

# From South Carolina

## Her Space Holiday

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  
From south Carolina  
From south Carolina

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