

## Where The Road Parts

The Dear Hunter

It's ironic how I'd fall just to get back up again  
A fix to cure this ailing bitter agony  
Meet me where the road parts  
You remember where we first met  
So tongue-in-cheek with stale irony  
If it pleases you, it pleases me

Just an innocent call, a telephone call  
Just an innocent call

Now, if you were in bloom I'd pluck your petals clean  
Although it won't seem so, I can promise you, my ego's running  
me  
Then I'd be called, you were the only one that didn't fold  
But I just broke right down for you in an attempt to gain contr  
ol  
Maybe I'm a waste of time (waste of time, waste of time)

(Sacrifice another life, sacrifice another life)

You were the only one that didn't fold  
You were the only one that didn't fold  
You were the only one that didn't fold  
You were the only one that didn't fold  
You were the only one that didn't fold  
You were the only one that didn't fold