

## Hold On

Crack the Sky

Well, I was talking to a mirror image of what supposedly was to  
be me; and  
the eyes and the nose and the insignificant clothes supported t  
he testimony. He said, "You're doing fine, you know.  
You've got an okay mind, you know.  
And I would hate to see you throw it away.  
You'd better hold on.  
Hold on. Hold on."  
I was telling him I was a bit fatigued about my life, both pres  
ent and past;  
and when I recalled my thoughts of ending it all with an overdo  
se of gas, He said, "You're doing fine, you know.  
You've got an okay mind, you know.  
And I would hate to see you throw it away.  
You'd better hold on.  
Hold on. Hold on."

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