

# Halfwayhome, Crushed By The Best Texas Ever

this room has got a poison, tonight we drink it from the bottle  
it's the lonely desperation defining who we are  
this room has got a pain, so drink it down cause it tastes the same  
as everything we could have been,  
everything we should have been

hold us together, tear us apart  
to keep us feeling better all along

leaving home, and tearing apart  
taking back a little piece of my heart  
filing through the doors in to the cold suburban night

we won't spend this night together  
we won't be making plans that it'll last forever  
I won't be home on weekends, I won't see you in December  
and I won't wish you luck on finding someone better

hold us together, tear us apart  
to keep us feeling better all along

a darker hour, sucking the light out  
bringing us back to life

leaving home, and tearing apart  
taking back a little piece of my heart  
filing through the doors in to the cold suburban night  
it was a cold suburban night that brought me back home