

The Ground

Orla Gartland

Try your worst, 'cause I've heard it all
And just stuck on a brave face & tried to walk tall
And you can tell me that I've changed when you can look me in the eye
I've got tricks up my sleeve
As I wave goodbye

I like to think that I am stronger now than I was before
But now I'm having trouble showing you the door

And ohhhh
I'm on my road
I've got my map in hand but I just don't know where I stand
And now I'm here
Picking my pieces off the ground

We need to let the negativity slack and grab the positivity back
I need a smile that isn't fake
But I'ma need your help for goodness' sake, your help

I'm sick of being a drifter, being a floater
Go-away-and-get-the-boat-er
No one wants you here, why can't you see
But I was living life through someone else's eyes but now I'm finally
back to me

I like to think that I am stronger now than I was before
But now I'm having trouble showing you the door

And ohhhh
I'm on my road
I've got my map in hand but I just don't know where I stand
And now I'm here
Picking my pieces off the ground
Picking my pieces off the ground
Picking my pieces off

The ground you stand on
The ground that looks you in the eye
The ground you stand on
The ground that you will just walk by

And ohhhh
I'm on my road
I've got my map in hand but I just don't know where I stand
And now I'm here
Picking my pieces off the ground