

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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