

# Buck, Dear John

I, I am unfrail; catch you by the tail  
I'll put a letter in the mail that says "Dear John";

I could care less about your happiness  
you made this bed, you made this mess so lap it up

down in the hollow witching for water, I cussed and I cussed but it didn't help a bit

you, you walk around just like you own this town  
well, I hate to let you down but you're extinct

you do what you can; take it like a man  
another chip upon your shoulder, son of a gun

down in the hollow witching for water, I cussed and I cussed but it didn't help a bit

the one who got away, the one who wouldn't say "Daddy do it to me one more time!";  
the one who lived to tell, the one who broke your spell  
it's all just smoke and mirrors, monkeyshine

down in the hollow witching for water, I cussed and I cussed but it  
didn't help a bit

dear John