

Tompall Glaser

"Hunger"

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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 not
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 play and payed
the piper dearly for his song
Empty now of all her pride but still inside her hunger's
just as strong
[fiddle]
The reflection in her mirror's...

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