

Going South

Abandoned Pools

Falling in and out of favor
Waiting to get passed over
Never staying right between the lines
Falling flat down on our faces
Never right time or right places
Until it hits us right between the eyes

I can see you there
By the glow of your phone
And I can hear you sigh
Am I wearing you out?
Are you still full of doubt?
Are you going south?
You're not so alone

One step forward and ten steps backward
Stumbling through the thick of it
Goal posts moving just beyond our reach
You and me and all our vices
Have come to rescue us from crisis
We may be better off than we can see

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