

Bruised

Jack's Mannequin

I've got my things
I'm good to go
You met me at the terminal
Just one more plane ride and it's done
We stood like statues at the gate
Vacation's come and gone too late
There's so much sun where I'm from
I had to give it away
Had to give you away And we spent four days on an island
At your family's old hotel
Sometimes perfection can be
It can be perfect hell, perfect...
Hours pass and she still counts the minutes
That I am not there
I swear I didn't mean for it to feel like this
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised
And don't fly fast
Oh pilot, can you help me?
Can you make this last?
This plane is all I got so keep it steady now
Cause every inch you see is bruised I lace my chucks, I walk the aisle
I take my pills, the babies cry
All I hear is what's playing through the in flight radio
Now every word of every song
I ever heard that made me want to stay
It's what's playing through the in flight radio
And I, And I am finally waking up
Hours pass and she still counts the minutes
That I am not there
I swear I didn't mean for it to feel like this
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised
Don't fly fast
Oh pilot, can you help me?
Can you make this last?
This plane is all I got so keep it steady now
Cause every inch you see is bruised, yeah So read your books and stay out late some nights,
some nights
And don't think that you can't stop by the bar
You haven't shown your face here since the bad news
Well I'm here 'till close with fingers crossed
Each night cause your place isn't far And hours pass, hours pass, yeah, yeah
She still counts the minutes that I am not there

I swear I didn't mean for it to feel like this
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised
And don't fly fast
Oh pilot, can you help me?
Can you make this last?
This plane is all I got so keep it steady now
Cause every inch you see is bruised, is bruised...

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>