

# 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