

# Lisa Germano, Bruises

Coffee in the morning  
And wine in the evening  
And everything else is boring, boring

You are a nothing  
But all I can think of is you  
The sun could be shining,  
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 feeling,  
I know that I weigh extra fat  
Was trying to be sleeping  
And these always thoughts came to me  
Was something 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 shook-ed with feeling  
I drift back to it easily  
How did you do it  
Make more out of nothing of me

Bruises, bruises, bruises, bruises

And when you start counting  
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 morning  
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