

A Crisis In Mid-life

The Tangent

Feeling the sway of the bridge beneath me
I watch the windsock strain
Stepping with care as though there's nothing beneath me,
And I'm alone again

Taking the strain of the lateral movement
My escape is clear;
Follow the road to one of two directions
Can I control my fear?

And I can feel it pulling, the paranoia's rife!
There's nothing like a crisis in mid-life!

Feeling the weight of my divided passions
Coming and going like rain
Taking my chances in my predictable fashion
As all my plans go down the drain

And I can feel it pulling, the paranoia's rife!
Look in both directions, I'm balanced on the knife
There's nothing like a crisis in mid-life!

The burble of canned music finds its way into my heart
The soundtrack to the E.P.G., but I don't know where to start
And all the people and all the humour
And all the culture, all the music, all the things that we once
knew
Are wrapped in packets, twelve by twelve, on the shelves

When we were young we had songs for our problems
We had the money to pay...
Kids like us to write anthems for our teen years
And blow our problems away

But now we're in the middle
Our heroes bought houseboats with their wives
There's no-one left to sing along with
As we make the crossing of our middle lives
There's nothing like a crisis in mid-life