

## **Karate "South"**

Visit "[South](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

How many times have I heard, "In the South they just don't work." Lazy angels spill time and use lives as I would mine. Pouring out of windows, like strange flags, come clean clothes. Spit-free sediment sweep dives from broom-kept porch in no time. Now the sun strips that same sidewalk, with the day-dried test of small talk. She walks quick, fresh, with clean, black crease, and navigates this mess with protected ease. Does she leave? Does she come home? Where does she sleep? But somehow the gate's not right. A face stripped of something since last night. Can you sustain that same smile at a store or a job? And what's such a rush that would let you be robbed? Do you leave? Do you come home?

Visit [Karate](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.