

Hungry Ghosts

2/28

G

BPM 7

F

E₀

^{our troops} ~~we~~ have ~~not~~ ^{we} always wanted
 In our state we make the perfect host
 We ~~are~~ ^{are} our ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~men~~ ^{men}
 We ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~digging~~ ^{digging} in
 Hungry #76 hostels: ~~A #7~~ G (repeat)

As the world has laid so spread before us
 Like a land of dreams on Dover's coast
 We put our fingers in
 The Moon begins to grin
 Hungry Ghosts

Mouths so tiny that we cannot eat it
 Famished midst the glut we covet most
 Our throats are turning dry
 Our ropes have gone away
 Hungry Ghosts