

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

Lyrics submitted by Marieli.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>