

Midpoint

Tom Chaplin

Midpoint

Autumn into winter spanning the joy
No man ever turns a river round
A heavy apple over concrete ground

Baby, you know when you're getting old
Your passions yield to the will of the world
Quicksand in the hourglass
A beach of dreams on the shores of the past

Mid life

Destination station, end of the line
Omens
I can see the finish now
I'm over half the way back down

And baby, you know when you're getting old
Your passions yield to the will of the world

Quicksand in the hourglass
A beach of dreams on the shores of the past

High time, I should be heading home
Checking in with the ones that I call my own
Warm winds under summer skies
The restless wings of the birds and the butterflies

While standing tall (Salute the wonder of it all)
Salute the wonder of it all (Salute the wonder of it all)
(Salute the wonder of it all) While standing tall (While standing tall)
Salute the wonder of it all