

The Hunger

Waylon Jennings

They said in her younger days
Her beauty was enough to drive men wild
But the hunger in her body then
Was not the hunger of some lonely child.
Like a butterfly in springtime
Searching every field for loving's sweetest rose
The embrace of many strangers
Still could not release her from the hold.
In the backstreets and the bedrooms
All she's found is disappointments bitterly
While the love that she's too often found
Was enough to satisfy her needs.
She's older than the years she holds
And ageing fast with each day passing by
On a downhill run to nowhere
'Cause the hunger never can be satisfied.
The reflection in her mirror's not the image
She remembers in her mind
Her beauty has been eaten by the hunger
And the acid winds of time.
She has danced the tune her demons played
And payed the piper dearly for his song
Empty now of all her pride but still inside
Her hunger's just as strong.

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