He Is Legend
"Wounded"

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The guy who put his hands on you
Has got nothing to do with me
And the bruises that you feel will heal
And I hope you'll come around
'Cuz we're missing you

And you used to speak so easy
Now you're afraid to talk to me
It's like walking with the wounded
Carrying that weight way too far
The concrete pulled you down so hard
Out there with the wounded
We're missing you

And I never claimed to understand
What happens after dark
But my fingers catch the sparks
At the thought of touching you
When you're wounded

Pour it out boys

Let me break it down to revise the issue
We miss your face and you know I wish you
Would come back down to the Dalva Bar
You tell them, "That's just my battle scar"
I want to kiss you
And knock 'em down like we used to
You're the marigold
Well you walking down shaking that thing all day
And then you walk on baby, walk on, you walk on
On and on

You're an angel in the pit
With her hands in the air
And we're missing you

Now it's fall and your shoulders get tighter
Nervous flicks on the lighter, boots
Your pissed off poets, and your women's groups
And the friends with you, we should've known this fool
Well, I guess we missed the mark

Still my fingers catch the sparks
At the thought of them touching you
And now you're wounded

Let me break it down to revise the issue
You never come around and you know we miss you
Well nobody took your pride away
You tell 'em, "That's just what people say"
Back down the bully to the end of the bus
It's time for them to be scared of us
Till you're yelling, how we living?
'Cuz you got the ball
Then you rock on baby, rock on, you rock on

You're a summertime hottie
With her feet in the air
You're singing, "I don't care, I don't care "

Yeah baby you show up