

Windblown

Brendan James

Dreams are like another man's change jingling in my pocket
Lost my own so I borrowed his whatever gets my farthest
Life is like a bullet back
It's picking up speed, picking up speed
Catching glimpses, one eye flashes, wish I could see

Not a book, not a teacher gonna give you this lesson
Money's tight, love is hard, friends don't last forever
Life is like a river you cross, all alone shivering bones
Hoping... hoping

My body's aging fast
My mind ain't coming back
My sweet dream for tomorrow happened years ago
My scars are made of stone, my talents still aren't known, oh
I'm windblown, windblown

Fire burns down a tree, disappears naturally
Half the bark, half the leaves ride the wind away
Some will die, some will stand
Little run down, little go down
Knowing this is the way

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I'm windblown

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