

# Her Space Holiday, From South Carolina

From South Carolina  
To San Francisco  
I'm always waiting here  
Outside of this door  
I hope that my key fits  
I hope that this lock clicks  
Because I'll find you standing there  
With your dyed black hair

We'll put that old record on  
And dance to your favorite song  
The one that I wish I made  
But wouldn't ever play  
Because of the war in me  
That killed my self-esteem  
But somehow when I'm with you  
My state of mind improves  
And I won't need that medicine  
To concentrate again

And I know it isn't fair  
To expect you to care  
For someone who won't get well  
I think we can both tell  
That this the final night  
To get this goodbye right  
So I hope that when I leave  
You will still think of me  
Not as I am today  
But as someone you wanted to stay

From South Carolina...