

The Dear Hunter

"Sweet Naivete"

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The soft unsettled quiet from a million questions never
answered (Oh)
Expecting conversational return more akin to diapason
(Oh)
Hope for reason fades away, a hint of heartache in it's
place
Gone is the time when I could survive nursing on a
sweet naivete
Waiting for you.
But I'll still hold on hope, as frail as the evening's
ghostly gloam (Oh)
Staring till' the stars align
Gone is the time when I could survive nursing on a
sweet naivete
Waiting for you.
And still we stand here praying, for something more
divine
Our hands clasped so tightly, but our eyes are closed
and shy
We move along when there's nothing left for us
We'll move along when there's nothing left for us here.

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