

Paul Alan

"Scars"

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The sun outshines regret
Thank God for metaphors
Cause it's cold here
The house is nearly empty
So he's sleeping on the floor
Betting on a promise
And the hope of something more

And we're never going to solve this mystery
So we've got to let go and just believe
With broken hearts
Feel the scars
And you never can sink too low
And you never can drift too far to stumble home
And feel the scars

That love could walk on water
And truth could set him free
He once believed
Then on a rainy Friday
He stood and watched his savior die
Why is God so hard to see
When He's right before our eyes

And we're never going to solve this mystery
So we've got to let go and just believe
With broken hearts
Feel the scars
And you never can sink too low
And you never can drift too far to stumble home
And feel the scars
And feel the scars

So come ye broken
Alone and with no name
And come ye widow
See the stone is rolled away
Put down the bottle
Forget about yesterday
Reach for the hand that bled for you
He bled for you

And we're never going to solve this mystery
So we've got to let go and just believe
With broken hearts
Feel the scars
And you never can sink too low
And you never can drift too far to stumble home
And feel the scars
And feel the scars

Come as you are
Come just the way you are

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