

The Squeaky Wheel

The Dear Hunter

There's my suitor, struggling to find his footing
Lost, awoken alone, after sleeping off inebriation
I forget that I've been holding my tongue for so long
Cause we had a run, so don your Sunday best and wake up

You went missing, never mind the life I was wishing for
Cause you'd had enough, but at least you got enough to fake it
I'll keep smiling, optimistically denying what I feared the most
That you disappeared and leave me wondering

Was I just a playful pawn, a trophy you had won?
Someone who could lift you when you're low?
Innocence to prey upon, or allies in the sun?
Heaven sent, or just hell bent on love?

Darling liar, always running through the brier
What, the cuts aren't enough?
Just an aggravation you'd forget like
Promised patience, halitac alleviations of
What I should've known was a sign of future expiration

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Heaven sent, or just hell bent on love?

So will I marry a myth? Or is there room for second chances?
The lust lives in the dark and may never show

Well, the battle ended years ago
Now this is how you say hello
Well where'd you take your leave?
Or would you rather keep another trick up your sleeve?
Do you remember love?
How you said you really never could feel enough?
Well did you give it a try?
Why don't you open your eyes and let me know?

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What will happen to us?
Do you think we'll make the cut?
Should we give it a try?
Give an eye for an eye?
Give ourselves to the lie?