

The Wind Shifts

Silverstein

The wind shifts by itself
Reminding us where we've been
We kick and scream and raise hell
Til we're too tired to stand
We tear down all our sense
And we'll force our opinion
We'll make sure we're ahead
We'll hate ourselves in the end

I wanted to be loved by someone
I didn't want to be so scared

This wind changed me
(I used to care)
This wind changed me