

## Hayley's Doorstep

Hunters & Collectors

Here is change's basement house  
Here is adventure for seven years  
But I never could swallow a sinner's pride  
And it filled her face with tears  
And every Monday morning she spreads her arms across the table  
She spreads a mess of living at my feet  
But I never could swallow a sinner's pride  
And the food she makes me eat  
Waiting on Hayley's doorstep  
Behind two bloodshot eyes  
The stale taste of wasted gunshot  
Slap back across the sky  
Waiting on Hayley's doorstep  
I heard she's coming home  
She'll get that pain inside again  
And it's me who'll point the bone  
And every Monday morning she spreads her arms across the table  
She spreads a mess of living at my feet  
But I never could swallow a sinner's pride  
And the food she makes me eat  
Waiting on Hayley's doorstep  
Behind two bloodshot eyes  
The stale taste, the stale taste of wasted gunshot  
Slap back across the sky  
Waiting on Hayley's doorstep  
I heard she's coming home  
She'll get, she'll get that pain inside again  
And it's me who'll point the bone