

Her Space Holiday "From South Carolina"

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

Weâ€™ll put that old record on
And dance to your favorite song
The one that I wish I made
But wouldnâ€™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 wonâ€™t need that medicine
To concentrate again

And I know it isnâ€™t fair
To expect you to care
For someone who wonâ€™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...

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