

Rachael Sage

"Hunger in John"

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He was so poor that he did his own laundry with his own
tears

He was so poor that he made me a valentine out of a
napkin

He was so poor that he wrote me a poem on a stolen
typewriter

I loved him for that

But now that he's made it and crushed by the climb

Nothing he says to me makes any sense

All of his money has given him time

To reflect on nothing but emptiness and I miss the
hunger in John

He was so poor that he bargained my beauty to pay the
rent

He was so poor that he felt like a man only when I'd
consent

He was so poor that he made up a dark side

So there'd be something that he could repent

But now that he's made it and crushed by the climb

Nothing he says to me makes any sense

All of his money has given him time

To reflect on nothing but emptiness and I miss the
hunger in John

He made a movie about our lives

Full of reality mingled with madness

Sent it to Hollywood, false paradise

Somebody read it - saw dollar signs and

Now he's as famous as Martin Scorsese

Seven years after his movie was made

Sipping martinis he's fat and he's lazy

Sometimes I wonder if I should've stayed

And I miss the hunger in John

He was so poor that he had to steal matches to light
our candles

He was so poor that he stole outta habit what woulda

been free
He was so poor that he brought home a blanket
Only to find it was really a flag! now somebody's
missing a flag

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