

Hunger pains

Confederate Railroad

There's a wino in a garbage can looking for a bite
There's a lovely girl with lonely eyes needing love tonight
There's a junkie in the alley about to go insane
Yeah, there's more than one kind of hunger pain

There's a gambler out in Vegas praying for an ace
And a runaway from Cleveland longing for a place
Willard Scott says the crops are thirsty for some rain
Yeah, there's more than one kind of hunger pain

Tonight I feel so empty in this big old lonely bed
Nothing but your memory to keep my hunger fed
I'm aching for the whisper of your lips calling my name
Ohh, it's a crying shame

There's an old man in a nursing home who craves of human touch
There's a baby in an orphan home who needs one just as much
There's a world of people starving for a world of different things
Oh, there's more than one kind of hunger pain

God, I feel so empty in this big old lonely bed
Nothing but your memory to keep my hunger fed
I'm aching for the whisper of your lips calling my name
Oh, it's a crying shame
There's more than one kind of hunger pain

Well there's more than one kind of hunger pain