

Spitting in the Wind

The dB's

I can understand why you'd want a better man
But why you wanna make him outta me?
Well, I just muddle along, knowing my right from wrong
Why won't you let me be?

We split apart one cold gray rainy afternoon
And I cried aloud
Now we walk along, apart but strong
Strong enough so that we don't have to stand back in the crowd

Sometimes I feel
I feel like I'm spitting into the wind
Oh I'm spitting into the wind
But I'm learning
Yes I'm learning

My hair stands on end whenever friends mention your name
In pleasant conversation
Well, I don't like to be reminded of what used to be
I don't like the association

Sometimes I feel
I feel like I'm spitting into the wind
Oh I'm spitting into the wind
But I'm learning
Yes I'm learning

I can understand why you'd want a better man
But why do you wanna take it out on me?

Sometimes I feel
Y'know, sometimes I know I
I feel like I'm spitting into the wind
Oh I'm spitting into the wind
Well I'm spitting into the wind
Yes I'm spitting into the wind