

Appetite

The Gracious Few

Another child without a mother
A bastard son tired old man
Just wasting away as the pipe become his lover
Not a man in this world, understand?
Kill it quicker, stick it deeper
Tuning out the fights tonight
Got an itchy trigger finger
You know you aint got the right
Another year of city streets
That child's child the casualty
Not a book in the world could ever reteach her belief
That there's more to this world than just death and debris
Kill it quicker, stick it deeper
Tuning out the fights tonight
Got an itchy trigger finger
You know you aint got the right
Should you stay or should you go
Enduring pains but nothing grows
You never dream, I've always been
The look, the lips, the appetite.
We all need some lovin sometimes.

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