

## Dear Hunter, The "His Hands Matched His Tongue"

Visit "[His Hands Matched His Tongue](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

A long walk home, riddled with regret.

Uncommonly comfortable, but still I believe that in time  
I'll see just whats been weighing down on me.

An unearthly void, collapsed, exposing what was  
trapped,  
to release this serendipitous dissent.

The smell of smoke, the evening sky was bruised.  
Belated conversation, saturate anticipation for the  
answers  
that simply wont come, but not I, I wont ask.  
Forget my place amongst the grass.  
The leaves and the trees remember me and in my  
naïveté it might be seen; the pale has leaks,  
and even if you put all your water into it,  
you end up with nothing left to drink.  
The well has gone dry and I with it.

Oh, someday she'll be gone.  
Oh, someday she'll be gone.  
Oh, someday she'll be gone.  
Oh, someday she'll be gone.

We'll still have a song to sing,  
We'll still have a song to sing,  
We'll still have a song to sing,  
We'll still have a song to sing.

Sing softly, bring it to the left,  
Sing softly, bring it to the left,  
Sing softly, bring it to the left,  
Sing softly, bring it to the left.

Sing softly, sing it to the left,  
Sing softly, sing it to the left,  
Sing softly, bring it to the left  
Sing softly, sing it to the left,  
Sing softly, bring it to the left....

Visit [Dear Hunter, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.