

Evicted

The Dear Hunter

I have been evicted
From a soul constricted
By the flameless fire
Can we all just go cold

If you need a little cash you sell yourself
To everything
A dollar in exchange for failing hearts
So loudly say

"Oh, how I surely know that frame of mind
Sleeping softly curbside
Comfortably abroad on a stolen ticket
None of this will last
All of this will pass
When bed sheets are broken glass
I know you hearts will skip a beat in empathy."

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It's just that easy pick yourself up and go give the world a great big smile
Hey, hey, kid, hey, kid, get a job
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, kid, get a job
Wash that mouth out, ditch those morals, sleep your way right to the top
Hey, hey, kid, hey, kid get a job
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, kid, get a job