

## 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,

'Cos I'm alone again

Feeling the strain of the lateral movement

My escape is clear;

Follow the road in one of two directions

Can I control the 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 fashions

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!

When we were all young we had songs for our problems

We had the money to pay

Kids like ourselves to write anthems for our teen years

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 a mid-life