

His Hands Matched His Tongue (Acoustic)

The Dear Hunter

A long walk home, riddled with regret.
Uncommonly comfortable, but still I believe
That in time I think I'll see just what's been weighing down on me.
An unearthly void collapsed, exposing what was trapped
to release this serendipitous design.
The smell of smoke. The evening sky was bruised.
Belated conversation saturate anticipation
for the answers that simply won't come. But not I... I won't ask.
Forget my place amongst the grass.
The leaves and the trees remember me,
and in my naivety it might be seen;
The pale has leaks, and even if
you put all your water into it,
You'll end up with nothing left to drink.
The well has gone dry, and I with it.
Oh, someday she'll be gone.
Oh, someday she'll be gone.
Oh, someday she'll be gone.
Oh, someday she'll be gone. We'll still have her song to sing. Sing softly, sing me to the lake.
Sing softly, bring me to the lake.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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