

Empty Hands

Greg Holden

The patriots hang flags outside
That's how they do it nationwide
But back home we don't care so much
I might be wrong but that's how it looks
We listen to the sound of our minds
I feel as though I'm losing time
With hands of glory pushing rhymes
Never been so far before
I drove for days and weeks and more
Hard shoulder where the chaos lies
An invitation to the darker side

Holding on, I'm holding on, I'm holding on as my life it slips
away
Holding on, I'm holding on, I'm holding on as my life it slips
away

Spinning out my mind it twits
More worries than I can seem to list
I've served my purpose true and well but I haven't yet got much
to tell
I listen to the panic in my nerves
An agonizing journey home
With empty hands I stand alone
Face my family, face my friends
I'd better turn around and try again

Holding on, I'm holding on, I'm holding on as my life it slips
away
Holding on, I'm holding on, I'm holding on as my life it slips
away
My life it slips away
My life it slips away

Holding on, I'm holding on, I'm holding on as my life it slips
away
Holding on, I'm holding on, I'm holding on as my life it slips
away
My life it slips away