

Hunger Child Blues

Townes Van Zandt

Some have called me Hunger's Child Some have turned away Some said wild
And a few said free Some have refused to say Do you think that you know my name

The songbird somehow sweetly sings The sun somehow she shines The fireflies cut the cold black wind To paint their strange designs
And the wind she sings my name Take your armies, take them from my door
Your battle's built on doom Your standards all lie shattered now 'neath the portals of my room
And the walls they sing my name

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