

A Sale Of Two Souls

The Tangent

The sun is hanging low now and the nights are drawing in
Everywhere I go are signs of autumn – the air seems thin
A new ache in a muscle, a new crack in some bone
Another word that just enters the new language on its own... in
nit?

And I fail, every time I lose the trail, every time the paper-
chase of this new race
Leads me into some darkened place, I flap my hands in effort to
keep up

A new band on the TV, with, oh-so familiar sound!
That echoes things and sentiments I liked before, – first time
around

And I fail, every time I touch the braille, every time I run my
fingers 'cross the words
I cannot read, the dots are blurred, there's nothing you can wr
ite that I can feel

Age! – creeping on me like rampage, carving lines upon my face
The fast distorting youth, the sunken eyes, the broken tooth,
The shadows of reflections I once knew
Old? – Not quite yet there, but I'm told days get shorter as yo
u
Mould them to your respective needs, shrinking as your life blo
od bleeds
Into someone else's system, or their veins.

HOLD ON!!! for a moment! – the sky's as blue as when I was youn
g!
And I've as much right to play there as the young guys
Beneath a billion-year-old sun.
And I still have my fingers, and they still push the keys
'Cos everyone I know got older... at the same rate as me

There are only two of me
One's lost in 1973, with faded loons and pom-
pom hat, an afghan, C.N.D. and all that
Peace and Love and Rock and Roll.