

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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