

Fun Lovin' Criminals, Girl With The Scar

We all walk down the street my love
we carry pain and we carry scars
we carry everything we love
we carry the girls we met in bars
we carry guilts and remorse
for all them fucked up things we done
and we carry on
we carry on
til our caring days are gone

when we blaze out past the burroughs
to a place where time forgot
I see the leaves are even changing
and my stomach starts to drop

Your face is in the moon
Still I try to find my rock
And now you live down by the river
And my key dont fit your lock

I can make it better
I know I can
I can make it better
Ill give everything I have
I can make it better
try and forget the pain
I can make it better

Has it really been that long
since u told me bout the war
yeah a thousand nights of blisters
and probably a thousand more

Id speed you from the city
in a stolen taxi cab
Id be wreckless on the LIE
Untill it starts to scab

Well Id tell you all bout those good things in your life
and when I fail Id say I love u and ask u to be my wife
we could live out by the water
where its always summertime

Id love u even after
all your scars are mine

when we blaze out past the burroughs
to a place where time forgot
I see the leaves are even changing
and my stomach starts to drop

your face is in the moon again
But still I try and find my rock
now you live down by the river
and my key dont fit your lock

I can make it better
I know I can
I can make it better
Ill give everything I have
I can make it better
Try and fogret the pain
I can make it better
Well be together again

