

## Ingrid Michaelson "Porcelain Fists"

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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 over come

Take my hand you're treading water  
And I feel sand slipping away from underneath  
Our toes  
Nobody knows  
Where is it she goes?

Locked 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.  
You're treading water.  
And I feel sand slipping away from underneath  
Our 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.

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