

Edwin McCain "Black And Blue"

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Showed up in a sleeve of tattoos
High definition broadcast of attitude
It's like she wants me to know she's got nothing left to
lose
Me too
Little bag of junk gets her high
Keeps her from thinking bout the shadows in her mind
She likes me
She knows i won't ask her why she cries
Let me fall down
You can fall too
We'll call us banged up black and blue
Let me find out what happened to you
Wakin' up banged up black and blue
Sometimes it's the struggle that makes it good
I wouldnt' judge ya even if i could
There's no magic in the line
It's misunderstood
You could
You would
Let me fall down
You can fall too
We'll call us banged up black and blue
Let me find out what happened to you
Wakin' up banged up black and blue
[sax solo]
Let me fall down
You can fall too
We'll call us banged up black and blue
Let me find out what happened to you
Wakin' up banged up black and blue
Banged up black and blue
Banged up black and blue

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