

## Shouting At The Rain

The Dear Hunter

I tried to sell my soul a million times  
But never got an offer  
No never heard a word returned out of the dark  
Where I would throw my voice

Maybe I just haven't got the goods  
Or maybe I've forgotten the way to find that piece of me that's  
buried down below  
But I hope that we can find it  
Yeah hope that we can find it  
Yeah hope that I can get back to the way I was  
Back before we knew what I'd become  
I know everything is a mess  
But with a steady hand I can fix myself  
I'm on the mend

I tried to give you all I had to give  
But you just wouldn't take it  
No you wouldn't hear the words I cried out in the dark  
'Cause you had turned away

So maybe I still haven't got the goods  
Or maybe you've forgotten  
The way to see the piece of me that's buried down below  
But I hope that you can find it

Yeah I hope that we can find it  
Yeah I hope that we can find it  
I hope that I can get back to the way I was  
Back before we knew what I'd become  
(But I hope that you can find it)  
Get back to the way I was  
Back before we knew what I'd become