

Hunger Strike

Temple of the Dog

I don't mind stealing bread
From the mouths of decadence
But I can't feed on the powerless
When my cup's already overfilled But it's on the table
The fire is cooking
And they're farming babies
While the slaves are working
The blood is on the table
And their mouths are choking But I'm going hungry, yeah I don't mind stealing bread
From the mouths of decadence
But I can't feed on the powerless
When my cup's already overfilled But it's on the table
The fire is cooking
And they're farming babies
While the slaves are working
The blood is on the table
And their mouths are choking But I'm going hungry, yeah But I'm going hungry, yeah But I'm going hungry,
yeah

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