

# Song of a Baker

## Small Faces

There's wheat in the field  
And water in the stream  
And salt in the mine  
And an aching in me I can no longer stand and wonder  
Cos I'm driven by this hunger So I'll jug some water, bake some flour,  
Store some salt and wait the hour When thinking of love,  
Love is thinking for me  
And the baker will come  
And the baker I'll be  
I'm depending on my labour,  
The texture and the flavour Hey!  
I can no longer stand and wonder  
Cos I'm driven by this hunger So I'll jug some water, bake some flour,  
Store some salt and wait the hour

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>