Sort Of

Ingrid Michaelson [Verse] Em Baby, you we got the sort of hands to rip me apart F#m And baby, you ve got the sort of face to start this old heart F#m But your eyes are warning me this early morning F#m G That my love s too big for you my love G Em F#m Baby, you we got the sort of laugh that waters me F#m D And makes me grow tall and strong and proud and flattens me I find you stunning, but you are running me down G My love s too big for you my love F#m G My love s too big for you my love [Chorus] F#m Α And if I was stronger then I would tell you no D/F# And if I was stronger then I will leave this show F#m Α And if I was stronger then I would up and go D/F# $\mathbf{E}\mathbf{m}$ But here I am and here we go again [Verse] \mathbf{Em} F#m Baby, you we got the sort of eyes that tell me tales Em F#m G That your sort of mouth just will not say, the truth impales Em That you don t need me, but you won t leave me G My love s too big for you my love F#m G My love s too big for you my love [Chorus]

G

Α

F#m

Em

