

Waters Roger

"One Of My Turns"

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(Girl: Oh, My God, what a fabulous room. Are all these your guitars? This place is bigger than our apartment! Uh, can I get a drink of water? You want some? Hunh? Oh, wow, look at this tub! You wanna take a bath? What are you watchin'? Oh! Are you feeling OK?)

Day after day, love turns grey,
Like the skin of a dying man.
And night after night, we pretend it's all right,
But I have grown older, and you have grown colder,
And nothin' is very much fun anymore.
And I can feel one of my turns comin' 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 ya like to watch TV,
Or get between the sheets,
Or contemplate the silent freeway?
Would ya like something to eat?
Would ya like to learn to fly?
Would ya, would ya like to see me try?
Ah, no!
Would ya like to call the cops?
Do ya think it's time I stopped?
Why are you runnin' away?

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