Scar

Joe Henry

What does this look like to you?
A mark so fine you barely see
You have one just like it too
A twisting vine, a mark so fine'Cause I love you with all I am
And you love me because you are
As fearless as a twisting vine
A mark so fine but still a scarFear plays dumb then eats the soul
Like a vagabond with a fishing pole
He whistles but he cannot sing
It's an awful tune but very soonI find that I am whistling too
And your window is like a star
That I sit beneath like a vagabond
Who wears his fear just like a scarThe blade of our outrageous fortune
Like a parade, it cuts a path
Light shows on our foolish way
And darkness on our aftermathIf I love you to save myself
And you love me because we are
So fool to think that our parade
Could leave a path but not a scarAnd I love you with all I am
And you love me with what you are
As pretty as a twisting vine
A mark so fine but still a scar

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