

# His Hands Matched His Tongue

The Dear Hunter

A long walk home, riddled with regret  
Uncommonly comfortable, but still I believe  
That in time I think I'll see just what's been weighing down on  
me  
An unearthly void collapsed, exposing what was trapped  
To release this serendipitous design

The smell of smoke, the evening sky was proof  
Belated conversation saturate anticipation for the answers that  
simply won't come

But not I, I won't ask  
Forget my place amongst the grass  
The leaves and the trees remember me  
And in my naivety it might be seen  
The pale has leaks and even if  
You put all your water into it  
You end up with nothing left to drink  
The well has gone dry and I with it

Oh, someday she'll be gone  
Oh, someday she'll be gone  
Oh, someday she'll be gone  
Oh, someday she'll be gone

(We'll still have her song to sing)

Sing softly, bring me to the lake  
Sing softly, sing me to the lake