

Dear Hunter, The "Red Hands"

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Even if you never strayed from me
I'd question your fidelity
There'd always be a shroud of suspicion
And my heart's a liability

With your hands marooned so freshly red
You'd wrap your lips around my neck
Try and forced to love the thought of me
Simple motions make me ill

Was it bitter when you tossed and turned
On his undercover mattress?
Did it feel so good
Hope it felt so good
Don't know what I'd do if you lost sleep over little old
me
He's so much better, they're all much better
Take off your sweater your shoes and your shirt
And get to work

Maybe this is just a work of art
Scripted players in a play of lust
Hope the ending's well worth waiting for
And everything you wished it be

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On his undercover mattress?
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me
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And get to work

Oh my god what have I done?
Now my darling, put your clothes back on
Oh my god what have I done?
Now my darling, put your clothes back on

Because you can't be caught red-handed

If you're not red-handed
My darling, I would never say those words to you
I was pulling out my heart
So I could pin it to my sleeve
On display for you to see
I'm on display

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