

Nerina Pallot, Halfway Home

I've got a quarter in my pocket of an apple left to eat:
It's a wonder that I'm standing on my own two feet.
In the shadow of a thousand veiled Victorian goodbyes
Jewels of litter come to greet me, and it stings my eyes.
Oh it burns like a fire and it pulls me through-
We are parted by desire for the strange and new.
I've got a quarter in my pocket, I'm advancing to the booth,
I am picking up and praying that I talk to you.

And now, I'm halfway home, I'm at the corner of our street,
Would you like to come and meet me?
Now that I am halfway home
Man, I never felt so lonely-
I long for you to hold me now I'm home.

Somedays, there was comfort as a stranger far from home
Sometimes, a hunger and a longing not to be alone.
Imagining emotion in each man that I would meet-
But it was physics, and subtraction, to an ancient beat.
Oh, it burned like a fire and I wore it so...
We are tied up in desire and we won't let go.
Well, I've no quarter in my pocket of no apple left to eat;
I am running, I am running and I can't feel my feet.

And now, I'm halfway home, I'm at the corner of our street,
Would you like to come and meet me?
Now that I'm halfway home
Man, I never felt so lonely-
I long for you to hold me now I'm home

Now I'm home, home is where I wanna be,
Now I'm home, home is where I'm gonna be.
Past the church and past the steeple,
Past the sad and lonely people,
Past the old school on the avenue,
I am running, I am running...

And now, I'm halfway home, I'm at the corner of our street,
Would you like to come and meet me
Now that I'm halfway home
Man, I never felt so lonely-
I long for you to hold me now I'm home.