

The Haves Have Naught

The Dear Hunter

(Verse 1)

The Devil:

"Just look at that shopkeeper peddling his wares
Shouting his sales pitch, but nobody cares
Don't you wonder what keeps him there day after day,
Begging for gold as his hair turns to gray?" (Chorus)

The Devil;

"Blindly they're bounding apace;
starving for mercy in a merciless place
Only a fool would make martyrs from heathens,
and find them so lively when their just barely breathing, just barely breathing...." (Verse 2)

The Boy:

"Just look at that toymaker grinding his gears
Turning no profit but he doesn't care
He keeps smiles on faces, day after day,
the Children keep sadness and suffering at bay." (Chorus)

The Boy:

"Blissfully bounding apace;
searching for mercy in merciless place.
Only a monster makes fodder from saints,
and finds them so worthless when they're full of grace.
So full of grace....." (Bridge)

The Devil (D):

"But what better use of hookers and thieves than greasing the wheels of perfect machines that hum into life a
harmony of industry." The Boy (B):

"What is the use of cutting them down; to smother and choke out the soul of our town?

I know there is another way!..." Refrain:

" (D) But what is so wrong with giving them purpose? (B) Just how could you weed them out? Degrading
them without doubt.)

(D) A man like yourself (B) Your bleeding them dry) could give worth to the worthless.

(B) They live and die like you and I...) (D) Without the guidance of rulers and tyrants (B) ...and under your
guidance; the hands of a tyrant)." The Devil and The Boy: "These people will just tear themselves apart!" (Outro)

The Boy:

"Just look at that charlatan steeped in deceit.
A threat to the young; the old and the meek.

Don't you wonder what made him, so vicious; so sick; so far out of balance; so cruel and so callous; so married
to malice?"

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