

# Red Hands

## The Dear Hunter

Even if you never strayed from me  
I'd question your fidelity  
There'd always be a shroud of suspicion  
And my heart's a liability

With your hands marooned so freshly red  
You'd wrap your lips around my neck  
Try and forced to love the thought of me  
Simple motions make me ill

Was it bitter when you tossed and turned  
On an under covered mattress did it feel so good hope it felt so good  
Don't know what I'd do if you lost sleep over little old me  
It's so much better, they're all much better  
Take off your sweater, your shoes, and your shirt and get to work

Maybe this is just a work of art  
Scripted players in a play of lust  
Hope the endings well worth waiting for  
And everything you wished it be  
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Oh my god what have I done?  
Now my darling put your clothes back on  
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'Cause you can't be caught red-handed  
If you're not red-handed  
My darling if I ever said those words to you  
I was pulling out my heart so I could pin it to my sleeve  
A display for you to see, I'm on display

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