

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.