

## A Cursive Memory

# "Kira Doesn't Care About Anything, She's A Nihilist"

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We drove down Reseda, in the car as I drove you  
home, listened to love songs on the radio, I bought all  
those records, just so I'll remember you, in the arms of  
someone new

Tell me that you felt it too, tell me that you felt it too

It's nights like this I feel alive, when every sentence we  
make is a promise, holding arms up to this sky, like  
every breath that we're taking is perfect

We woke up to feelings, painted grass, and ringing  
phones, and a brand new song on the radio, spinning  
worn out records, every word pertains to you, believing  
every line is true

It's nights like this I feel alive, when ever word that I say  
comes out perfect, watch my fingers touch my smile,  
and ever breath that we take was well worth it

And I've lived out my whole life, to feel the way I did  
that night

These arms are so open tonight

It's nights like this we are alive, when every breath that  
take is a promise, a million stars light up this sky, and  
every day of our lives are now worth it, we're so worth it

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