

# Empty Spaces

[Bryan Adams](#)

What shall we use to fill the empty spaces where waves of hunger roar?  
Shall we set out across this sea of faces in search of more and more applause?

Shall we buy a new guitar?

Shall we drive a more powerful car?

Shall we work straight through the night?

Shall we get into fights

Leave the lights on

Drop bombs

Do tours of the east

Contract diseases

Bury bones

Break up homes

Send flowers by phone

Take to drink

Go to shrinks

Give up meat

Rarely sleep

Keep people as pets

Train dogs

Raise rats

Fill the attic with cash

Bury treasure

Store up leisure

But never relax at all

With our backs to the wall?

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