

Porcelain Fists

Ingrid Michaelson

"Follow your heart", he said
Your heart will take you there
"Swallow your pride", he said
For pride is anything but rare
So I walked into your eyes
Without a raincoat on
And in the salty sea
I find you're all but gone
Take my hand, you're treading water
And I feel sand slipping away
From underneath our toes
Nobody knows where is it she goes?
Looked in the bathroom stall
Your back against the wall
Cold tiles beneath your knees
Your body broke your fall
Spitting into your own
Reflection gazing back
Inside your porcelain fists
Your palms begin to crack
So take my hand you're treading water
And I feel sand slipping
From underneath our toes
Nobody knows where is it she goes?
When those sad eyes start to close
Nobody knows where is it she goes?
When those sad eyes close

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