

Falling on a Bruise

Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine

You win some and you lose some
And I've lost the will to lose
With my part time job and my faith in God
Falling on a bruise And this no star bed and breakfast
And insolvency abuse, make me feel like throwing myself
Off the kitchen shelf
Falling on a bruise And all of my unworldly goods, the bailiffs took them too
For all the ducked bills and silly sods
From Brian Mills's catalog
Something borrowed, bartered and blue You win some and you lose some, you save nothing, nothing for a rainy
day
You need your nutrasweet daddy or some peppermint paddy
Or just a hackneyed old cabbie
Who can drive you and your baby away Two fives or a ten
Could get me back to you
And stop me
Falling on a bruise It's not that I'm acrophobic
It's just that it's not safe to go out anymore
So I just stay indoors with my TV Times
My petty rimes and my nursery rhymes Someone said, that the sound of a baby crying
Is the world and beauty in the eye of the beholder
But as my heart grows colder, and colder
I just feel so tired The fridge is empty, the walls are damp, there's no hot water
And I look like a tramp and tramps like us
Baby we were born to walk
But where does a mother's girl go, when her mother's gone? Some you win and some you lose
I've spent my hole lifetime falling on a bruise
And if I had the chance to do it all again
I'd change everything

Songwriters

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