

# The Hatchet

## Crooked Fingers

It's such a bore mouling over,  
Another meaning it have,  
There was likely some other  
Subtle thing hidden there.

I meant what I said,  
I mean what I said.  
I'm leaving, my friend.  
It's hitting me now,  
If I loved you before  
I could love you again  
And I'm not coming back.

The tears in and out  
You said you would come  
Just to see what was left,  
But you were not there.

To leave it again,  
To coldly pretend,  
I neatly tired to lose it,  
So lets bury it now.

Lyrics provided by  
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