

Hunger Strike

Temple of the Dog

Well I don't mind stealing bread
From the mouths of decadents
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 decadents
But I can't feed on the powerless
When my cup's already overfilled 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) I'm going hungry (Going hungry)
I'm going hungry (Going hungry)
I don't mind stealing bread (I don't mind)
I don't mind stealing bread
I'm going hungry (Going hungry)
I'm going hungry (Going hungry)

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