

# Maria Mena, A Few Small Bruises

Out here on the ledge  
I'm not far away from stepping off  
I finally picked out my cloud  
It's the one over there surrounded by all that air

You reached out your hand  
And said "I understand";  
So why not come down?

Well except for a few small bruises, cuts and scars I'm fine  
Oh except for a few small bruises, cuts and scars I'm fine

Thank you for asking!  
I'm so glad we had this moment here alone  
I know they think I'm crazy  
But everything I am, is everything I was taught to be

Except...

As you read my words out loud  
Make me sound genius  
Make me sound special  
And maybe I'll come down...