

Staple, Black, Blue And Gold

Little boy with a heart of gold, your scars forever nigh have told,
malicious deeds that no one should know.
They'll never take your heart of gold.

May angels guide your feet, little boy, towards the peace you truly seek
HIGH PROOF TO EASE THE PAIN WON'T HEAL YOUR WOUNDS THIS WAY.

Little girl with a heart of gold, your smile for long has not been shown.
Don't listen to the jokes they've told.
They'll never hold the weight of gold.

May angels guide your feet, little girl, towards the peace you truly seek
LINED SKIN AND REDDENED BLADE WON'T HEAL YOUR WOUNDS THIS WAY.

May angels guide you there.
Godspeed in getting there.

May angels guide your feet, little one, towards the peace you truly seek;
UNFAIRLY GIVEN SCARS DON'T MAKE YOU WHO YOU ARE.

I'm sorry for the pain I gave.
I'm ashamed I made you feel this way.
I'd take your scars and wounds away.
If I could rewrite yesterday