

Ingrid Michaelson

"Spare Change"

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Aching, longing
Save all your hands for me
'Cause I won't share them
With anything, anyone, no

I grew from you
Branches from a dying tree
But I could save you
If only you looked for me

You can't break me
I'm a piggy bank on the floor
Watch all my spare change
Roll out the door
Watch all my spare change
Roll across the floor
Watching me through
Your glass door...

Save your smile for
Everybody else you see
'Cause I don't want the
One that you make for me

You can't break me
I'm a piggy bank on the floor
Watch all my spare change
Roll out the door
Watch all my spare change
Roll across the floor
Watching me through
Your glass door...
Your door...

The more that I've tried
The more that you've pried
Yourself away...

