

# The Scar

## The Pistachios

I'd like to sneak around your house  
When everyone's asleep  
Tiptoe across the door-room mat  
That used to welcome me  
Then gently shut the door  
To see a brand-new Christmas tree  
And the silence pounds like a kettle drum  
And a chill runs through me

Chorus:

But does she ever miss me?  
I still hear her singing  
Just like an orchestra, just like a painting  
With velvet brushes and wooden framing  
A familiar Monet that's worth renaming  
The scar

I choked up the dirt, completely hurt  
I ran straight through them all  
Then pushed aside what's left of pride  
And trembled through the hall  
And there stands a door you'd seen before  
When all you knew you was down  
And your perfume breath brought peaceful death  
On sleepy silver gowns

Chorus;

But does she ever miss me?  
I still hear her singing  
Just like an orchestra, just like a painting  
With velvet brushes and wooden framing  
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Yeah, to wake is such a dreaded thing  
To sleep is such a hole  
I eat without your company  
I drink till I unfold  
And now hear the end of everything  
Just thrown onto the ground

But October fell and broke my shell  
And all I knew was down

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