

Pressing On A Bruise (Feat. Mat Kearney)

[Brad Paisley](#)

You were a pain girl, a thorn in my side
Drove me insane girl, a white-knuckle ride
So why do I go lookin' through old photographs
And chase you down the hallways of our checkered past
Hold on for dear life and keep the fire fed
I oughta let go but instead It's like I'm pressing on a bruise
To see if it still hurts
Right now that's all I've got left of you
Everybody knows that just makes it worse
But still I do I could start a new life, I could move on
I could do a drive by, and see if you're home
Now there's a fine, fine line between a memory
And something any shrink would call an injury
But it's not over long as you're still hurtin' me
And as I turn onto your street It's like I'm pressing on a bruise
To see if it still hurts
Right now that's all I've got left of you
Anybody knows that just makes it worse
But still I do Still I do, still I do, still love you But she's the kind of girl puts your world on hold
Walk the halls and you check your phone
Gave up the ghost and the ghost keeps holdin' on
And you run from the sun but you curse the rain
Lost the love so you nurse the pain
Goin' on and on, singin' that same song But she's gone
(I can't let it alone)
And you get drunk on those glory days
(I can't just let it heal)
With a broken heart and a bitter taste
(No, I can't just let it go)
Well, you light it up as she burns you down
(I can't just let it heal)
You're smokin' those memories to the ground
(Like I'm pressing on a bruise)
Yeah, that's the thing about love and pain
They may look alike but they're not the same
(No, I can't just let it go)
You've got to let it go go go
(No, I can't just let it heal)

Songwriters

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