

From South Carolina

Her Space Holiday

From South Carolina
To San Francisco
I'm always waiting here
Outside of this door
I hope that my key fits
I hope that this lock clicks
Because I'll find you standing there
With your dyed black hair

We'll put that old record on
And dance to your favorite song
The one that I wish I made
But wouldn't ever play
Because of the war in me
That killed my self-esteem
But somehow when I'm with you
My state of mind improves
And I won't need that medicine
To concentrate again

And I know it isn't fair
To expect you to care
For someone who won't get well
I think we can both tell
That this the final night
To get this goodbye right
So I hope that when I leave
You will still think of me
Not as I am today
But as someone you wanted to stay

From South Carolina...