

k.d. lang, Diet Of Strange Places

(K.D. Lang)

Starving, I've got this hunger
Growing from deep within
Carving an internal thunder
Oh a craving that wears me thin

Well, it's hard to ingest
So many faces
I get my fill but still
Those passersby
Leave me empty
On a diet of strange places
It all should enhance my senses
Tell me why
Does the spice of loneliness
Seem all but tasteless
And lays there
To haunt me from inside
And leaves me...

Many a trap
Are set and baited
From tension
Of temptation of the game
But ones who are fed
Are those who waited
Takes...
Leaves it curbed and tame
Only time'll find me home
And safely set
But until that time I'll remain