

Slow Man

Jan Akkerman

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-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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