

# My Days

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Where am I?  
Where am I going?  
Is it somewhere that I want to go?  
And when I get there  
Is that where happy is?  
Or is it somewhere I already know?

Sometimes I feel  
Like I cry without a noise  
Sometimes I feel  
Like somebody chose my choice

I have to run away  
I have to sit and stay  
I wanna live a life  
Where I'm allowed to say  
That I'm proud of the way that I spent  
My days

I can feel  
Something growing  
It is small but it's shifting the ground  
When I was younger, I could hear it  
But it's back  
It's my sound

Sometimes I feel  
Like I lost my only voice  
But then I realized  
Only I can choose my choice

I have to run away  
I have to sit and stay  
I wanna live a life  
Where I'm allowed to say  
That I'm proud of the way that I spent  
My days

These days  
All we ever really get are  
Days to dream  
And days to lose  
I just need to choose my time

I have to run away  
I have to stay  
I'm gonna live a life  
Where I am proud to say  
That I followed my joy  
I followed my heart  
I lived this one wild life, I ripped it apart  
I pushed through the corners with no apologies

And finally I can say  
I know the way  
I'll say that I love the way that I spent  
My days