

Joe Henry, Scar

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 scar
Fear 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 soon
I 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 scar
The blade of our outrageous fortune
Like a parade, it cuts a path,
Light shows on our foolish way
And darkness on
our aftermath;
If 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 scar
And 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