

What Are We Craving?

Thee 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