

The Dear Hunter "Smiling Swine"

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Awoke alone, put on my coat, ran for the door
Down the stairs, and made it to the second floor
Stopped by the squeaky wheel, a smiling swine
Stunned by the sight and fearing whats behind
"Hey there" he pleasantly began
"Good day" he telescoped his hand
"Is there a service I can possibly propose?"
"Ms leading seems to me to be a proper butterfly"
"Then I suggest you pack your bags and learn to
drive!"
Tucked in my shirt, and finally made my way outside
He broke the scene, a machiavelian dandelion
Blissfully plucked from the bloom of another

But all the while
She was still fresh in my mind
And though this might be premature
But ambition strikes just when the mood is right
The mood is right

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