

Slow Man

Sage Francis

I'm a slow man...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 care that I'm old lookin'.

Or got my soul taken back where the fallen angels land.
I know Brooklyn like the back of a stranger's hand.
Can't recognize my own...I wing it though.
I bring it home. Familiarity's the first thing to go.
Next thing you know...there's a photo that you're staring at.
And you can't quite place the face that is staring back.
Someone erased the names and the facts, dates on the back.
Maybe they're just fading so fast
that you can't keep up with it. Can't recover it.
Lost in the shuffle of the Grand Prix hustlers.
If you can't keep up to speed with the mother ship
and can't take the heat then your man needs the oven mitts.
I can't be the judge of it. My hands bleed
'cause they reached for some answers and got trampled by a stampede
of know-it-all homogeneous types. The look-alikes.
The kids burn my music and the parents burn the books I write.
I 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 'er.
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. Gotta get up and go, man. I know, man.
It's like I'm half of a whole man. Gotta get back on the program.
So let's go, man.

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 cookin'.

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 looks like a photo.

Truth be told. It takes more than having a picture taken for you
to lose your soul.