

# Sort Of

## Ingrid Michaelson

Baby, you've got the sort of hands to rip me apart  
And baby, you've got the sort of face to start this old heart  
    But your eyes are warning me this early morning  
        That my love's too big for you my love  
    Baby, you've got the sort of laugh that waters me  
    And makes me grow tall and strong and proud and flattens me  
        I find you stunning but you are running me down  
    My love's too big for you my love, my love's too big for you my love  
        And if I was stronger then I would tell you no  
        And if I was stronger then I would leave this show  
        And if I was stronger then I would up and go  
        But here I am and here we go again  
    Baby, you've got the sort of eyes that tell me tales  
    That your sort of mouth just will not say, the truth impales  
        You don't need me but you won't leave me  
    My love's too big for you my love, oh, my love's too big for you my love  
        And if I was stronger then I would tell you no  
        And if I was stronger then I would leave this show  
        And if I was stronger then I would up and go  
        But here I am and here we go again  
        Tell me what to do to take away the you?  
        Take away the you, take away the you  
        Take away the you  
        And if I was stronger then I would tell you no  
        And if I was stronger then I would leave this show  
        And if I was stronger then I would up and go  
        But here I am and here we go again

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