

# Hunger And Cold

Phil Ochs

I've been all around your dirty old city  
Been all around your dirty old town I've slept in your alleys,  
i've slept in your subways  
Hunger and cold, they follow me down

Hunger and cold, hunger and cold  
I wouldn't mind but i'm growing so old  
But as low as i am, you know i'm still a man  
And i wouldn't mind but i'm growing so old

Only last year i was rolling in money  
Only last year the good times would roll  
Only last year my friends were so many  
But only last year was so long ago

It's all so easy to throw me in prison  
It's all so easy to just walk on by  
But it's not so easy to see a man hungry  
It's not so easy to look in his eye

Yes there's poison in my cheap rotten liquor  
There's poison in every old garbage can  
But the worst kind of poison  
Is in your own brain  
When you look at me and forget i'm a man.