

Hunger

Charley Pride

They said in her younger days her beauty was enough to drive me
n wild
But the hunger in her body then is not the hunger of some lonel
y child
Like a butterfly in springtime searching every field for lovin'
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 disappoi
ntments bitter weeds
While the love that she's too of'en found is not enough to sati
sfy 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 sati
sfied

The reflection in her mirror's not the image she remembers in h
er mind
Her beauty has been eaten by the hunger and the acid winds of t
ime
She has danced the tune the demons play and paid the piper dear
ly for his song
Empty now of all the pride still inside the hunger's just as st
rong
Mhm gonna love her gonna love her gonna love her any way