

# Bride, Moutian

I see the scars from a mad man's knife  
Marks on your wrist where he had you tied  
You try and tell me it doesn't mean a thing  
I hear the sad songs you're left to sing  
You thought you could take it, day after day  
You're blessed to be able to still walk away  
Your mother told you they were dirty old men  
They say if you don't play you can't win

You want love, you need love  
There's love on the mountain

His hands were folded as if to pray  
But he never had any words to say  
He walked beside you then and he left you alone  
To face the fear that he places in your soul  
Prodigal girl, come in out of the cold  
Rest your feet before you explode  
Prodigal girl, I know you're hurt  
I know what they stole