

# 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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