

Bruised

Rare Americans

Anything can happen
Anything happens all the time
I was down, down, down, on my down low luck
I had that attitude like, "Man, who gives a fuck?"
So I take the road, almost everybody takes it
So I take the road, off the exit sign that says "fake it"
I want to climb, climb, climb, I want to carry, carry, carry
I want to grow up, have a kid or two, and get married
So I need to take these fingertips, get a goddamn grip
On this fast-slipping cliff, make a list, load these lips

You can do this
You can do this, man
You can do this
You can do this, man

I lied, I lied, I lied, I lied, was sittin' on the truth
Oh, why, why, why do I do the things I do?
What to choose? What to do? I'm fuckin' bruised
Fuckin' bruised, fuckin' bruised

I'm fuckin' bruised
I'm fuckin' bruised

Anything can happen
Anything happens all the time
It was hard, hard, hard, set back, back, back
Life was a train, I was dead in its tracks
So I got up, and I copped to, and I fucked up and I miss you
Can we start again if I swear to deal with my old issues?
It was a heavy, heavy, heavy situation I was in
Saw that there is nothin' you can do about this, pal, grin
So I think and I blink and I swallow, live to see tomorrow
Many things around here friend, you're best not to borrow

You should know this
You should know this, man
You should know this
You should know this, man

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