

# Ingrid Michaelson, Glass

Rolled around on kitchen floors.  
Tied my tongue in pretty bows with yours.  
And now we pass and just like glass  
I see through you, you see through me like I'm not there.

You could make my head swerve.  
Used to know my every curve.  
And now we meet on a street,  
And I am blind. I can not find the heart I gave to you.

Sometimes what we think we really want we don't.  
Sometimes what we think we want we really don't.  
Sometimes what we think we love we don't.

And I am blind. I can not find the heart I gave to you.  
And when we meet on a street,  
Then I am blind. I can not find the heart I gave to you.