

Porcelain Fists

Ingrid Michaelson

Follow your heart he said
Your heart will take you there
Swallow your pride he said
For pride is anything but rare

So I walked into your eyes
Without a raincoat on
And in the salty sea
I find you're over come

Take my hand you're treading water
And I feel sand slipping away from underneath
Our toes
Nobody knows
Where is it she goes?

Locked in the bathroom stall.
Your back against the wall.
Cold tiles beneath your knees.
Your body broke your fall.
Spitting into your own reflection gazing back.
Inside your porcelain fists your palms begin to crack.

So take my hand.
You're treading water.
And I feel sand slipping away from underneath
Our toes.
Nobody knows
Where is it she goes.
When those sad eyes start to close
Nobody knows
Where is it she goes.
When those sad eyes close.