

# One Of My Turns

Roger Waters

Day after day  
Love turns gray  
Like the skin on a dying man  
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 all 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 favorite 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 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?