

## Half-State

## Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

We were close but we never made it home  
We could see what we had and we let it go  
Now it's miles away and cast in stone  
Now we're miles away and casting stones

There's a fire  
There's a fire on the road  
It's a cruel world that lets us go

It's a place we can never call our own  
It's a falling wind that calls our souls  
It's a cruel world that lets us go  
It's a cruel world that lets us go

It's a fool alone that carries gold  
He'll find his own when he finds alone  
Now it's miles away and cast in stone  
Now he's miles away and casting stones

There's a fire  
There's a fire on the road  
It's a cruel world that lets us go

It's a place we can never call our own  
It's a falling wind that calls our souls  
It's a cruel world that lets us go  
It's a cruel world that lets us go

So where are they now to let us know  
So where are they now to let us know  
So where are they now to let me know

Falling through what's left of the fractions  
I'm gonna catch them  
Gonna catch them  
Never let go  
Waking up the silence passing  
I'm gonna catch them  
Gonna catch them  
Never let go  
Holding on to something you can't lose  
I'm gonna catch them  
Gonna catch them  
Never let go  
Waiting for a sign of passion  
I'm gonna catch them  
Gonna catch them  
Never let go

Where are they now  
Where are they now  
Where are they now