

The Hunter

Big Sixes

I'd rather be anyone but 21, my eyes are red and mouth is numb.
I've been talking to the ceiling, what a way to spend an evening.
I'm not the type to kick up a fuss or leave things in the rain to rust.
But the walls are paper thin. You were warm as winter white like coal.
You used to hold me under, spin it and go.

And I had the wolves at my feet, you laughed as if you didn't care.
You used to hold me under. I'd rather pass away than pass the time saying nothing if I got to say I'm fine.

But I've been praying to a being, that I'm not sure I believe in.
I'm not the type to pull the wool, or forget this time just to fall. But the walls are paper thin.

I can hear every little thing.
But the walls are paper thin.
I can hear every little thing. You were warm as winter white like coal.

You used to hold me under, spin it and go.
And I had the wolves at my feet, you laughed as if you didn't care.
You used to hold me under. And I still believe (And I still believe)

That love is free (That love is free)
Life ain't what it used to be.
And I still believe that love is free (oh well I did want us to try)
But life ain't what it used to be.

Used to be. You were warm as winter white like coal.
You used to hold me under, spin it and go.
And I had the wolves at my feet, you laughed as if you didn't care.
You used to hold me under. You used to hold me under.
You used to hold me under. You used to hold me under.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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