

Shouting At The Rain

The Dear Hunter

I tried to sell my soul a million times
But never got an offer
No never heard a word returned out of the dark
Where I would throw my voice

Maybe I just haven't got the goods
Or maybe I've forgotten the way to find that piece of me that's
buried down below
But I hope that we can find it
Yeah hope that we can find it
Yeah hope that I can get back to the way I was
Back before we knew what I'd become
I know everything is a mess
But with a steady hand I can fix myself
I'm on the mend

I tried to give you all I had to give
But you just wouldn't take it
No you wouldn't hear the words I cried out in the dark
'Cause you had turned away

So maybe I still haven't got the goods
Or maybe you've forgotten
The way to see the piece of me that's buried down below
But I hope that you can find it

Yeah I hope that we can find it
Yeah I hope that we can find it
I hope that I can get back to the way I was
Back before we knew what I'd become
(But I hope that you can find it)
Get back to the way I was
Back before we knew what I'd become