

# Jack's Mannequin, Bruised

I've got my things, I'm good to go  
You met me at the terminal  
Just one more plane ride and it's done  
We stood like statues at the gate  
Vacation's come and gone too late  
There's so much sun where I'm from  
I had to give it away, had to give you away  
And we spent four days on an  
Island at your family's old hotel  
Sometimes perfection can be  
It can be perfect hell, perfect...  
Hours pass, and she still counts the minutes  
That I am not there, I swear I didn't mean  
For it to feel like this  
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised  
And don't fly fast. Oh, pilot can you help me?  
Can you make this last? This plane is all I got  
So keep it steady, now  
Cause every inch you see is bruised  
I lace my Chucks, I walk the aisle  
I take my pills, the babies cry  
All I hear is what's playing through  
The in-flight radio  
Now every word of every song  
I ever heard that made me wanna stay  
Is what's playing through  
The in-flight radio, and I  
And I am, finally waking up  
Hours pass, and she still counts the minutes  
That I am not there, I swear I didn't mean  
For it to feel like this  
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised  
Don't fly fast. Oh, pilot can you help me?  
Can you make this last? This plane is all I got  
So keep it steady, now  
Cause every inch you see is bruised, yeah  
So read your books, but stay out late  
Some nights, some nights, and don't think  
That you can't stop by the bar  
You haven't shown your face here since the bad news  
Well I'm here till close, with fingers crossed  
Each night cause your place isn't far  
And hours pass, and hours pass, yeah, yeah...  
Yeah, yeah, she still counts the minutes  
That I am not there, I swear I didn't mean  
For it to feel like this  
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised  
And don't fly fast. Oh, pilot can you help me?  
Can you make this last? This plane is all I got  
So keep it steady, now  
Cause every inch you see is bruised, bruised, bruised