

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 & 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 & 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.