

Please Head North

Transit

After tonight I just can't be alone
I'm driving home beneath the stoplights
They're holding me in suspense.
But that's just the way it is I guess
For those of us who move too fast
And I wish that I could say
That I'm wishing you the best
But I can't, but I can't.

So I'll write it out on paper to remember every word
For all the things I've lost and found inside of every verse
These are my directions to you:
Please, head north.

Voices scream inside of me.
Well, "Maybe I'm just cursed."
Just like they say, maybe I'm just cursed.
I'm always hoping for the best
Maybe I'm just cursed.
I'm always hoping for the best
Preparing for the worst

So please, head north.

Maybe I was right, maybe I was wrong
I just can't write another one of these summer songs
Oh please not another sad, sad song,
You'll find me hanging on every word

It kills you to know that this world, it owes you nothing.
So just forget what you're expecting
You'll find half what you deserve.