So Long

Ingrid Michaelson

You've made me into someone Who should not hold a loaded gun And now you sit upon my chest Knock out my wind, knock out my best And so long to no disasters And mornings too And so long to ever afters So long to you I am soft for only you Impale me with your tongue, it's true And slices of me piled sky high The same old me to the naked eye But I can't find myself tonight And so long to no disasters And mornings too And so long to ever afters So long to you And so long to no disasters And mornings too And so long to ever afters So long to you

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