

Bruised

Orla Gartland

Alarm clock greets me like a kick to the head
stare at the ceiling cant get outa this bed
I cant feel my breakfast, my tongue lost its taste
Another insignificant day gone to waste

But I could make a change for the better today
The worlds in my hand I can mould it my way

Nothing to gain, next to nothing to lose
Mornings a hit and the day is the bruise
If I wake up tomorrow with a smile on my face
Its cause Ive finally accepted this world that I have
to embrace

Days full of drama, of laughs and of cries
Things can get tough when youre fighting a war from
both sides
So take off your helmet, and put down your gun
Take a step back, take time out have some fun

But you could make a change for the better today
The worlds in your hands you can mould it your way

Nothing to gain, next to nothing to lose
Mornings a hit and the day is the bruise
If I wake up tomorrow with a smile on my face
Its cause Ive finally accepted this world that I have
to embrace

Livin in a war zone, battered and confused
Things can get tough can get tough when your bruised,
bruised, bruised.

Nothing to gain, next to nothing to lose
Mornings a hit and the day is the bruise
If I wake up tomorrow with a smile on my face
Its cause Ive finally accepted this world that I have
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