

Too Late

The Dear Hunter

Pages burn on a porcelain plate
The smoke fills the air
As if all along it was our fate
Our fate that brought you and I near

Green shag carpets damp from last nights beer
You signed your glass with a kiss
The scent of lipstick everywhere
Now it rests on a water stained chair

And the last remaining pieces of you
Dirty on the ground
And nothing left to be found between us
Struggling to relive those moments lost

You lost a bet when you met me dear
but I thought I won the lottery
The smell of smoke still in the air
Last night proved how wrong I'd be

But the last remaining pieces of you
Dirty on the ground
And nothing left to be found between us
Struggling to relive those moments
Lost and dead on the ground
With nothing left to be found between us
Breathing in one last breath
As I inhale the scent of you

Stale cigarettes
And red wine residue
A haunting suggestion of you
On the tip of my tongue

Dirty on the ground
And nothing left to be found between us
Struggling to relive those moments
Lost and dead on the ground
With nothing left to be found between us
Breathing in one last breath
As I inhale the scent of you