

# Dead Slow

Judith Edelman

I can feel an invitation breathing down my neck  
There's a bunch of angels cringing while the fool picks up the check  
You're loaded like a cannon, like a pocket full of pay  
Don't you point that thing at me, I will not gratify today  
Go slow, dead slow  
I will not be rushed into  
Slow, dead slow  
I eat bigger boys for breakfast than you  
We're driving past the graveyard, lift your feet and hold your breath  
No, you're much too busy contemplating your own little death  
But I have not been listening to a single word you've said  
No, I'm much too busy laughing at the traffic sign ahead  
Chorus I'm an empty temple  
On your long and chequered trip  
Show a little reverence  
And I'll show you, how to worship here  
Tomorrow there'll be necklaces of sudden, shining pearls  
I will turn myself around in them and lose the living world  
But today is not the day to build cathedrals on your sea  
No, I won't go swimming in your pool of possibility  
Possibility, possibility  
Chorus

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