

# Halfway to Heaven (Intro)

Harry Chapin

There's no tick tock on your electric clock  
But still your life runs down  
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But still your life runs down I'm halfway to heaven and my home in Forest Hills  
It's half past the eleven and I've got some time to kill  
I missed my bus connection my train got in too late  
And I'm forced into reflection by this half hour wait Now I have been a straight man and I've played it by the  
rules  
I been a good man, a good husband, a good old fashioned fool  
I have a fine wife and two children just like everybody's got  
But after fifteen years of marriage the fires don't burn too hot Ah, someone played a trick on me  
They set me up so perfectly  
They gave me their morality  
And then changed the rules they set for me Someone must be laughing now  
Though it don't seem funny somehow  
How the world's accepting now  
What they once would not allow Back in my younger days  
The world has changed in so many ways My mother once said to me  
So many years ago now  
Don't you touch those bad girls  
So I never had girls Until I had my Mary when we married  
My Mary then had my two sons  
My life as a lover was already done  
It was over before it had really begun Ah, someone played a trick on me  
They sent this little girl to me  
She is my new secretary  
And she's something to see Yeah, she's a nice girl  
But it's a young world  
And she lives her life so free  
And she sure gets through to me She brings her pad into my office, she wears a sweater and a skirt  
And somewhere deep inside of me something starts to hurt  
She's wearing nothing underneath, I can see what's there to see  
She smiles and says, "You wanted me?" I'd have to agree You know how much I want her  
And I, I know that I could have her  
I know I could, I know she would  
Make love to me, so wonderfully  
God damn, I'm one crazy mixed up mixture of a man. In my head all my life I've been a sinner  
And in my bed with just my wife I'm still a beginner  
But tomorrow night I'm taking that little girl out to dinner No, no tick tock

Electric clock  
Run downNo, no tick tock  
Electric clock  
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Electric clock  
Run down

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Songwriters  
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