

## Dear Hunter, The "Evicted"

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I have been evicted  
From a soul constricted  
By the flameless fire  
Can we all just go cold?

If you need a little cash you sell yourself  
To everything  
A dollar in exchange for failing hearts  
So loudly say:

Oh, how I truly know that frame of mind  
Sleeping softly curbside  
Comfortably abroad on a stolen ticket  
None of this will last  
All of this pass  
With bedsheets of broken glass  
I know your hearts will skip a beat in empathy

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It's just that easy  
Pick yourself up  
And go give the world a great big  
Smile  
Hey hey kid, hey kid get a job  
Hey hey hey hey kid get a job

Wash your mouth out  
Ditch those morals  
Sleep your way right to, right to the

Top

Hey hey kid, hey kid get a job

Hey hey hey hey hey kid get a job

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