

Sweet Naiveté

The Dear Hunter

The soft unsettled quiet from a million questions never answered

Expecting conversational return more akin to diapason

Hope for reason fades away

A hint of heartache in it's place

Gone is the time when I could survive nursing on a sweet naiveté

Waiting for you

But I'll still hold on hope

As frail as the evening's ghostly gloam

Staring till' the stars align

Gone is the time when I could survive nursing on a sweet naiveté

Waiting for you

And still we stand here praying

For something more divine

Our hands clasped so tightly

But our eyes are closed and shy

We move along when there's nothing left for us

We'll move along when there's nothing left for us here.