

## Waylon Jennings "The Hunger"

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(Lee J. Fry)

They said in her younger days  
Her beauty was enough to drive men wild  
But the hunger in her body then  
Was not the hunger of some lonely child.  
Like a butterfly in springtime  
Searching every field for loving's sweetest rose  
The embrace of many strangers  
Still could not release her from the hold.  
In the backstreets and the bedrooms  
All she's found is disappointments bitterly  
While the love that she's too often found  
Was enough to satisfy her needs.  
She's older than the years she holds  
And ageing fast with each day passing by  
On a downhill run to nowhere  
'Cause the hunger never can be satisfied.  
The reflection in her mirror's not the image  
She remembers in her mind  
Her beauty has been eaten by the hunger  
And the acid winds of time.  
She has danced the tune her demons played  
And payed the piper dearly for his song  
Empty now of all her pride but still inside  
Her hunger's just as strong.  
--- Instrumental ---  
They said in her younger days  
Her beauty was enough to drive men wild  
But the hunger in her body then  
Was not the hunger of some lonely child...

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