

**Hewitt Huntwork****"The Thief"**

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I suppose you've never seen me  
Dressed in black from head to toe  
Hear my words now and believe me  
Lest you hear I told you so  
Call the merchants to behold me  
I write my name between their sheets  
I feed sugar to their ponies  
How I love to be the thief  
Now the sunflowers in the pavement  
Turn their backs upon my deeds  
Even though I know I'm pretty  
They just stare down at the weeds  
Tell the trees they ought not shade me  
I will pilfer every leaf  
Even in the highest branches  
You can find the lowest thief

I am laughing at the funeral  
While the mourners weep and sing  
You confront me by the body  
And ask me where I've put his things  
So come and crush my tiny fingers  
Make a necklace of my teeth  
Mail my ear to Barcelona  
I will always be the thief  
For some things you are not born with  
And some things you can't achieve  
Life is full of stolen moments  
And I will always be the thief

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