

This Is For

Ingrid Michaelson

This is for the girl next door
who thinks she knows me
She adores the way my words
feel just like home
But she don't know
the sadness flow
that pours out nightly
Still, I keep rolling
the lonesome road out before me
This is for the boy next door
who thinks he loves me
He adores the voice that soars
into his heart
But he don't know
the sadness flow
that pours out nightly
Still, I keep rolling
the lonesome road out before me
Where do you lie down
and can I lie too?
Oh, just for a moment,
but then, well I gotta go
This is for my friends and more
who live so richly
Still, we taste the solitude
in the back of our mouths
We all know the sadness flow
that pours out like a chorus
Still, we keep rolling
the lonesome road out before us
Where do you lie down
and can I lie too?
Oh, just for a moment,
but then, well I gotta go
[Humming]
We all know
the sadness flow
that pours out like a chorus
Still, we keep rolling
the lonesome road out before us
Oh, still we keep rolling
that pours out like a chorus
the lonesome road out before us

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