

# 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)