

The Chain

Ingrid Michaelson

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

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