Half-state

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

We were close but we never made it home
We could see what we had and we let it go
Now it's miles away and cast in stone
Now we're miles away and casting stones
There's a fire, there's a fire on the road
It's a cruel world that lets us go
It's a place we can never call our own
It's a falling wind that calls our souls
It's a cruel world that lets us go
It's a cruel world that lets us go
It's a fool alone that carries gold
He'll find his own when he finds alone
Now it's miles away and cast in stone
Now he's miles away and casting stones
There's a fire, there's a fire on the road
It's a cruel world that lets us go
It's a place we can never call our own
It's a falling wind that calls our souls
It's a cruel world that lets us go
It's a cruel world that lets us go
So where are they now to let us know?
So where are they now to let us know?
So where are they now to let me know?
Falling through what's left of the fractions
(I'm gonna to catch them)
Gonna to catch them, never let go
(I'm gonna to catch them)
Waking up the silence passing
(I'm gonna to catch them)
Gonna to catch them, never let go
(I'm gonna to catch them)
Holding on to something you can't lose
(I'm gonna to catch them)
Gonna to catch them, never let go
(I'm gonna to catch them)
Waiting for a sign of passion
(I'm gonna to catch them)
Gonna to catch them, never let go
(I'm gonna to catch them)

Where are they now?
Where are they now?
Where are they now?
Where are they now?

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