Starting Slow

By John T. Wurzer

Starting slow, from the beginning again

Maybe I’ll end up winning again

But I really don’t care if I do

Starting slow one year after making it out

Arriving here with suitcase of doubt

And I’ve realized, much to my surprise, that I haven’t a clue

How about you…

Starting slow, testing these weary thighs

Wearing a brand new worn out disguise

Don’t look into my eyes, it’s not wise, I am not how I appear

Starting slow one year after making it out

Arriving here in a taxi of doubt

The future is uncertain; pull back the curtain it becomes more unclear

Do you have that same fear

Starting slow, from the beginning again

My brain has finally started spinning again

But then again five will get you ten that I don’t care how this ends

Starting slow one year after making it out

Arriving here in the midst of a drought

I learned a few things, like the joy that life brings still depends

On having some real close friends