

# Halfwayhome, My Best Chaser

This conversation is lasting too long,  
Is it worth all the trouble to right what is wrong?  
In the warm, crimson glow,  
In a room that I'm prone,  
To frequently visit when I feel alone,  
[2x]

I'm empty without you,  
I'm wounded, and I'm bleeding myself dry,  
So pour yourself into my throne,  
[2x]

This cafe is stirring with chatter of memorable faces from familiar places,  
Let's stay out until the street lights come on,  
[2x]

I'm empty without you,  
I'm wounded, and I'm bleeding myself dry,  
So pour yourself into my throne,  
[2x]

Farewell to my speeches,  
Sorry they're so long-winded,  
This indecision is wasting my time,  
(Farewell to my speeches,  
Stop taking chances and make up your mind,  
(Sorry they're so long-winded,  
This indecision is wasting my time,  
(Farewell to my speeches,  
Stop taking chances and make up your mind,  
(Sorry they're so long-winded,  
This indecision is wasting my time,  
(Farewell to my speeches,  
Stop taking chances and make up your mind,  
(Sorry they're so long-winded,)

I'm empty without you,  
I'm wounded, and I'm bleeding myself dry,  
So pour yourself into my throne.  
[2x]