

The Bitter Suite I & II: Meeting Ms. Leading/Through The Dime

The Dear Hunter

She had the summer's smile with winter's skin; she moved
A silhouette to serenade the soul
She spoke with words beyond me and slowly I pulled away
To receive a gesture implying an answer I didn't have
So I then smiled
Responding, alarming
"Yes"

Her hands were the first that I'd ever felt; she breathed
Her lips hid her tongue from the world; she danced
To the doors, endearing, she carried me
"What's your name?" conceding "Ms. Leading"
She kindly suggests
To her room
To rest my head
So I responded, unalarming

Where's her heart, where's her heart?
Mimicking the matriarch
He's naive; blissfully
Ignorant and trusting but now

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He's naive; blissfully
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(Step right in!) Let her hips guide your desire
Hey, kid, get a job
Hey, kid, get a job
(They have ways!) To satisfy, satisfy what you require
Touch, taste, feel
Two times, the dime
But the perks are more than price and the guarantee is clean
(We know what the men all want) And they know it isn't free

Her history is left behind
The ignorance has room to breathe
They play a part and act a scene
The prejudice and the guilty

(Take a chair!) You're not alone, the beds your home tonight
Hey, kid, get a job
Hey, kid, get a job
(Wait right there!) We'll magnify and maximize your inner fire
Touch, taste, feel
Two times, the dime
Cause if you boys are nice, the ladies here are clean
(We know what the men all want) And they know it isn't free

Her history is left behind
The ignorance has room to breathe
They play a part and act a scene
The prejudice and the guilty