

In tiny rhythms
Is this code
That breaks itself down
As it goes

It speaks in simple
Easy prose
If you look and you listen
You will know

That I've turned to face the wind

But I can't be up there long at all
It's the air
And I've tried but I can't

Cuz it's bloody freezing
In the dark
And burning up by dawn

I've turned to face the wind
But I might turn my back again

And it feels like Sunday afternoon
Downtown, the people have all long gone home
The shops all shuttered
On empty roads
But you just
Keep on keepin' on

I've turned to face the wind
And I might turn my back again