

Scar

Joe Henry

What does, this look like to you?
A mark so fine, you barely see
You have one just like it, too
A twisting vine
A mark so fine

'Cause I love you with all I am
And you love me because you are
As fearless as a twisting vine
A mark so fine
But still a scar

Fear plays dumb then eats the soul
Like a vagabond with a fishing pole
He whistles but he cannot sing
It's an awful tune

But very soon
I find that i am whistling, too
And your window is like a star
That I sit beneath like a vagabond
Who wears his fear
Just like a scar

The blade of our outrageous fortune
Like a parade, it cuts a path
Light shows on our foolish way
And darkness on
Our aftermath

If I love you, to save myself
And you love me because we are
So fool to think that our parade
Could leave a path
But not a scar

'Cause I love you with all I am
And you love me because you are
As fearless as a twisting vine
A mark so fine
But still a scar