

Bryan Adams, Empty Spaces

What shall we use to fill the empty spaces where waves of hunger roar?
Shall we set out across this sea of faces in search of more and more applause?

Shall we buy a new guitar?
Shall we drive a more powerful car?
Shall we work straight through the night?
Shall we get into fights
Leave the lights on
Drop bombs
Do tours of the East
Contract diseases
Bury bones
Break up homes
Send flowers by phone
Take to drink
Go to shrinks
Give up meat
Rarely sleep
Keep people as pets
Train dogs
Raise rats
Fill the attic with cash
Bury treasure
Store up leisure
But never relax at all
With our backs to the Wall?