Glass

Ingrid Michaelson

Rolled around on kitchen floors
Tied my tongue in pretty bows with yours
And now we pass and just like glass
I see through you, you see through me like I'm not there
You could make my head swerve
Used to know my every curve
And now we meet on a street
And I am blind, I cannot find the heart I gave to you
Sometimes what we think we really want we don't
Sometimes what we think we want we really don't
Sometimes what we think we love, don't, we don't
And I am blind, I cannot find my heart I gave
And when we meet on a street
Then I am blind, I cannot find my heart I gave to you

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