

# Hunger and Thirst

Typhoon

I'm hoping for  
A song that will come to me while I'm asleep  
'Cause I can't lie  
So I can't write

Eyes in the dark  
And it has occurred to me  
That I have spent my whole life  
Starting over, oh oh

Cry, pining for  
The things that I could have been  
I could have been a gold digger  
I could have been a gunslinger  
I could have been a little bigger  
I could of been an own ringer

I could've been a pop singer  
I could've been a pop singer  
I could've been a pop singer  
But what I am is a silence

I crawled into a spotlight  
Cleared my throat and I closed my eyes  
I sang a song that I didn't like  
I sang a song that I didn't like  
And I was left in the long night  
I hoped to God that I wouldn't die  
Before I gave it an honest try  
Now I try  
And I try  
And I try  
To recall a little white light  
To put me back into my right mind  
I dig a hole and see what I can find  
I dig a hole and see what I can find  
I've been burying my whole life  
Beneath the lie that it looks like  
Beneath the song that I didn't write  
Beneath the song that I didn't write

I crawled into a spotlight  
And in my state I was a sorry sight  
I sing a song til I get it right  
I sing a song til I get it right

I sing a song til I get it right  
I sing a song til I get it right  
I sing a song til I get it right