

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