

# Sam Brown, Contradictions

We say a lot of things  
We see a lot of changes  
You always seem to know  
Which way the wind is gonna blow  
They hang on your every word  
Just waiting for some direction  
It's all left up to you  
They'll follow in everything you do

Don't you get tired of being the rock  
The one that everybody know is gonna be alright  
No-one sees you're all tied up  
You know that you don't fool me

I know you've had enough  
You've got your head in the sand and  
You won't get up  
I know it's plain to see  
You're walking around full of contradictions

Look out for number one  
You know it's the only solution  
They'll see it when you're gone  
You always were the chosen one