## Change

The wind is cold tonight Or so I am told I don't really know And as I kill my life There's nothing left to show How does that blow hit you? And if I change am I denying what was said? If I remain the same am I creating greater problems instead?

Do you ever think you're being thought about? Do you still believe we need to sort things out? Does it matter now All those things we said I want to know can I still creep into your bed at night? Leave your head alone

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## **Kt Tunstall**