

## Ingrid Michaelson "Sort Of"

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### "Sort Of"

Baby you've got the sort of hands to rip me apart  
And baby you've got the sort of face to start this old  
heart  
But your eyes are warning me this early morning  
That my love's too big for you my love

Baby you've got the sort of laugh that waters me  
And makes me grow tall and strong and proud and  
flattens me  
I find you stunning, but you are running me down  
My love's too big for you my love  
My love's too big for you my love

And if I was stronger then I would tell you no  
And if I was stronger then I will leave this show  
And if I was stronger then I would up and go  
But here I am and here we go again

Baby you've got the sort of eyes that tell me tales  
That your sort of mouth just will not say, the truth  
impales  
That you don't need me, but you won't leave me  
My love's too big for you my love  
My love's too big for you my love

And if I was stronger then I would tell you no  
And if I was stronger then I will leave this show  
And if I was stronger then I would up and go  
But here I am and here we go again

Tell me what to do to take away the you?

And if I was stronger then I would tell you no.  
And if I was stronger then I will leave this show  
And if I was stronger then I would up and go  
But here I am and here we go again

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