Ingrid Michaelson, The Chain

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS x6