

One Of My Turns

Pink Floyd

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
Nothing is very much fun anymore.

And I can feel one of my turns coming 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 favourite axe

Don't look so frightened
This is just a passing phase
One of my bad days
Would you like to watch TV?
Or get between the sheets?
Or contemplate the silent freeway?
Would you like something to eat?
Would you like to learn to fly? Would you?
Would you like to see me try?

.... Would you like to call the cops?
Do you think it's time I stopped?
Why are you running away?