

Michael Franks, Long Slow Distance

Some sprint to snatch the prize in
My goal's the far horizon
I guess I'm obsessed
With that long slow distance.
The fleet of feet won't please you
All speed, they love and leave you
Not me, as you see
I love long slow distance.
Listen, my pulse beats strong and steady
My pace won't stall when I hit the wall
Others fall by the wayside, heat-exhausted
But I'm no coward I'm solar-powered
As long as I know that you'll be there with me
Face to face when I break the tape
For the kiss when we cross the finish line.
Some play the tempo given
I hear a different rhythm
Do you hear it too?
For the long slow distance.
My stride is smooth and easy
Your touch can always lead me
Off-route in pursuit
Of some long slow distance.