

Horace Pinker "Half Way"

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hardly walking and regressing so passive here
is it empty satisfying writing words no one hears
he threw that bottle and he threw away our time
sometimes i think it was the only way i could make you
smile

you go halfway second guessing happens every time
in that doorway one decision right
you go halfway second guessing falling hard this time
in that doorway one decision right

work forever it's so hard so uninspired
is this why this town is second rate
i see through words remember what they signify
i'd like to see it on a canvas you create

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