

I'm Through

Ingrid Michaelson

I'm going out again tonight
The first time in the longest time
He holds the door and holds my hand
But doesn't feel like you

We laugh at all the people in
The restaurant across from us
He talks a lot, but not too much
But doesn't sound like you

It's all because of you that I'm through
It's all because of you that I'm through

I know there'll come a time again

When everything will fit right in
And I won't have to see your face
In strangers on the street

But I would rather feel the sting
Than never to have felt a thing
I'll always know you were the one
To rip me from the ground

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