

Scars

Luca Brasi

Writing the words won't make them real
Aside from everything they made me feel
That not everything was right
Of all the things I said to you were true
Of everything I did ever give you

We're all at the mercy of what
We don't understand
Scars on dirty knees
Dirty scars on hands

Writing the words keeps falling apart
It gives me a reason to breathe
It gives me a reason to start
Of all the things you said to me were true
Of all the things I did ever give you

We're all at the mercy of what
We don't understand
Scars on dirty knees
Dirty scars on hands

We're all at the beck of what we
Hold in our heads
Scars on dirty knees
Dirty scars on hands

It's better the devil you know
Than less of the devil you don't
If it's less of the devil
It's less of the trouble
It's more of the things you want

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Than less of the devil you don't
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