

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]