

Trapdoor

The Dear Hunter

Every now and then I get down
But this cup of gin picks me right back up.
Lately I've been drowning in this chair,
Time again, I'm never here.

Lost in my head, hand to my heart,
I swear that I'll try, don't go.

Lately I've been losing sleep,
Heavy eyes and weary.
But every now and then I find myself
Stuck in a way I can't get out of.

Lost in my head, hand to my heart,
I swear that I'll try, don't go.

You say that you've heard it before
That the pitch and the tone are unsure.
The weight of your words is too much,
And the look in your eyes, oh it cuts.
Darling don't abandon me,
Please just take a breath and you'll see
That not everything here is lost
And the profit will outweigh the cost
If the only thing that you want is love.