

Hunting Season

Fences

When I was really young I lived in this tiny town called Wilkin
son in Washington state. It is at the base of a giant, snowy mo
untain that you could see from the windows of the school bus an
d your classroom and even your bedroom windows. And people were
always saying it was going to erupt any day, so once a month w
e'd have to get under our desks in preparation. And the school
bus used to drive by this old metal boat that was sort of aband
oned in a cow pasture. I always used to daydream that when the
mountain exploded that I would get in the boat and I'd be save
from the lava and I could go to my mother's work and pick her u
p and we would ride somewhere. I was never sure where we would
go but anywhere that was safe...

He took one to the lake and he fell like a pine
The doe no longer wide-eyed and a love not mine
We both have made mistakes in this war that's our life
The doe no longer wide-eyed, my dear, my wife

I'm not like you, would have let him walk away
You took your aim and my eyes became two caves, caves

He almost got away, left to bleed in our minds
The doe no longer wide-eyed in a blood like wine
We both have tried to fake all the joy in our lives
The doe no longer wide-eyed, my dear, my wife

I'm not like you, would have let him walk away
You took your aim and my eyes became two caves
I'm not like you, would have let him walk away
You took your aim and my eyes became to caves, caves

Ooooooooo oooo oooo (4x)