

Halfwayhome, Quicksand

those nights disappeared like words written in the sand
and we think it makes us better off
and then we laughed about the loss

but there's a thousand miles of pavement between you and I
I'd drive another hour just to get me home tonight
but you don't have the eyes to see
the writing on the wall that says I'm sorry

you can't say a word tonight, the stars have got you hypnotized
spit out all those lies before you choke on them
it's not too late to make amends, when all our lives turn to quicksand

frustration, so tired, things don't seem better
after all frustration, so tired, things don't seem better off
at all can't you see it's killing me