

Hunter's Gun

Palehound

Don't come near me, I don't wanna fall in love
And I can tell a hunter's gun, from a glimmer in the brush

You watch TV while I see us growing old
And I can tell a
From a wrinkle in the mold

Who, who, who...

I was struggling, I was looking for a time
Yeah, I can tell a sickly vine, from the smoothest glass of wine

Don't come near me, I don't wanna see your face
I can tell a hunter's gaze, In the way you say my name