(Damn These) Hungry Times

Cousteau

It's so formless
That's what's killing me
Remorseless, relentless
And it's endlessly this pressure
On pleasures hard to find
Its expression
Walks amongst these hungry times
Like the blues made fleshAnd so it goes...
What of this can we keep
We're scratching out a living here
Where living is dear and life is cheap
So we pray to all of the gods who'll listen
Deliver me, consider me
Get rid of these hostilities at my shoes
How can it be true, I...I'll toe the line
But damn these hungry times
Just a little would taste so fine
But damn these hungry timesI'm suspicious
If love don't leave no scars
Between its kisses
Its curses and its calm
You know it won't do
If love's enough to eat
Then we'd hunger
And on the licks of love we'd feast
'Til we're ghosts...
Of a memory...

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