

# (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 flesh And 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 times I'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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