

Christopher Cross, Hunger

Out of this island
Far from the cage that most will know
Nothing was sacred
No other footprints in the snow
You took me down girl
Down to a place where I don't go
Now I hunger for you
Baby I hunger for you

The trace of you on my fingers
Laughs at the rain
Opiate angel
The jones in my vein
Something so desperate inside
Something I just can't explain
Baby I hunger for you
Baby I hunger for you

Holding on to something pure
Holding on to something pure

Out of this island
The wind in my soul is never still
This weathered asylum
Just can't keep out the chill
I'm scared that I'll find you
I'm scared even more I never will
Baby I hunger for you
Baby I hunger for you