

## Dear Hunter "Economics"

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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

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