

Halfwayhome, As I Lay Dying

We've started not knowing where this winding road is leading us.
Left up to our discretion, no track record to base it on
the sites we set, aiming at our regrets

Stuck in traffic, with my friends as passengers when we get hit and flip over.
Nothing but glass and blood caught in my hair.
I wish that I was anywhere but here.
In my mind as I lay dying suddenly I can see
that you were everything to..

Meagerly started out again, I can't remember why or when.
Last chances came and now they're gone, if you were a switch
I'd turn you...on the sites we set, aiming at our regrets.
I'd turn you...on the sites we set, aiming at our regrets.

Stuck in traffic, with my friends as passengers when we get hit and flip over.
Nothing but glass and blood caught in my hair.
I wish that I was anywhere but here.
In my mind as I lay dying suddenly I can see
that you were everything to..

We've wasted no time at all.
These streets aren't how i recall.
This asphalt pillow hurts my skin, your shoulder is much more
comfortable but it sure breaths sheets made of satin that I'd lay on at my funeral.

Stuck in traffic, with my friends as passengers when we get hit and flip over.
Nothing but glass and blood caught in my hair.
I wish that I was anywhere but here.
In my mind as I lay dying suddenly I can see
that you were everything to..