The Chain





note: the last 11 measures are sung a capella, so this ending seems abrupt without singing.

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]