

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