

# Halfway to Hardinsburg

## Houndmouth

You got some things to say  
But you never like to speak  
So you grab a pen and you head out for the table

You scotch taped a note down  
Of words that you wrote down  
Resembling an old English fable

And you were half way to Hardinsburg  
And you were half way to hell  
When you heard the sound of the organ's bitter swell

You're modeling the fashions while you're counting up your rations  
Well, girl you've got plans of your own  
You're cursing the masses while you're looking through your glasses  
Well, girl you ain't never going back home

And you were half way to Hardinsburg  
And you were half way to hell  
When you heard the sound of the organ's bitter swell

Mr. Moses, your front porch light's on  
I've come here for your daughter and I can see that she's gone  
You said she took a ring of mine to pawn  
If I hurry I could catch her out on Broadway to dawn

And you were half way to Hardinsburg  
And you were half way to hell  
When you heard the sound of the organ's bitter swell

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Lyrics submitted by Marieli.

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