

Bruises

Reneé Rapp

I've spent twenty-two years of my life
Tryin' not to freak out
Tryin' not to be needy
I go through six different moods at a time
I'm happy then losin' my mind
Quick transitions are crazy

It's not fair, I've got acetone for veins
I'm so sensitive, just one touch and I feel pain

All my friends make sweet fun of me
I guess it's funny but the truth's I bruise easily
And sure I'm down to be the joke
Metaphorically though
You could flip me inside out and they would show
Black, purple, and green
Yeah, I bruise easily

I've spent three hundred sixty-five days
And fifty-two weeks in my brain
Goin' over the same thing
That girls said when we was in fourth grade
I take everything personally
I've always hated that about me
I've tried to be cool and chill

But it's not fair, I've got acetone for veins
I'm so sensitive, just one touch and I feel pain

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I guess it's funny but the truth's I bruise easily
And sure I'm down to be a joke
Metaphorically though
You could flip me inside out and they would show
Black, purple and green
Yeah, I bruise easily

I bruise, I bruise easily
I bruise, I bruise easily
Black, purple and green
(Black, purple and green)
Not happy
I bruise, I bruise easily
Please don't f*cking swing, it hurts me

All my friends make sweet fun of me
But the truth's I bruise easily
Sure I'm down to be the joke
Metaphorically though
You could flip me inside out and they will show
Black, purple and green
Yeah, I bruise easily