

John Wesley Harding **"50/50 Split"**

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There are so many sides to every story
And this is mine
A dirty pair of hands sometimes has to come clean
And now is the time
I just couldn't see love's great defection
Now it's flourishing in one dimension
Love went over the wall
Was it pushed or did it fall?

The official story was a 60/40 split
Cut with a knife
But now that I'm ghostwriting your autobiography
This ought to be your life
You wouldn't have to be a great detective
To see the things you do to me are self-reflexive
They bounce right back from me
Cos I'm a human trampoline

Seem now, it's so hard to take
Heart to hearts that were heart for heart's sake
Now Cupid only watches darts
Love is just the sum of its parts

Together we were a perfect circle

I think that we should get back again
I'll hold you close and we'll roll all the way
Down to Lover's Lane
We're just two sides of a vulgar fraction
Waiting for a little love interaction
When the borderline will fall
Without you I mean half of nothing at all

Looking back it seems like fake
Heart to hearts that were heart for hearts sake
I should have known right from the start
I want you know, I want the fake
I learnt the laws and found it's just give and take
(You give and I take)
I've got the guts, I will restart
And love is only the sum of its parts
Love is the sum of its parts

Yes it is.

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