

# Song of a Baker

## Small Faces

There's wheat in the field  
And water in the stream  
And salt in the mine  
And an aching in meI can no longer stand and wonder  
'Cos I'm driven by this hunger  
So I'll jug some water, bake some flour  
Store some salt and wait the hourWhile I'm thinking of love  
Love is thinking for me  
And the baker will come  
And the baker I'll beI am depending on my labor  
The texture and the flavorI can no longer stand and wonder  
'Cos I'm driven by this hunger  
So I'll jug some water, bake some flour  
Store some salt and wait the hour

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