

## 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