

# 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