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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