

## SCARS

Music and Lyrics  
Bob Farrell

I HURT WHEN I THINK OF THE THINGS THAT HE SUFFERED  
THE WAY IN WHICH HE DIED  
WOUNDS TAKEN IN MY PLACE - INFLICTED UPON HIM  
SWEET SON OF THE MOST HIGH

DEATH WERE YOU SO SURE WHEN YOU SILENCED THE MASTER  
YET WHERE IS YOUR STING? THE GARDEN TOMB IS SO EMPTY

HE STOLE YOUR TROPHY AWAY WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES

SEE THOSE SCARS - PRECIOUS SCARS  
HOW THEY PROVE WHAT THE SAVIOUR WENT THRU

DO YOU LOVE THOSE OLD SCARS  
FOR THE STRENGTH THEY BRING TO YOU  
REMINDERS THAT SUFFERING IS PART OF HIS PLAN FOR YOU

GOT SOME OF MY OWN SCARS - SOME HURT TO REMEMBER  
THOSE EMBLEMS OF OLD PAIN  
THOUGH EVERYONE HAS THEM I SOMETIMES WANT TO HIDE THEM  
WHEN THEY GO TO ACHING

BUT PAIN IS A TOOL IN THE HANDS OF THE SURGEON  
AND TO SHARE IN HIS LOVE I MUST SHARE IN HIS SUFFERING

AND IF SCARS WERE ALL THAT I HAD - I'D DO IT ALL JUST THE SAME

SEE THOSE SCARS - PRECIOUS SCARS  
PROOF OF BATTLES HE BROUGHT YOU THRU

LEARN TO LOVE THOSE OLD SCARS  
FOR THE STRENGTH THEY BRING TO YOU  
REMINDERS THAT WOUNDS ARE A PART OF HIS PLAN FOR YOU  
REMINDERS THAT HEALING IS A PART OF HIS PLAN FOR YOU