

## Pretty Scars

Maria Taylor

One, two  
One, two, three, four  
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I was born on a Friday back in 1976  
To a singer and a teacher  
Who at the time were a perfect fit  
And they gave me what I needed  
To go out on the road  
And their song still ring like an echo

I was born on a Saturday back in 1992  
I barely even kissed a guy  
Until someday I met you  
And you played me Leonard Cohen  
On a southside bedroom floor  
It was then, I knew what the dark was for

And I stay here forever  
Like the strum on your first guitar  
Time gave me steady wings  
Gave me love  
Gave me all these pretty scars

I was born on a Wednesday back in 1999  
Your heart stopped beating  
Right before you were alive  
And part of me last with you  
In your own-being embrace  
I was changed ever since that day

And I stay here forever  
Like the gleam on a silver star  
Time, like an endless swing  
[?] love  
Gives me all these pretty scars

They were born, on the first of May  
Once and twice again  
The tears were streaming  
My head in my husband's hands  
I thought I knew of love  
But kind of knocked you off of your feet  
But man, I didn't know anything