

Slow Down

Corrinne May

16 hour workday just to provide
Everything for his little tyke
No time to sing a lullaby
Or give him a piggyback ride
TV babysitter, toys are a bribe
As he speeds out the doorway
And the car leaves the driveway
The boy runs after his father
But his steps are too small
He stretches out his hands to reach him
As he tumbles and falls.
Slow down,
I can???t keep up with you
You???re getting a little too quick
For me to follow
Slow down,
You???re getting away from me
And I don???t know how to slow you down
60 years together weathering the times
The good, the bad, the sweetest sighs
Watching children of their children smile
As they did when they walked down the aisle
Walking canes and wheelchairs slowly wind
Twirling the years, curling their faces
But now he???s stumbling faster
Towards that finish line
She stretches out her hands to reach him
As he closes his eyes
Slow down,
I can???t keep up with you
You???re getting a little too quick
For me to follow
Slow down,
You???re getting away from me
And I don???t know how to slow you down
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