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-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 fightsEach woman had her price
The dice didn't roll right
All my jobs were odd ones
My problems had bold typeSnow White didn't expect
That I'd leave her
The strobe light
Set off epileptic seizuresI know right from wrong
When I write these songs
My goals in life
Ain't what I set my sights onSlow man
Slow man
Slow man
Let's goI'm a slow man
In my slow man stance
Looking for a slow woman
Who wants to slow danceI'm a slow man
In my slow man stance
Looking for a slow woman
Who don't mind my home cookingI'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 photoAnd 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 photoTruth be told, it takes more
Than having a picture taken
For you to lose your soul

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