

The Dear Hunter "Where The Road Parts"

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Its ironic how I fall just to get back up again
I fixed to cure this ailing bitter agony
Maybe where the roads part you remember where we
first met
So tongue and cheek with stale irony, if it pleases you it
pleases me
Just an innocent call a telephone call
Just an innocent call

Now if you were in bloom I'd pluck your petals clean
Although I don't seem low I can promise you my egos
running me
Then I'd be called you were the only one that didn't
fold
But I just broke right down for you in an attempt to gain
control
Maybe I'm a waste of time

You were the only one that didn't fold

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