

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
I didn't know how to live and let live
My choices were few
On the ledge, looking up at you

Overdrawn, overfed
Overrun, over my head
I held a grudge, I held a gun
I held contempt for everyone

I couldn't cry, I couldn't learn
I didn't flinch when bridges burned
I was lost, 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 blows were clean
I was left black and blue
On the ledge, looking up at you