

# Speaking In Cursive

Paul Cauthen

Mama lost her mind back in '89  
Daddy went broke, fell behind  
Lost the house, lost it all  
Six years old, nothing to eat  
TV dinners and your cold bare feet  
She was on her own, all alone

Washed up in the wake, laying in bed with snakes  
Speaking in cursive, nobody heard you cry  
Ain't much left to say, so hard to walk away  
Speaking in cursive, ain't nobody heard you cry  
So fly, broken angel  
You'll heal in time, broken angel

All she knew was pain ringing in her brain  
Mama got sick, passed away  
Picked up a job at the local mall  
Got into school, paid for it all  
Riding up north with her best friends  
Daydreaming 'bout [?] deep in the wood lens  
Got a good heart  
Yeah, she's got a good heart

Washed up in the wake, laying in bed with snakes  
Speaking in cursive, nobody heard you cry  
Ain't much left to say, so hard to walk away  
Speaking in cursive, ain't nobody heard you cry  
Fly, broken angel  
You'll heal in time, broken angel

Fly, fly  
Fly, fly  
Fly, fly (Fly, fly)

Dreaming in circles, going through the same hurt  
Living in hell since you were just a baby girl  
Oh, baby girl  
You gotta know yourself, never ever quit yourself  
Show 'em that you got 'em, that you never even gave one  
Uh-uh, uh-uh  
You never even gave one  
Uh-uh, uh-uh  
Oh, you never even gave one  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh  
Speaking in cursive  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh  
Keep speaking in cursive  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh  
Oh yeah