

# Wounded

He Is Legend

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