

the best kind of hunger

Ron Pope

Cause you might have guessed
I've been some horrible places
And I've known a few girls with love on their faces
And heat on their tongues
They bite like a serpent
And leave a hole in my body when their teeth break the surface
Yeah

But you've got this power to make me forget
So much better than trying
Or drinking myself to death
With a heart like a lion that's been shot through the chest
At close range by a hunter who wanted his skin
But discovered up-close he was covered with mange
So he left him their dead
But the vultures remained

And we'd be watching the sunrise
Bigger than the cliché
Now you're twirling your ribbons in these delicate ways
That I've never seen
And I'm under your covers
And I'm breathing your air
This is the best kind of hunger

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