

# Long Slow Distance

Michael Franks

Some sprint to snatch the prize in  
My goal's the far horizon  
I guess I'm obsessed  
With that long slow distance.  
The fleet of feet won't please you  
All speed, they love and leave you  
Not me, as you see  
I love long slow distance.  
Listen, my pulse beats strong and steady  
My pace won't stall when I hit the wall  
Others fall by the wayside, heat-exhausted  
But I'm no coward I'm solar-powered  
As long as I know that you'll be there with me  
Face to face when I break the tape  
For the kiss when we cross the finish line.  
Some play the tempo given  
I hear a different rhythm  
Do you hear it too?  
For the long slow distance.  
My stride is smooth and easy  
Your touch can always lead me  
Off-route in pursuit  
Of some long slow distance.

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