

Roger Waters, One Of My Turns

Day after day
Love turns gray
Like the skin on a dying man
Night after night
We pretend it's all right
But I have grown older
And you have grown colder
And nothing is very much fun, anymore
And I can feel
One of all my turns coming on
I feel
Cold as a razor blade
Tight as a tourniquet
Dry as a funeral drum
Run to the bedroom
In the suitcase on the left
You'll find my favorite axe
Don't look so frightened
This is just a passing phase
One of my bad days
Would you like to watch TV?
Or get between the sheets?
Or contemplate the silent freeway?
Would you like something to eat?
Would you like to learn to fly?
Would you like to see me try?
Would you like to call the cops?
Do you think it's time I stopped?
Why are you running away?