

Buildings and bridges are made to bend in the wind.
To withstand the world, that's what it takes.
All that steel and stone
is no match for the air, my friend.
What doesn't bend breaks,
what doesn't bend, breaks.

We are made to bleed, and scab and heal and bleed again,
And turn every scar into a joke.
We are made to fight, and love and talk and fight again,
and sit around and laugh until we choke,
sit around and laugh until we choke.

I don't know who you were expecting,
probably someone who does not budge,
with eyes the size of snow.
I may get pissed off sometimes,
but you seem like the type to hold a grudge
and in the end, I just let it go...

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N.B. Some lyrics changed.