

Half a Life

Superchunk

Visiting hours are over
Leave my yard, my dirt, my toys
You rank but a photograph
On the mantle on the door

One day out of every week
Is never time to speak
The words that join this half with yours

A house divided life confused
Only half my heart is used
Not enough feet touch these floors

But don't stop whining until you're
Looking for what you're finding
Some people eat anything they're fed
'Cause you know there's something ahead you
Just keep making do until you're dead