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 nostalgia 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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