

# 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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