

## A Crisis In Mid-life

The Tangent

Feeling the sway of the bridge beneath me  
I watch the windsock strain  
Stepping with care as though there's nothing beneath me,  
And I'm alone again

Taking the strain of the lateral movement  
My escape is clear;  
Follow the road to one of two directions  
Can I control my fear?

And I can feel it pulling, the paranoia's rife!  
There's nothing like a crisis in mid-life!

Feeling the weight of my divided passions  
Coming and going like rain  
Taking my chances in my predictable fashion  
As all my plans go down the drain

And I can feel it pulling, the paranoia's rife!  
Look in both directions, I'm balanced on the knife  
There's nothing like a crisis in mid-life!

The burble of canned music finds its way into my heart  
The soundtrack to the E.P.G., but I don't know where to start  
And all the people and all the humour  
And all the culture, all the music, all the things that we once  
knew  
Are wrapped in packets, twelve by twelve, on the shelves

When we were young we had songs for our problems  
We had the money to pay...  
Kids like us to write anthems for our teen years  
And blow our problems away

But now we're in the middle  
Our heroes bought houseboats with their wives  
There's no-one left to sing along with  
As we make the crossing of our middle lives  
There's nothing like a crisis in mid-life