

Lisa Germano, Bruises

Coffee in the morning
And wine in the evening
And everything else is boring, boring

You are a nothing
But all I can think of is you
The sun could be shining,
But all i can see is a black and blue

Bruises, bruises, bruises, bruises

At the moment,
I talked all my way out of that
But heavy with feeling,
I know that I weigh extra fat
Was trying to be sleeping
And these always thoughts came to me
Was something that took to get me out bed, misery

Make it better, all right
Make it better, all right
Make it better,
Make me better

So shook-ed with feeling
I drift back to it easily
How did you do it
Make more out of nothing of me

Bruises, bruises, bruises, bruises

And when you start counting
There's too much to count
And it's all repetition
And what did we do by the way?

I know it's a warning
But all i can think of is coffee in the morning
Wine in the evening
And everything else is a black or boring bruise, bruise

Make it better, all right
Make it better, all right
Make me better
Make me better, all right