

Cursive Memory, A "South"

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Every step that I want to take
I'm told to hurry up and wait,
Every time that I miss a break
It's just my luck, (it's just my luck).

As I hold hands with hope,
Fate lies right in front of me,
As my eyes have proven to show
That hope is hope and fate is destiny.

So dont say, dont say,
So dont say, dont say,
Dont say, dont say, we'll catch a break.
When things start heading south,
You can watch her tear me down,
And all that time she didn't show up...

Every time that she'd dissappear
I'd hope for a whole new better year,
And all that time she didn't show up,
It's just my luck, (it's just my luck).

As I hold hands with hope,
Fate lies right in front of me,
As my eyes have proven to show
That hope is hope and fate is destiny.

So dont say, dont say,
So dont say, dont say,
Dont say, dont say, we'll catch a break.
When things start heading south,
You can watch her tear me down,
And all that time she didn't show up...

I'm waiting, anticipating.

So dont say, dont say [repeats]

When things start heading south,
You can watch her tear me down,
And all that time she didn't show up,

It's just my luck.

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