

# 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