

# Slow Man

## Sage Francis

Slow man, slow man  
Slow manGotta get up and go, man  
I know, man, it's like I'm half of a whole man  
Gotta get back on the program  
Get-get-get-get itGotta get up and go  
Gotta get up and go  
Gotta get up and go  
Get-get itGo, get up and go  
Gotta get up and go  
So let's goSlow man, looking for a slow woman  
Who wants to slow dance  
I'm a slow man, looking for a slow woman  
Who don't care that I'm old lookingOr got my soul token back  
Where the fallen angels land  
I know Brooklyn like  
The back of a stranger's handCan't recognize my own  
I wing it though  
I bring it home  
Familiarity's the first thing to goNext thing you know  
There's a photo that you're staring at  
And you can't quite place  
The face that is staring backSomeone erased the names  
And the facts  
Dates on the back  
Maybe they're just fading so fastThat you can't keep up with it  
Can't recover it  
Lost in the shuffle  
Of the Grand Prix hustlersIf you can't keep up to speed  
With the mother ship  
And can't take the heat  
Then your man needs the oven mittsI can't be the judge of it  
My hands bleed  
'Cause they reached for some answers  
And got trampled by the stampedeOf know-it-all homogeneous types  
The look-alikes  
The kids burn my music  
And the parents burn the books I writeI think back to those  
Lonely Brooklyn nights  
I was either soul searching

Or just looking for fights  
Each woman had her price  
The dice didn't roll right  
All my jobs were odd ones  
My problems had bold type  
Snow White didn't expect  
That I'd leave her  
The strobe light  
Set off epileptic seizures  
I know right from wrong  
When I write these songs  
My goals in life  
Ain't what I set my sights on  
Slow man  
Slow man  
Slow man  
Let's go  
I'm a slow man  
In my slow man stance  
Looking for a slow woman  
Who wants to slow dance  
I'm a slow man  
In my slow man stance  
Looking for a slow woman  
Who don't mind my home cooking  
I'm no good when I'm a bad, bad man  
I'm gonna dance so slow  
That it appears to be my last stand  
But I'm a bad, bad man  
I'm gonna dance so slow  
That it appears to be a photo  
And I'm a bad, bad man  
I'm gonna dance so slow  
That it appears to be my last stand  
But I'm a bad, bad man  
And I'm gonna dance so slow  
That it looks like a photo  
Truth be told, it takes more  
Than having a picture taken  
For you to lose your soul

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