

# 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

Songwriters

LANG, K. D. Published by

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