

From South Carolina (Nobody Remix)

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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Songwriters

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