

Pretty Scars

Maria Taylor

One, two
One, two, three, four
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I was born on a Friday back in 1976
To a singer and a teacher
Who at the time were a perfect fit
And they gave me what I needed
To go out on the road
And their song still ring like an echo

I was born on a Saturday back in 1992
I barely even kissed a guy
Until someday I met you
And you played me Leonard Cohen
On a southside bedroom floor
It was then, I knew what the dark was for

And I stay here forever
Like the strum on your first guitar
Time gave me steady wings
Gave me love
Gave me all these pretty scars

I was born on a Wednesday back in 1999
Your heart stopped beating
Right before you were alive
And part of me last with you
In your own-being embrace
I was changed ever since that day

And I stay here forever
Like the gleam on a silver star
Time, like an endless swing
[?] love
Gives me all these pretty scars

They were born, on the first of May
Once and twice again
The tears were streaming
My head in my husband's hands
I thought I knew of love
But kind of knocked you off of your feet
But man, I didn't know anything