

# 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?