

Hunters & Collectors, Hayley's Doorstep

Here is change's basement house
Here is adventure for seven years
But I never could swallow a sinner's pride
And it filled her face with tears
And every Monday morning she spreads her arms across the table
She spreads a mess of living at my feet
But I never could swallow a sinner's pride
And the food she makes me eat
Waiting on Hayley's doorstep
Behind two bloodshot eyes
The stale taste of wasted gunshot
Slap back across the sky
Waiting on Hayley's doorstep
I heard she's coming home
She'll get that pain inside again
And it's me who'll point the bone
And every Monday morning she spreads her arms across the table
She spreads a mess of living at my feet
But I never could swallow a sinner's pride
And the food she makes me eat
Waiting on Hayley's doorstep
Behind two bloodshot eyes
The stale taste, the stale taste of wasted gunshot
Slap back across the sky
Waiting on Hayley's doorstep
I heard she's coming home
She'll get, she'll get that pain inside again
And it's me who'll point the bone