

Ingrid Michaelson, The Chain

The sky looks pissed
The wind talks back
My bones are shifting in my skin
And you my love are gone

My room seems wrong
The bed won't fit
I cannot seem to operate
And you my love are gone

CHORUS

So glide away on soapy heels
And promise not to promise anymore
And if you come around again
Then I will take, then I will take the chain from off the door

I'll never say I'll never love
But I don't say a lot of things
And you my love are gone

CHORUS x6