

## Joe Henry "Scar"

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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

And I love you with all I am  
And you love me with what you are  
As pretty as a twisting vine,  
A mark so fine  
But still a scar

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