

Keziah Jones, Man With The Scar

See the man with the scar?
He earns a whole lot'a money
You won't find no trace of gunpowder
On his hands

See this muse in a dress?
She's into guns 'n' honey
He leaves her feelin' used in her own armour
You can guess

Well, under the rain
Thunder is pain
You see her nakedness in her dreams of home
She was lost in love
Is it the painlessness that feeds her so?

See the man with the scar?
He means a whole lot'a money
The cash is soaked in race and a cruel wisdom

He was playing poker with well laid plans
He came from far away to claim his hand

Well color is shame
Under the rain
You see his nakedness in his dreams of hope
He was lost in blood
Is it the shamelessness that bleeds him so?