

Pink Floyd, One Of My Turns

Day after day, love turns grey
Like the skin of 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 any more.

And I can feel one of my turns coming on.
I feel cold as 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
Just one of my bad days
Would you like to watch T. V.?
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?