

## Halfwayhome "Quicksand"

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Those nights disappeared like words written in the  
sand

And we think it makes us better off  
And then we laughed about the loss

But there's a thousand miles of pavement between you  
and I

I'd drive another hour just to get me home tonight

But you don't have the eyes to see  
The writing on the wall that says I'm sorry

You can't say a word tonight, the stars have got you  
hypnotized

Spit out all those lies before you choke on them  
It's not too late to make amends, when all our lives turn  
to quicksand

Frustration, so tired, things don't seem better  
After all frustration, so tired, things don't seem better  
off  
At all can't you see it's killing me

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