

Hold Your Head

Hey Marseilles

The coming mornings, without warning will claim the lives we know

All together, for worse or better the drops will fill the boat

The home abandoned, the neighbor's cannon peeking through the door

The New York market, a poor man's pocket it never needed more

You're one less call to make

One less fall to break

Hold your head on straight

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The perfect pattern of love and laughter is no reason to stay

I will hold you 'til we know to go our separate ways

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