

# The Prologue

Halsey

Two households, both alike in dignity  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love  
And the continuance of their parents' rage  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage  
The which if you with patient ears attend  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend  
I am a child of a  
Money hungry, prideful country  
Grass is green and it's always sunny  
Hands so bloody, tastes like honey  
I'm finding it hard to leave  
I am a child of a money hungry, prideful country  
Grass is green and it's always sunny  
Hands so bloody, tastes like honey  
I'm finding it hard to leave

Songwriters

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