

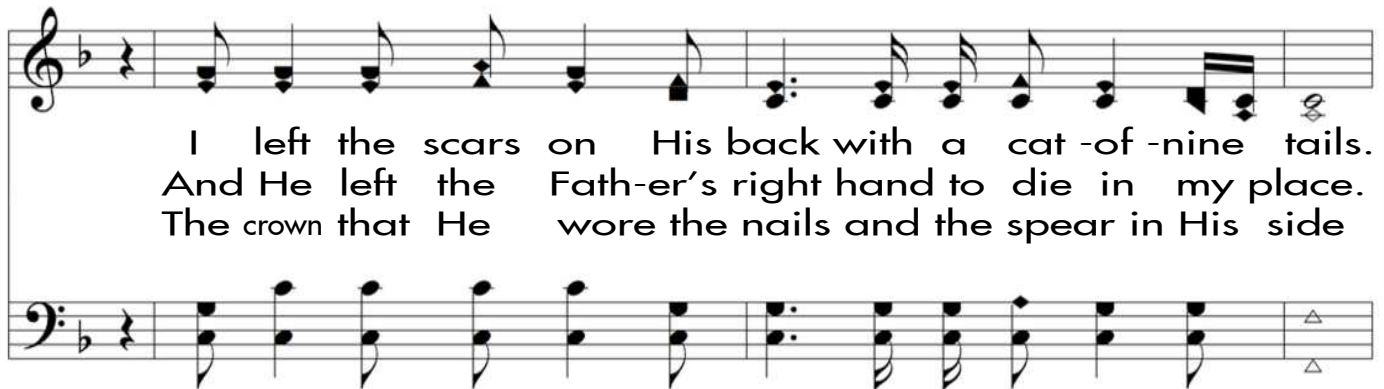
# The Scars You Can't See

Mike Owens

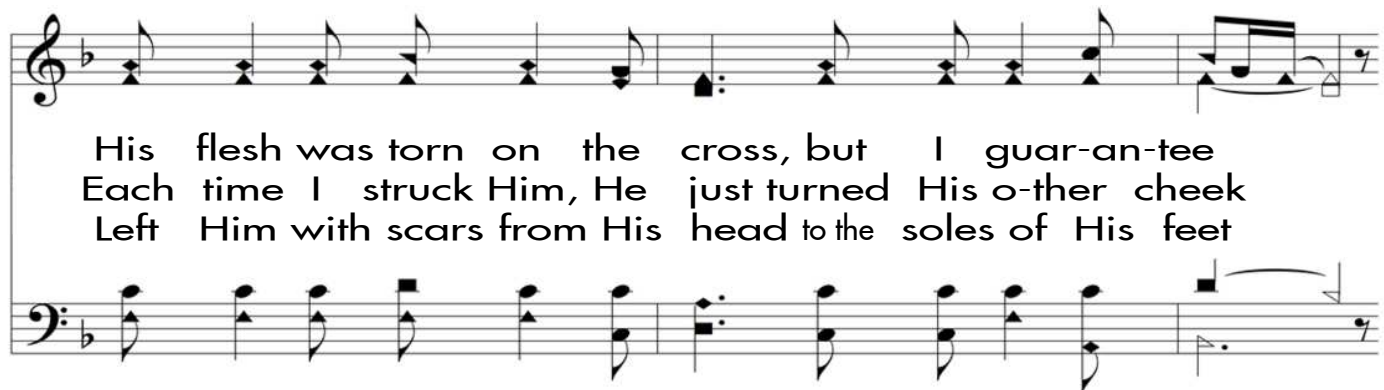
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1. I put the scars in His hands with a ham-mer and nail.  
2. I left the print of my hand on the side of His face,  
3. I placed the thorns on His head and I re—a—lized



I left the scars on His back with a cat-of-nine tails.  
And He left the Fath-er's right hand to die in my place.  
The crown that He wore the nails and the spear in His side



His flesh was torn on the cross, but I guar-an-tee  
Each time I struck Him, He just turned His o-ther cheek  
Left Him with scars from His head to the soles of His feet



— I gave Him more than my shares of scars you can't see.  
But I want to tell you a-bout the scars you can't see.  
- Now let me tell you a-bout the scars you can't see.

# The Scars You Can't See

CHORUS

The scars you can't see the ones deep in -

side, Left there by me that's why he died.

I broke His heart but He set me free from the guilt of my

sins and the scars You can't see.