

TV On The Radio, Halfway Home

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

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

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

Is it not me?
Am I not rolled into your crush?
The road you choose
Unloads control
See it take me so

Go on throw this stone
Into this halfway home