

## What Are We Craving?

Oh Sees

What are we craving?  
Why are we cold?  
We are the prosperous  
The children of gold

The hunger of living  
Brings madness in time  
I see a sad, poor man  
Who smiles for a dime

His home is tomorrow  
His hunger is life  
He never competes  
In the gold seeker strike

What is this pleasure?  
That lives in his eyes

What are we craving?  
Hungry and cold  
The coins fill our pockets  
With wonders untold