

## Cursive

### The White Buffalo

When they stop writing in cursive  
I don't know what I'll do  
I'll handwrite my name on a sign  
And hold it up high on the avenue

If you don't get lost in the stars  
I don't know what I'll do  
And I'd glue my face to the phone  
I won't look up no more, like the other fools

Oh, the days gone by  
How the time it flies  
And I'll try to hold on tight  
I hope the day don't come  
When there's no more love  
When we don't look each other in the eye  
I think I'll die

And when we stop touching each other  
Please tell me what will be  
We'll be just like the drones  
Together yet alone in captivity

And if songs quit breaking our hearts  
I don't know what I'll do  
And I'll take my heart at your feet  
Drop to my knees and tear it in two

Oh, the days gone by  
I think we're out of time  
And I'll try to hold on tight  
And I hope the day don't come  
When there ain't no love  
When we don't kiss each other goodbye  
I think I'll die  
I'll die  
I'll die