

# 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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