

Temple Of The Dog, Hunger Strike

I don't mind stealing bread
From the mouths of decadence
But I can't feed on the powerless
When my cup's already overfilled
Yeah

But it's on the table
The fire's cooking
And they're farming babies
The slaves are all working
Blood is on the table
The mouths are all choking
But I'm goin' hungry
Yeah

I don't mind stealing bread
From the mouths of decadence
But I can't feed on the powerless
When my cup's already overfilled
Oho, ah

But it's on the table
The fire is cooking
And they're farming babies
The slaves are all working
And it's on the table
Their mouths are all choking
But I'm going hungry (Going hungry)
I'm going hungry (Going hungry)
I'm going hungry (Going hungry)