The Bitter Suite I & II: Meeting Ms. Leading/Through The Dime

The Dear Hunter

She had the summer's smile with winter's skin; she moved A silhouette to serenade the soul

She spoke with words beyond me and slowly I pulled away

To receive a gesture implying an answer I didn't have

So I then smiled

Responding, alarming

"Yes"

Her hands were the first that I'd ever felt; she breathed Her lips hid her tongue from the world; she danced To the doors, endearing, she carried me "What's your name?" conceding "Ms. Leading" She kindly suggests To her room To rest my head So I responded, unalarming

Where's her heart, where's her heart? Mimicking the matriarch He's naive; blissfully Ignorant and trusting but now

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(Step right in!) Let her hips guide your desire
Hey, kid, get a job
Hey, kid, get a job
(They have ways!) To satisfy, satisfy what you require
Touch, taste, feel
Two times, the dime
But the perks are more than price and the guarantee is clean
(We know what the men all want) And they know it isn't free

Her history is left behind The ignorance has room to breathe They play a part and act a scene The prejudice and the guilty

(Take a chair!) You're not alone, the beds your home tonight Hey, kid, get a job
Hey, kid, get a job
(Wait right there!) We'll magnify and maximize your inner fire Touch, taste, feel
Two times, the dime
Cause if you boys are nice, the ladies here are clean
(We know what the men all want) And they know it isn't free

Her history is left behind The ignorance has room to breathe They play a part and act a scene The prejudice and the guilty