

Rundgren Todd

""second Wind""

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Old rocking chair
It beckons you like a junkie's needle
Start thinking feeble
Cowardly lion
The special today is karma yoga
Glued to the sofa
Where was I when we lost power?
Where was I when lies were spoken?
Where was I when evil snuck in?
Where was I when hope was choking?
A spy in the house
Someday one of the kids may catch us cussing
Then turn us in
Family ties
They used to be colors in a rainbow
Now we fly solo
Give me back the passion flower
Give me back the nonconsumer
Give me back my lack of reason
Give me back my sense of humor
Blow like cyclone my second wind
Blow like typhoon my second wind
Blow like tempest my second wind
Blind by design
I've gotten the hang of not resisting
Who cares who's listening
Popular press
And we've got the video and the movies
Let's feed the zombies
Now that I know what to fight for
Now that I need more adventure
Now that I have thoughtful patience
Now that I can see the future
Put your hours in and take your pay
Like there wasn't any other way
Then I heard a voice inside me say
It was twenty years ago today
When did I get so tired?
Did I wake up half-sleeping?
I can't life slip away
To a world with no meaning

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