

## the best kind of hunger

Ron Pope

Cause you might have guessed  
I've been some horrible places  
And I've known a few girls with love on their faces  
And heat on their tongues  
They bite like a serpent  
And leave a hole in my body when their teeth break the surface  
Yeah

But you've got this power to make me forget  
So much better than trying  
Or drinking myself to death  
With a heart like a lion that's been shot through the chest  
At close range by a hunter who wanted his skin  
But discovered up-close he was covered with mange  
So he left him their dead  
But the vultures remained

And we'd be watching the sunrise  
Bigger than the cliché  
Now you're twirling your ribbons in these delicate ways  
That I've never seen  
And I'm under your covers  
And I'm breathing your air  
This is the best kind of hunger

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