# Mary Gauthier, The Ledge

(Mary Gauthier)

Under water, under the well
Under glass, under a ground swell
Chasing bliss, chasing my tail
Chasing desire, straight down to hell
I couldn't love, could not forgive
Didn't know how to live and let live
My choices were few
On the ledge, looking up at you

Over drawn, over fed,
Over run, over my head
I held a grudge, I held a gun,
Held contempt for everyone
I couldn't cry, I couldn't learn
I didn't flinch when bridges burned
I was tost, through and through
On the ledge, looking up at you.

I lived alone, I lived In rage
I lived in darkness inside a cage
On the fringe, a refugee
I couldn't trace it back to me
I grew mean, I grew small
I grew tired of it all
I couldn't tell false from true
On the ledge, looking up at you.

Out of luck, out of time
Out of control, out of my mind
Running scared, running down
Running low to the ground
The blows were hard, the blows were mean
The blows were low, the hits were clean
I was left black and blue