

## South

### "Straight lines to badlands"

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In construction, I'll honour your soul  
Laid down something more beautiful  
I'm tempted to rewrite it all  
This time I know i'm going

In straight lines to badlands  
I'm leaving nothing to chance  
Courageous mind my left hand  
Reaches for you I'm holding

On for dear life, cut from old cloth  
Tared by the same brush  
As i sit here in the window of third  
For the first time I feel I wont fall

In straight lines to badlands  
I'm leaving nothing to chance  
Courageous mind my left hand  
Reaches for you I'm holding

I believe in  
I believe in when  
I believe in  
I believe in when

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