

Halfway Home

TV on the Radio

The lazy way they turned your head
Into a rest stop for the dead
And did it all in gold and blue and grey
The efforts to allay your dread
In spite of all you knew and said
Were hard to see and harder still to say
A comfort plush all laced in lead
Was sent to quell your sentiment
And keep your trembling sentinel hand at bay
And when a sudden silhouette
Escaped the top-side of your bed
I knew you'd never ever be the same
Oh, is it not me?
Am I not folded by your touch?
The words you spoke
I know too much
It's over now
And not enough
Oh, is it not me?
The damage you hold inside your blush?
The load you towed
You showed it up
It's over now
And I'm insane
Wild spirits winds from out your chest
Collides with world and wilderness
It needs a gentle hand to call it home
Now surfs the sun and scales the moon
And winds the waistband of her womb
All eyes ablaze the day you break your mold
Oh, is it not me?
Am I not culled into your clutch?
The words you spoke
I know too much
We're closer now
And said enough
Oh, is it not me?
Am I not rolled into your crush?
The road you chose
Unloads control
See it take me so
Go on throw this stone
Into this halfway home

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