

Scars

Rush

Hey I've stood upon my mountain top
And shouted at the sky
Walked above the pavement
With my senses amplified
I get this feeling All my nerves are naked wires
Tender to the touch
Sometimes super sensitive
But who can care too much?
I get this feeling Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again
Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again Each emotional injury
Leaves behind its mark
Sometimes they come tumbling out
Like shadows in the dark
I get this feeling When I think about all I have seen
And all I'll never seen
When I think about the people
Who have opened up to me
I get this feeling Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again
Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again Snow falls deep around my house
And holds the winter light
I've heard the lions hunting
In the Serengeti night
I get this feeling Forests turned to factories
And river, sea and sky
Hungry child in the desert
And the flies that cloud her eyes
I get this feeling Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again
Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again
Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again Pleasure leaves a fingerprint
As surely as mortal pain
In memories they resonate

And echo back again Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
(Ohh ohh)
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again
(Ohh ohh)
Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
(Ohh ohh)
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again
(Ohh ohh) Scars of pleasure, scars of pain
(Ohh ohh)
Atmospheric changes make them sensitive again
(Ohh ohh)

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