

A few small bruises

Maria Mena

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...