

Jennifer Rush

"The Hunter"

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Come on over my sporting friend
Bring your favorite weapon
Show me how you make your mark
From the whistle in the wind
Through the center of the heart

The moon is full, the night is clear
Hunting season is drawing near
Show me how you claim your ground
Pull the arrow back, take one down

(*)
Maybe tonight
Maybe you'll show
Waht you feel behind your bow
And maybe I'll go hunting too
Down in the valley with you

I wonder where you hide your heart
I wait for signals in the dark
My aim is pretty good
I'm as quiet as a deer in the wood

(*)

Close your eyes, count to ten
You never know you never know
You never know when you never know

(*)

So bring this famous trick you do
Bring your arrow, bring your gun
And bring the ache that burns right through
Gonna find out who is the hunted one

(*)

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