said he'd make me fly  
Wrapped me up in ribbons then he left me to die  
Wrapped me up in ribbons then he left me to die Told me he'd hold me 'til there was no more  
Told me that he'd love me from the top to the floor  
Wrapped me up in ribbons then he went for the door  
Wrapped me up in ribbons then he went for the door All the time he takes are the words that he breaks  
All the time he takes are the words that he breaks 'Cause I'm not flying  
I'm not flying am I  
I'm not flying so damn high in the sky  
I'm not flying  
I'm not flying am I  
I'm not flying am I You look so pretty in the dark of night  
But I'm getting wise in the early light  
I can see you falling like a homemade kite  
I can see you falling like a homemade kite You put your Sunday best on for us all  
Painting up a promise that you know will fall  
Wrap me in your ribbons tie me to the wall  
Wrap me in your ribbons tie me to the wall All the time he takes are the words that he breaks  
All the time he takes are the words that he breaks 'Cause I'm not flying  
I'm not flying am I  
I'm not flying so damn high in the sky  
I'm not flying  
I'm not flying am I  
I'm not flying am I You walk on everybody  
You walk on everyone  
You walk right up and you ask me to dance  
You ask me to dance  
You ask me to dance then you walk away No I'm not flying am I  
I'm not flying so damn high  
No I'm not flying  
I'm not flying am I  
I'm not flying  
No I'm not flying am I  
I'm not flying am I

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