Screaming Into The Wind

John Nolan

Morning breaks over the Midwest.
A silent, lonely porch swing rocking,
The television glows.
Another night spent crumbling,
Just listening to you moan.
You monkey with a microphone.
Your redundant, useless voice
Constantly a dull and distant noise.

You're just screaming into the wind.
You're just screaming into the wind.

I'm focusing my hate.
But it's hollow, unsubstantiated.
You're an easy mark,
And I just need a target right now.
I can't face myself.
I can't honestly own up to who I am.

I'm just screaming into the wind.
I'm just screaming into the wind.
Guilt is relative.
So is sin.
It makes it easy to pretend.

A bicycle is humming and it's carrying me home.
The sun is red and headed for the west.
I'm finding ways to rearrange me.
I should be content, but I'm still terrified
Cause I can't tell a realization, a rationalization, or nostalg
ia from regret.

Oh no.

I'm just screaming into the wind.
I'm just screaming into the wind.
Guilt is relative.
So is sin.
It makes it easy to pretend.

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