

Todd Rundgren, From Hunger

It's never your fault, sweet mother
That I was raised in the days
Of the house-husband craze
But the taste of your loving udder
Was replaced by another
Dried cow puss and rubber
And now a hunger still thrives
A hunger that I've never satisfied

I'm fumbling through life
From hunger
I writhe for someone
With a place I can hide my eyes
I'm searching for a mighty heart
Housed with a mighty crest
And from this base of operation
I would pacify the nation

But then who would rely
On a boob such as I
I'll be anyone's twit
For a mouthful of tittie

And still that hunger will thrive
A hunger that I've never satisfied

I'm fumbling through life
From hunger
I writhe for someone
With a place I can hide my eyes
And I've got big eyes
For someone
With a place I can hide these eyes
And that ain't all