

## **Paul Colman**

### **"Slow Down"**

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When everything runs at a hectic pace  
and you wonder if you'll ever pay your debts  
And you wonder if you'll ever be the kind of person you  
always wanted to be  
And you wonder why red lights make you so angry?  
And you say when I finally get a grip on this axe of  
mine  
I'm gonna chop down all the bad fruit that's hanging on  
this vine  
I'm gonna see the sun not hide in this well of  
depression, hate and self absorption  
But there I go singing about myself again  
I'm sick of talking about myself why don't you talk  
about me?  
Please lick my wounds treasure my wounds  
Then try to fill this black hole I think is a cross shape  
When I try to sleep at night I feel like a traffic cop try'na  
hold  
Back all the traffic of thought that sits like a peak hour  
madness in  
My soul and I spin like some sick kind of ferris wheel  
tipped  
On the ground and spinning around  
Slow down why don't you slow down

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