

Halfwayhome, Number One With A Bullet

Wake, watch, and sleep,
And it's the cadence of her breath,
That keeps me clinging to the air,
And fighting off my shadow,
For seven days this week,
I can live on promise tragedy,
Completely, not just briefly,
Not content to let it go,

Ten minutes into my nervous breakdown
You're still writing love letters,
Well, I won't let you down too hard,
Too hard,

Just like a gun to my head,
But it feels all right,
I'm number one with a bullet,
I'm sure that you've heard,
I guess I'll see you on the other side,

Stand back until you break,
These lessons from the life we'll make,
And one right into another,
Hold tight until you fall,
Your reasons make no sense at all,
Abandoning senses,
Why even bother?

I won't let you down too hard,

Just like a gun to my head,
But it feels all right,
I'm number one with a bullet,
I'm sure that you've heard,
I guess I'll see you on the other side,

Either way we stand,
You're content to let me fall,
So concerned but insufficient,
You can't even help yourself,
You'll forget about this night,
As it wraps around your fingers,
It might sting a little later,
That's the meaning to it all,
(2x)

Just fall,
Just fall.