

Mr Hunter

Slim Wray

I hunt, you will gather
And build a fire
And pick the gnats from my fur
Oh, like you always would

The woods make a sound and we freeze

You like pretty things
And mending wounds
Me, making tools in my cave
Oh, like we always would

The woods make a sound and we freeze

The fire in the sky
Makes us all run and hide
The fire in the sky

I hunt, you will gather
And build a fire
And pick the gnats from my fur
Oh, like you always would

You ask why we follow
This little group
Round 'n round in circles all day
It's cause we always would

The woods make a sound and we freeze

The fire in the sky
Makes us all run and hide
The fire in the sky