

First of Many

"Halfway Home"

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He's going home. Looks like the sky is burning, his
head is turning
At least he's on his way. He will be there before
morning,
much explaining, without warning.

He passes the blue lights, relieved they let him go
Why he never got home that night no one will know

There was this song we used to sing. It used to make
him happy,
oh it always ended happy. Why can't life just be a
song?
Where everyone is in love and the rest is a story untold.

He passes the blue lights!

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