

## 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