

# Halfway

## Hamell On Trial

I see you on the cover of Rolling Stone, or one of those other corny music magazines,  
That's just an excuse to sell fashion or bullshit, but occasionally sticks in a good writer  
Or political story so at the  
Board meeting they can ease their conscience that the majority of their readership  
Has the IQ of well a Creed fan.

So you pucker your mouth and you show lots of thigh, coy celebrity sexy, teasing cleavage.  
Ass in the air, selling your product, down on your knees, why so shy?  
'Cause you stand for nothing really, you got nothing to say, it's insulting your pretense  
Of integrity. Take the movie's name, tattoo it on your labia, spread your legs for the camera,  
What difference would it make?

I mean fuck it, why go halfway?  
I mean fuck it, why go halfway?

So you think you might be Jesus, let's be frank,  
You're the lead singer of a big rock band.

Let's get the bass player to nail you to a cross,  
Long rusty spikes, right through your hands.

(repeat chorus)

You're a world leader with your finger on the button,  
Thinking that history is smiling on you.

Blow the shit out of everybody that doesn't agree.  
Do it in the name of patriotism, what else should you do?

(repeat chorus)

I'm a self-righteous prick, with a great mouth,  
But I'm sick to death of mediocrity and lies.

And I'm preaching to the choir, and I'm yelling down a hole, I used to sing between the lines but then I got  
wise.

(repeat chorus)

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