

# Hungry Years

Saxon

They came down from the north  
To the plough they were forged  
On the traces of a man who'd been before  
Right up from the street  
Came the ranks of unemployed  
Then everything became the hungry years

They searched the hungry years  
For the triumphs by the fears  
There's a chance they had to take  
They were waiting for a break  
They searched the hungry years  
For the triumphs by the fears  
Some make it to the stars  
Playing rock and roll guitars  
Playing rock and roll guitars

They read under the lights  
To the jews and to the whites  
The systems gonna change and understand them  
The business world is deep  
For a percentage of the heat  
There was magic in the eyes  
They couldn't see the lies  
They watched it slowly die

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For the triumphs by the fears  
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They were waiting for a break  
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Some take the fame  
And some take the blame  
Maybe they will and maybe they won't  
Tonight...

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