

New Model Army, Wanting

I'm wondering, I'm asking, I'm feeling, I'm seeing
I'm wondering, I'm asking, I'm reaching, I'm finding
I'm wanting

I watched you get the things that you could buy
Raise your arms and try to fly
Face turned up towards the sun
Nothing that you dare deny
Because it's hunger that feeds you, hunger that bleeds you
Falling forward into nothing catching at the air
And everything still out of reach
With the chill of sweat drying on your back.

I'm finding, I'm feeling, I'm stretching, falling . . .
There's nothing that you can resist
But you must deny yourself first to get a fix
Another cure that doesn't exist - that's all there is
Because it's hunger that feeds you, hunger that bleeds you
Falling forward into nothing catching at the air.

I'm wondering, I'm asking, I'm looking, I'm begging . . .

You and I, we walk these unforgiving streets
We get so desperate sometimes we can barely speak.
And through the night the sirens scream
But just like us, they don't fix on anything
But we take our different poisons, the ones half-chosen
And first comes the blinding flashing light
Then the wave of the blast and then the waiting emptiness
Because it's hunger that feeds us, hunger that bleeds us
There is no end to this
There is no end to this