

Ingrid Micahelson "So Long"

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You've made me into someone
Who should not hold a loaded gun
And now you sit upon my chest
Knock out my wind, knock out my best

And so long to no disasters and mornings too
And so long to ever afters, so long to you

I am soft for only you
Impale me with your tongue, it's true
And slices of me piled sky high
The same old me to the naked eye
But I can't find myself tonight

And so long to no disasters and mornings too
And so long to ever afters, so long to you

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