

# Second Wind

Todd Rundgren

Old rocking chair  
It beckons you like a junkie's needle  
Start thinking feeble Cowardly lion  
The special today is karma yoga  
Glued to the sofa Where was I when we lost power?  
Where was I when lies were spoken?  
Where was I when evil snuck in?  
Where was I when hope was choking? A spy in the house  
Someday one of the kids may catch us cussing  
Then turn us in Family ties  
They used to be colors in a rainbow  
Now we fly solo Give me back the passion flower  
Give me back the non-consumer  
Give me back my lack of reason  
Give me back my sense of humor Blow like cyclone my second wind  
Blow like typhoon my second wind  
Blow like tempest my second wind Blind by design  
I've gotten the hang of not resisting  
Who cares, who's listening Popular press  
And we've got the video and the movies  
Let's feed the zombies Now that I know what to fight for  
Now that I need more adventure  
Now that I have thoughtful patience  
Now that I can see the future Blow like cyclone my second wind  
Blow like typhoon my second wind  
Blow like tempest my second wind Put your hours in and take your pay  
Like there wasn't any other way  
Then I heard a voice inside me say, it was twenty years ago today When did I get so tired? Did I wake up half-  
sleeping?  
I can't life slip away  
To a world with no meaning Now that I know what to fight for  
Now that I need more adventure  
Now that I have thoughtful patience  
Now that I can see the future Blow like cyclone my second wind  
Blow like typhoon my second wind  
Blow like tempest my second Blow like cyclone my second wind  
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