

Ingrid Michaelson "The Chain"

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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

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

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And promise not to promise anymore
And if you come around again
Then I will take the chain from off the door

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