

Straight Lines To Bad Lands

South

In construction, I'll honor your soul
Laid down, something more beautiful
I'm tempted to rewrite it all
This time I know I'm going

In straight lines to bad lands
I'm leaving nothing to chance
Courageous mind, my left hand
Reaches for you I'm holding

On for dear life, cut from old cloth
Tarred by the same brush
As I sit here in the window of third
For the first time I feel I wont fall

In straight lines to bad lands
I'm leaving nothing to chance
Courageous mind, my left hand
Reaches for you I'm holding

I believe in
I believe in when
I believe in
I believe in when