

# 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