

Diet of Strange Places

[k.d. lang](#)

Starving, I've got this hunger
Growling from deep within
Carving internal thunder
Oh, a craving that wears me thin Well, it's hard to ingest so many faces
I get my fill but still those passersby
Leave me empty on a diet of strange places
It all should enhance my senses tell me why
Does the spice of loneliness seem all but tasteless?
And lays there to haunt me from inside And leaves me starving, I've got this hunger
Growling from deep within
Carving an internal thunder
Oh, a craving that wears me thin Many a trap are set and baited
From tension of temptation of the game
But ones who are fed are those who waited
Takes tell me why, leaves it curbed and tame
Only time'll find me home and safely sated
But until that time I'll remain Starving, I've got this hunger
Growling from deep within
Carving internal thunder
Oh, a craving that wears me thin
Oh, a craving that wears me thin

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