

# Halfway Home

TV on the Radio

The lazy way they turned your head  
Into a rest stop for the dead  
And did it all in gold and blue and gray

The efforts to allay your dread  
In spite of all you knew and said  
Were hard to see and harder still to say

A comfort plush all laced in lead  
Was sent to quell your sentiment  
And keep your trembling sentinel hand at bay

And when a sudden silhouette  
Escaped the top side of your bed  
I knew you'd never ever be the same

Is it not me, am I not folded by your touch?  
The words you spoke I know too much  
It's over now and not enough

Is it not me, the damage you hold inside your blush?  
The load you towed, you showed it up  
It's over now and I'm insane

Wild spirits winds from out your chest  
Collides with world and wilderness  
It needs a gentle hand to call it home

Now surfs the sun and scales the moon  
And winds the waistband of her womb  
All eyes ablaze the day you break your mold

s it not me, am I not culled into your clutch?  
The words you spoke I know too much  
We're closer now and said enough

Is it not me, am I not rolled into your crush?  
The road you chose unloads control  
See it take me so go on throw this stone into this halfway home