

Wind Machine

Diane Birch

You looked away when I pulled the sheets from the bed
I never figured it out but baby one of us bled
Givin' me nonchalance, was it something that I said?
What were we talkin' about, cos I forget?

Epiphanies knock around like loose change in your pocket
You're reading Ulysses but you just don't get it

November is comin' on and the nights are getting longer
Summer always deceives
Little promises like the orange leaves

Blowin' in a wind machine
Wind machine
Wind machine
Wind machine

I looked away when you pulled the crown off your head
You told me baby I think it's meant for you instead
I only got a little time now left to dine on virgin wine
Valley of the hungry ghost
What you really want the most

Is blowin' in a wind machine
Wind machine
Blowin' round in a wind machine
Wind machine

Like the footsteps running
Running right behind you
But they don't catch you when you come back down
Like a snowflake fallin' in the summertime
I'll see you around

I'll see you around round round round...
(Blowin' and blowin' and blowin'...)
Blowin' round in a wind machine
Wind machine
Promises in a wind machine
Little leaves in a wind machine

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