

# Hunger

Christopher Cross

Out of this island  
Far from the cage that most will know  
Nothing was sacred  
No other footprints in the snow  
You took me down girl  
Down to a place where I don't go  
Now I hunger for you  
Baby I hunger for you

The trace of you on my fingers  
Laughs at the rain  
Opiate angel  
The jones in my vein  
Something so desperate inside  
Somthing I just can't explain  
Baby I hunger for you  
Baby I hunger for you

Holding on to something pure  
Holding on to something pure

Out of this island  
The wind in my soul is never still  
This weathered asylum  
Just can't keep out the chill  
I'm scared that I'll find you  
I'm scared even more I never will  
Baby I hunger for you  
Baby I hunger for you