

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

"Half-State"

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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 catch them
Gonna catch them

Never let go
Waking up the silence passing

I'm gonna catch them
Gonna catch them
Never let go
Holding on to something you can't lose
I'm gonna catch them
Gonna catch them
Never let go

Waiting for a sign of passion
I'm gonna catch them
Gonna catch them
Never let go

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

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