

Fergie, A Little Work

Got a lot of answers
I'm looking for in these meds
bout time I talk to somebody
shrink my head
a lot of promises
broken things that were said
and I can't get out of this bed

got bruises on my heart
plenty scares ion my mind
got blisters under the Band-Aid over my life
gonna rip it open and show the world what's there
lord, know I'm not perfect

when everything around me starts to fall
I rise up again to the call

we're all just a little bit broken
we're all just a little bit hurt
we've all got wounds half open
we all can use a little work
a little work, a little

gotta wait first of the month to pick that check
he bounced and left
it was over
never came back
had a lot of questions about daddy after he left

now it's just momma and them kids
and she said
I'll hold her down
don't worry
we'll find a way
no matter how
I'll make sure the bills get paid
she gave it all and thank God, their mouths got fed
she prayed the cycle would end

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