

## Cumshots

# "This Dog Won't Hunt"

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It was far from a phase  
That would hastily pass  
Rapidly approaching  
Critical mass  
Her heart in my hands  
My heart in the trash  
Guess love never pays  
When you're all out of cash

She asked: Anything that I can do to make you feel  
allright  
I said: Sure, engrave me into history. White on white  
She said: If you are to be any worse, you'd have to be  
twins  
I said: I'll race you to recovery. Last one wins

Stranger rhymes with danger  
And knowing nothing would change her  
I chose to let her be  
Just a stranger to me

Every journey that I make  
Paved with failures and mistakes  
After she left, I missed what I lost  
So I lost myself, not much of a cost  
This dog won't hunt

Never had a lot of will  
Sure have had a lot of won'ts  
Wonder if I ever will  
Belong

She asked: Anything that I can do to make you feel  
allright  
I said: Sure, engrave me into history. White on white  
She said: If you are to be any worse, you'd have to be  
twins  
I said: I'll race you to recovery. Last one wins  
Why won't you ever listen?  
This dog won't hunt!

