Pretty Scars

Maria Taylor

One, two
One, two, three, four
One, two
One, two, three, fourI was born on a Friday, back in 1976
To a singer and a teacher
Who at the time were a perfect fit
And they gave me what I needed
To go out on the road
And their song, still rings like an echo
I was born on a Saturday, back in 1992
I barely even kissed a guy
Until the summer that I met you
And you played me Leonard Cohen
On a southside bedroom floor
It was then, I knew what the dark was for
And I'll stay here forever
Like the strum on your first guitar
Time gave me steady wings
Gave me love
Gave me all these pretty scarsI was born on a Wednesday, back in 1999
Your heart stopped beating
Right before you were alive
And part of me lies with you
In your opiate embrace
I was changed ever since that day
And I'll stay here forever
Like the gleam on a silver star
Time like an endless swing
Gives me love
Gives me all these pretty scarsThey were born, on the first of May
Once and twice again
The tears were streaming
My head in my husband's hands
And I thought I knew of love
That kind of knocked you off your feet
But man, I didn't know anything
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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