

Met a man with a broken eye  
His mama said he's going blind  
His age is wearing weather

Mama's spos'd to know what's right  
Hell, I haven't made a dent in time  
At least I'm getting better

The real I know is true  
Broken, beat, and bruised

Oooh, Sapphire stone  
Am I really one year older  
Oooh Sapphire, why  
Must you mark me  
As I walk on my way home

When you're lying all alone at night  
Feeling sick, because of what's inside  
Just think of pretty weather  
Ooh and if you're sorry for the things you've did  
Call up everyone and make amends  
We'll all feel so much better

The real I know is true

Bad, and beat, bruised

Oooh, Sapphire stone  
Am I really one year older  
Oooh Sapphire, why  
Must you mark me  
As I walk on my way home

Whispering winds  
All pretty things must go  
How can it be?  
Everything finds its way home

Oooh, Sapphire stone  
Am I really one year older?  
Oooh Sapphire, why  
Must you mark me  
As I walk on my way home?

Sapphire stone,  
ooooohoooOooh  
Sapphire stone  
oooOoooooooOooh