

Appetite

James Iha

A kind of lust
For a lot of fuss
Your name in lights it dazzles your eyes
A gift for gab
Oh but what a drag
You're perched high in a gilded cage

No garden sounds, no sacred grounds
No brilliant heights just an appetite

A bully's face
No natural grace
Your anger moves you like the moon and sun

No one to blame
A book of names
You thumb its pages when you feel blue

A dramedy filled with endless scenes
Lots of stage lights
And an appetite

If no one cares
Go on a tear
You stamp your feet until they can't ignore
A bitter cup
Fill it up