

# Splitter

## Fixmer/McCarthy/Fixmer/McCarthy

Through the gardens and fields neath the tall green grass  
You were walking neath the moon while covering your tracks  
Working your fingers down to the skin and stone  
One hand on the hammer, one foot by the door  
Pushed by the wind, fed by the need for moving on,  
Moving on to nowhere  
When division runs deep and down into the well  
All the coins you dove after lost all their spell  
Covered in moss walking for silver and blood  
Out in the cafe, working in the grove  
Guarding the port of the future you sold  
Holding on, holding on to no one  
Holding on, holding on to no one  
One eye in the mirror, the other on the screen  
Sewn in the pockets and down into the dream  
Caught up in the mortar, bricks and heavy load  
Wait in the shadows down the living road  
Moving on, moving on to no one  
Holding on, holding on to no one

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