

Halfway to New York "What A Way To Go"

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WHAT A WAY TO GO (Burkey/ oâ€™™ Reilly)
Eight oâ€™™ clock with a silhouette cigarette
Catching up with the bottom of the bottle
Thinking back to the day we met, soaking wet
Opened up like a Mustang at full throttle
Tied the knot with a Vegas-theme at 23
All I got was another day in court
People said it was a big mistake for me to make
Taking bets and everybodyâ€™™ s going short
but you know â€“ I couldnâ€™™ t let you go
To the sky and far beyond
Riding high with a Page 3 blonde
When the cracks appeared everyone else cheered
But I was left lying low
And every morning I feel cold
But oh â€“ what a way to go
Late December I saw something new â€“ it wasnâ€™™ t
you
I canâ€™™ t remember what you did or what you said
Little things that got inside of me finally
Living life with a revolver at my head
But you know â€“ I couldnâ€™™ t let you go
To the sky and far beyond
Riding high with a Page 3 blonde
When the cracks appeared everyone else cheered
But I was left lying low
And every morning I feel cold
But oh â€“ what a way to go
Lifted off with no way down
Cutting off the roots of me in this same old town
As we got up you turned around
And kicked me to the ground
Eight oâ€™™ clock with a silhouette cigarette
Catching up with the bottom of the bottle
To the sky and far beyond
Riding high with a Page 3 blonde
When the cracks appeared everyone else cheered
But I was left lying low
And every morning I feel cold
From every lie you ever sold
But oh â€“ what a lovely way to go

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