

Disaster

Ingrid Michaelson

Everything I ever knew is slipped beneath your golden shoe.
Salutation from above.
I think God made your love.
Just like a fingerprint or snowflake.
Your eyes, they change with every take.
Like a handshake from the dove.
I think God made your love.
And I'll be a better woman if you'll be a better man.
And you'll show me all the things that you can master.
And we'll both fall down together, cause I'll never let go of y
our hand.
Be my disaster.
Be my disaster.
Just be mine. Be mine.

Move over so I can sit.
And I'll make some room in me so you can fit.
You give my insides a shove.
I was born for your love.
And I'll be a better woman if you'll be a better man.
And I'll show you all the things that I can master.
And we'll both fall down together, cause I'll never let go of y
our hand.
Be my disaster.
Be my disaster.
Be mine.
Be mine.
Be mine.
Be mine.