

## Microphones

### 'I Want Wind To Blow'

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The thunder clouds broke up,  
And the rain dried up,  
The lightning let up,  
The clacking shutters just shut up.

There's no black or white,  
No change in the light,  
No night, no golden sun.

The sound of cars,  
The smell of bars,  
The awful feeling of electric heat.  
And the fluorescent lights,

There's sacrifice,  
There's hard feelings,

There's pointless waste.

I want wind to blow

My clothes off me,  
Sweep me off my feet,  
Take me up and bring me back.  
Oh, where I can see  
Days pass by me,  
I have no head to hold in grief.

There's no hope for me,  
I've been set free.  
There's no breeze,  
There's no ship on my sea.

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