

# 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