

Cousteau

"She Bruise Easy"

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Look out now, lumpy here
With your military hands
Whatever that they told you
Oh no don't hold true
Around these lands

There's signals in the morning
The freeze has caught the dew
As fragile as she's stormy
Careful don't storm in
Like you do

'Cause she bruise easy
You'll break the spell
And she won't come around
Where tenterhooks, slender hopes
Won't make no sound
Wouldn't you know it
Couldn't you tell
Now she's not far away
Rising up, wising up
To leave you some day

They're black, they're blue
These heavens
The scars out in her eyes
Could be cool easy pressure
Oh, when the weapons lessen
Who can tell...

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