Hunger pains

Confederate Railroad

There's a wino in a garbage can looking for a bite There's a lovely girl with lonely eyes needing love tonight There's a junkie in the alley about to go insane Yeah, there's more than one kind of hunger pain

There's a gambler out in Vegas praying for an ace And a runaway from Cleveland longing for a place Willard Scott says the crops are thirsty for some rain Yeah, there's more than one kind of hunger pain

Tonight I feel so empty in this big old lonely bed Nothing but your memory to keep my hunger fed I'm aching for the whisper of your lips calling my name Ohh, it's a crying shame

There's an old man in a nursing home who craves of human touch There's a baby in an orphan home who needs one just as much There's a world of people starving for a world of different things

Oh, there's more than one kind of hunger pain

God, I feel so empty in this big old lonely bed Nothing but your memory to keep my hunger fed I'm aching for the whisper of your lips calling my name Oh, it's a crying shame There's more than one kind of hunger pain

Well there's more than one kind of hunger pain