

Ingrid Michaelson, Glass

Rolled around on kitchen floors.
Tied my tongue in pretty bows with yours.
And now we pass and just like glass
I see through you, you see through me like I'm not there.

You could make my head swerve.
Used to know my every curve.
And now we meet on a street,
And I am blind. I can not find the heart I gave to you.

Sometimes what we think we really want we don't.
Sometimes what we think we want we really don't.
Sometimes what we think we love we don't.

And I am blind. I can not find the heart I gave to you.
And when we meet on a street,
Then I am blind. I can not find the heart I gave to you.