

Halfwayhome "As I Lay Dying"

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We've started not knowing where this winding road is leading us.

Left up to our discretion, no track record to base it on
The sites we set, aiming at our regrets

Stuck in traffic, with my friends as passengers when we get hit and flip over.

Nothing but glass and blood caught in my hair.

I wish that I was anywhere but here.

In my mind as I lay dying suddenly I can see

That you were everything to..

Meagerly started out again, I can't remember why or when.

Last chances came and now they're gone, if you were a switch

I'd turn you...on the sites we set, aiming at our regrets.

I'd turn you...on the sites we set, aiming at our regrets.

Stuck in traffic, with my friends as passengers when we get hit and flip over.

Nothing but glass and blood caught in my hair.

I wish that I was anywhere but here.

In my mind as I lay dying suddenly I can see

That you were everything to..

We've wasted no time at all.

These streets aren't how i recall.

This asphalt pillow hurts my skin, your shoulder is much more

Comfortable but it sure breathes sheets made of satin
that I'd lay on at my funeral.

Stuck in traffic, with my friends as passengers when we get hit and flip over.

Nothing but glass and blood caught in my hair.

I wish that I was anywhere but here.

In my mind as I lay dying suddenly I can see

That you were everything to..

