

## Gracious Few "Appetite"

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Another child without a mother  
A bastard son, tired old man  
Just wasting away as the pipe become his lover  
Not a man in this world, understand?

Kill it quicker, stick it deeper  
Tuning out the fights tonight  
Got an itchy, trigger finger  
You know you ain't got the right

Another year of city streets  
That child's child the casualty  
Not a book in the world could ever re-teach her belief

That there's more to this world than just death and  
debris

Kill it quicker, stick it deeper  
Tuning out the fights tonight  
Got an itchy, trigger finger  
You know you ain't got the right

Should you stay or should you go  
Enduring pains but nothing grows  
You never dream, I've always been  
The look, the lips, the appetite.  
We all need some lovin' sometimes.

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