

The Dear Hunter

"Economics"

Visit "[Economics](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Your words they tell like teeth through the rotten show
You say the moneys on the table
The moneys on the table
Well I don't think I'll be able to fetch the cash this time
No this time I think I'll walk away
Then I just might to be able I might be able
Think I might be able to respect myself this time

Because it's part of me it's economics
I do it well enough to get by I don't even have to try
It's not my whole life you are buying with every copper
coin

No my friend I'm not for sale anymore

No this time I think I'll walk away
Then I just might to be able I might be able
Think I might be able to respect myself this time

Because it's part of me it's economics
I do it well enough to get by I don't even have to try
It's not my whole life you are buying with every copper
coin
No my friend I'm not for sale anymore

Visit [The Dear Hunter](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.