

I Hold You

Logan Mize

Early morning spring time, waiting on the sunrise
Hands full of back home dirt
Ten and two on my two-lane, headed home your way
After a hard day's work

I could be reaching in my pocket, grabbing dollars for the jukebox
Raising a glass to my lips
I can hold my whiskey when the whiskey kicks in
But that ain't nothin' like when
I hold you

I get the pull of the moon and the heat of the sun
Everything under the stars
I get the burn of the bourbon, the fire in the sermon
With you right here in my arms
I hold you as soft as I can
I hold you in these calloused hands
Like that first time I swang river bank rope
Right before I had to let go
I hold you

Like pictures hold days gone
Records hold old songs
Churches hold prayers in pews
Like clouds hold summer rain
Until my last day
Baby, I'll hold you

I get the pull of the moon and the heat of the sun
Everything under the stars
I get the burn of the bourbon, the fire in the sermon
With you right here in my arms
I hold you as soft as I can
I hold you in these calloused hands
Like that first time I swang river bank rope
Right before I had to let go
I hold you
Yeah, I hold you

I get the pull of the moon and the heat of the sun
Everything under the stars
I get the burn of the bourbon, the fire in the sermon
With you right here in my arms
I hold you as soft as I can
I hold you in these calloused hands
Like that first time I swang river bank rope
Right before I had to let go
I hold you

Yeah, honey, I hold you