

A Cursive Memory

"And My Name's Dignan, So What"

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I know it's where we had to end, the torch we doused
we lit again, the flame of our affliction kept us holding
on for far away, the dreams we had the loathe we
made, the times we drank ourselves to sleep to wake
up to what we believe. It's what we had and what we
need. We'll wonder how good it could get, much better
than this. I'm in the good life now, I see myself, smiling
bigger and wider than you ever knew how. I'm in the
good life now, all by myself, getting better with every
regret I allow. I guess it's where the time begins when
you get drunk and call again, and I can't sit here
listening to had bad you want to pave the way, to drink
yourself like Hemmingway, so you can make a memory
for things you never tended to, in every girl that I'll go
through. They'll wonder how good it can get... Much
better than this... I hear from you're friends you're still
alive, I guess I wasted those wishes on noth

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