

## Bruises

Lisa Germano

Coffee in the mornin' and wine in the evenin'  
And everything else is boring, boring  
You are a nothin' but all I can think of is you  
The sun could be shinin' but all I can see is a black and blue

Bruises, bruises, bruises, bruises

At the moment, I talked all my way out of that  
But heavy with feelin', I know that I weigh extra fat  
Was tryin' to be sleepin' and these always thoughts came to me  
Was somethin' that took to get me out bed, misery

Make it better, all right, make it better, all right  
Make it better, make me better

So shooked with feelin', I drift back to it easily  
How did you do it? Make more out of nothin' of me

Bruises, bruises, bruises, bruises

And when you start countin', there's too much to count  
And it's all repetition and what did we do by the way?  
I know it's a warning but all I can think of is coffee in the mornin'  
Wine in the evening and everything else is a black or boring

Bruise, bruise

Make it better, all right, make it better, all right  
Make me better, make me better, all right