

# The Chain (Live from Webster Hall)

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  
And if you come around again  
Then I will take the chain from off the doorSo glide away on soapy heels  
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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

Songwriters

INGRID MICHAELSONPublished by

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