

# Ingrid Michaelson, Die Alone

I woke up this morning with a funny taste in my head.  
Spackled some butter over my whole grain bread.  
Something tastes different, maybe it's my tongue.  
Something tastes different, suddenly I'm not so young.

I'm just a stranger, even to myself.  
A re-arranger of the proverbial bookshelf.  
Don't be a fool girl, tell him you love him.  
Don't be a fool girl, you're not above him.

I never thought I could love anyone but myself.  
Now I know I can't love anyone but you.  
You make me think that maybe I won't die alone.  
Maybe I won't die alone.

Kiss the boys as they walk by, call me their baby.  
But little do they know, I'm just a maybe.  
Maybe my baby will be the one to leave me sore.  
Maybe my baby will settle the score.

I never thought I could love anyone but myself.  
Now I know I can't love anyone but you.  
You make me think that maybe I won't die alone.  
Maybe I won't die alone.

What have I become?  
Something soft and really quite dumb.  
Because I've fallen, oh, 'cuz I've fall-fallen, oh 'cuz I've fall-fall-fallen  
So far away from the place where I started from.

I never thought I could love anyone.  
I never thought I could love anyone.  
I never thought I could love anyone,  
But you, but you, but you, but you, but you  
But you make me think that maybe I won't die alone.  
Maybe I won't die alone.