

The Ledge

Mary Gauthier

Under water, under the well
Under glass, under a ground swell
Chasing bliss, chasing my tail
Chasing desire, straight down to HellI couldn't love, could not forgive
I didn't know how to live and let live
My choices were few
On the ledge, looking up at youOverdrawn, overfed
Overrun, over my head
I held a grudge, I held a gun
I held contempt for everyoneI couldn't cry, I couldn't learn
I didn't flinch when bridges burned
I was lost, through and through
On the ledge, looking up at youI lived alone, I lived in rage
I lived in darkness inside a cage
On the fringe, a refugee
I couldn't trace it back to meI grew mean, I grew small
I grew tired of it all
I couldn't tell false from true
On the ledge, looking up at youOut of luck, out of time
Out of control, out of my mind
Running scared, running down
Running low to the groundThe blows were hard, the blows were mean
The blows were low, the blows were clean
I was left black and blue
On the ledge, looking up at you

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