

HALFWAY TO HEAVEN
Esmeralda sings as she walks the streets of Paris

Music and Lyrics © 2012 Stephen Marra

Instead of dirt in my pocket. Instead of trying to survive.
Instead of halfway to heaven, why can't I just arrive?
I'll keep my hopes alive.

Over and over. Again and again.
Night after night. Sin after sin.
Back doors and windows. Castles and stalls.
I've seen more of Paris from behind bedroom walls.

A gypsy girl they shun and spit on all day.
Then they Masquerade as men who just need to pray.
And then they stray.

And give me gold for my pocket. Or lay a Gem across my chest.
If this is halfway to heaven when can I have the rest?
Instead of harsh innuendo. Instead of star_ving from hate.
If this is halfway to heaven, why is it running late?
I can't believe it's fate.

Princes and Bishops. Accountants and Kings.
They all have what matters. They all have nice things.
Thieves have more honor than men born to class
They beg your forgiveness after they plead for your ass.

And I'm the one they all can call on for love.
But when they close the door they seem so above it all.
Until they call.

And tell me count all my blessings. That I'm their Angel for Love.
They say it's halfway to heaven, why can't I rise above?
Instead of dirt in my pocket. Instead of lying to survive.
If this is halfway to heaven, I wish I'd just arrive?
My hope keeps me alive.