

Slow Turning Man

Above the radio
The hum inside my head said
“Don’t make another sound”
My mistake
I guess I need to be told twice
I stuck my head above the ground
I’m a slow turning man

A sip of Coldrex
A cup of something sweet
I stepped out in the light
I joined the fast machine
Slipped into the stream
Went up without a fight
I’m a non-conflict fan
I’m a slow turning man

You say I don’t love you
You hardly love yourself
You dress yourself in rags
And when you come to fight me
I have to turn away
You’ve got too many bags
I’m a no-complications man
I’m a non-conflict fan
I’m a slow turning man

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