

# 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