Slapp Happy, Half-Way There

He's only half-way there, he's only half-way there.

Told me my fortune was enough for me

that I would rather be lying lonely in the houses that stand along the river-side, wearing nothing but the ruby bequeathed to me by him when he died.

He's only half-way there, he's only half-way there.

One look at his visage will tell you so

all you need to know is there in black & mp; white, printed o his brow.

He has told me why when where but he never told me how -

He's only half-way there, he's only half-way there.

First time I turned and ran away from him -

I could not begin to feel the feelings that I felt he felt then.

If he hadn't disappeared in spring that year I'd have sent him home again.

He's only half-way there, he's only half-way there.

A large courtege of mourners all agree that it was really he

huddled in a blanket, chewing on a ball-point pen.

They stood him up against the wall & amp; set him off again

around the karmic wheel ... big deal - you can't get me that way.

I read between the lines of the notice in the times & this is what they say:

He's only half-way there, he's only half-way there, half-way there, etc.