

Dear Ms. Leading

The Dear Hunter

Dear Ms Leading,

I hate to tell you that I no longer need your services.

The bitter fabricating manufacturer of lust
you've been presented as doesn't do a thing for me.

I now know your identity;

A black widow who tempts her pray with promises of love.

If ignorance is bliss, wish I were blissfully ignorant, but I'm not.

I'm enlightened now.

Light has been presented to me in spite of you. Come now Ms. Leading, I regret to inform you I've fallen out of
lust. It must be so hard to understand.

Hell no I don't think so, hell no I don't think so. Did you really think me a fool enough to play along,
make believing everything you said was true?

Push your pouting lips on other unsuspecting lovers. Hell no I don't think so, hell no I don't think so. Dear Ms

Leading, In response to your response,

I'm simply unavailable.

I hope you got the message in the message that I sent.

Shame on me for falling for someone so dense.

In different times, I'd might of fooled around for something warm.

Something with security as fleeting as the momentary rapture
and the pleasure of collapsing in arms

so welcoming to others just like me. Come now Ms. Leading, I regret to inform you I've fallen out of
lust. It must be so hard to understand. Hell no I don't think so, hell no I don't think so.

Did you really think me a fool enough to play along,
make believing everything you said was true?

Push your pouting lips on other unsuspecting lovers. Hell no I don't think so, hell no I don't think so.

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

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