

# Bruised

Orla Gartland

Alarm clock greets me like a kick to the head  
stare at the ceiling cant get outa this bed  
I cant feel my breakfast, my tongue lost its taste  
Another insignificant day gone to waste

But I could make a change for the better today  
The worlds in my hand I can mould it my way

Nothing to gain, next to nothing to lose  
Mornings a hit and the day is the bruise  
If I wake up tomorrow with a smile on my face  
Its cause Ive finally accepted this world that I have  
to embrace

Days full of drama, of laughs and of cries  
Things can get tough when youre fighting a war from  
both sides  
So take off your helmet, and put down your gun  
Take a step back, take time out have some fun

But you could make a change for the better today  
The worlds in your hands you can mould it your way

Nothing to gain, next to nothing to lose  
Mornings a hit and the day is the bruise  
If I wake up tomorrow with a smile on my face  
Its cause Ive finally accepted this world that I have  
to embrace

Livin in a war zone, battered and confused  
Things can get tough can get tough when your bruised,  
bruised, bruised.

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If I wake up tomorrow with a smile on my face  
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