

Ingrid Michaelson, Porcelain Fists

"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
I feel I am slipping away from underneath my 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 your treading water
And I feel sand slipping underneath my 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