Halfway Home

The Scabs

I've got a quarter in my pocket
Of an apple left to eat
It's a wonder that I'm standing
On my own two feet
In the shadow of a thousand
Veiled Victorian goodbyes
Jewels of litter come to greet me
And it stings my eyes
Oh, it burns like a fire
And it pulls me through
We are parted by desire
For the strange and new
I've a quarter in my pocket
I'm advancing to the booth
I am picking up and praying
That I talk to you
Oh, 'cause now I'm halfway home
I'm at the corner of our street
Would you like to come and meet me?
Now that I, I'm halfway home
Man, never felt so lonely
I long for you to hold me, now I'm home
Some days there was comfort
As a stranger far from home
Sometimes a hunger and a longing
Not to be alone
Imagining emotion in each man
That I would meet
But it was physics and subtraction
To an ancient beat
Oh, it burned like a fire
And I wore it so
We are tied up in desire
And we won't let go
Well, I've no quarter in my pocket
I've no apple left to eat
I am running, I am running
I can't feel my feet
Oh, and now I'm halfway home

I'm at the corner of our street
Would you like to come and meet me?
Now that I, I'm halfway home
Man, never felt so lonely
I long for you to hold me
Now I'm home
Home is where I wanna be
Now I'm home
Home is where I'm gonna be
Past the church and past the steeple
Past the sad and lonely people
Past the old school on the avenue
I am running, I am running
I'm halfway home
I'm at the corner of our street
Would you like to come and meet me?
Now that I, I'm halfway home
Man, never felt so lonely
Long for you to hold me
Now that I, I'm halfway home
I'm at the corner of our street
Would you like to come and meet me?
Now that I, I'm halfway home
Man, never felt so lonely
Long for you to hold me, now I'm home

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