

Hold On

Holy Ghost!

It seems like I've been here before tonight
It seems like I've been here before
I'd like to TV, talk, and advertise
We peddle candy door to door

And hold tight; don't make more plans
And don't talk; don't say no words
And be still; now move like this
And hold on; until we kiss

And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight

Why do the good things happen in the past?
Streamline the news and trim the fat
I love the city but I hate my job
And this old city loves me back

It's like a scream inside a scream
They can trace it through the night into the church
It seems it's never going to end

Until our life cuts through the air into the womb

And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight

And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight

It's like a scream inside a scream
It seems it's never going to end
It's like a scream inside a scream
It seems it's never going to end

And hold tight; don't say no words
And don't talk; give me no word
And be still; now move like this
And hold on; until the kiss

And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight

And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight