

Eric Woolfson**"Halfway"**

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From time to time I think about him
I remember as though it was yesterday
Though many t/years have come between us
And he's probably a million miles away

And sometimes in the night I start remembering
Those half forgotten words he used to say
It's funny how it all keeps coming back to me
But what's the use pretending that he'd never gone
away

And halfway through the night I start imagining
Those wild and crazy games we used to play
The laugh I miss so much
The tender loving touch
That always seems to end halfway

And then I pull myself together
And I think why should he matter anyway
And so I pick up all the pieces
And I try to live my life from day to day

Those letters that I always meant to throw away
But somehow I could never find the time
The cobwebs I just couldn't seem to blow away
Are little things like mountains I can never seem to
climb

And halfway through the night
I start remembering
Those tender words that took my breath away
The song was incomplete
The wine was bittersweet
For lives that couldn't meet halfway

Then halfway through the night I start imagining
No matter who was right or who was wrong
The feeling that he might not be so very far away
Still holds a fascination like an old familiar song

And halfway through the night

I start remembering
That what we had was just a caberet
A game of let's pretend
A stranger for a friend
A love that had to end halfway

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