Bruised

Osama Qureshi

I've got my things
I'm good to go
You met me at the terminal
Just one more plane ride and it's done
We stood like statues at the gate
Vacation's come and gone too late
There's so much sun where I'm from
I had to give it away, had to give you away
And we spent four days on an island
At your family's old hotel
Sometimes perfection can be
It can be perfect hell, perfect
Hours pass and she still counts the minutes
That I am not there, I swear I didn't mean
For it to feel like this
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised
And don't fly fast, oh, pilot can you help me?
Can you make this last? This plane is all I got
So keep it steady, now
'Cause every inch you see is bruised
I lace my Chucks, I walk the aisle
I take my pills, the babies cry
All I hear is what's playing through
The in-flight radio
Now, every word of every song
I ever heard that made me wanna stay
Is what's playing through the in-flight radio and I
And I am, finally waking up
Hours pass and she still counts the minutes
That I am not there, I swear I didn't mean
For it to feel like this
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised
Don't fly fast, oh, pilot can you help me?
Can you make this last? This plane is all I got
So keep it steady, now
'Cause every inch you see is bruised
So read your books but stay out late
Some nights, some nights
And don't think that

You can't stop by the bar
You haven't shown your face
Here since the bad news
Well, I'm here till close, with fingers crossed
Each night 'cause your place isn't far
And hours pass
And hours pass, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, she still counts the minutes
That I am not there, I swear I didn't mean
For it to feel like this
Like every inch of me is bruised, bruised
And don't fly fast, oh, pilot can you help me?
Can you make this last? This plane is all I got
So keep it steady, now
'Cause every inch you see is bruised, bruised, bruised

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/