

# Hold On

Madison Cunningham

They hung a sign up in our town  
"If you live it up, you'll never live it down"  
So she left Monte Rio, son  
Just like a bullet leaves a gun  
With her charcoal eyes and her Monroe hips  
She went and took that California trip  
Oh, the moon was gold and her hair like wind  
Said, "Don't look back, just come on, Jim"

Oh, you gotta hold on, hold on  
You gotta hold on  
Take my hand, I'm standing right here  
You gotta hold on

Well, he gave her that dime store watch  
And a ring made from a spoon  
Everyone's looking for someone to blame  
But when you share my bed, you share my name  
Well, go ahead and call the cops  
You don't meet nice girls in coffee shops  
She said, "Baby, I still love you"  
But sometimes there's nothin' left to do

Oh, but you gotta hold on, hold on  
Babe, you gotta hold on  
Take my hand, I'm standing right here  
You gotta hold on

Well, God bless your crooked little heart  
St. Louis got the best of me  
I miss your broken china voice  
Oh, how I wish you were still here with me  
Oh, you build it up, you wreck it down  
Then you burn your mansion to the ground  
Oh, there's nothing left to keep you here  
But when you're falling behind in this big blue world

Oh, you've gotta hold on, hold on  
Babe, you gotta hold on  
Take my hand, I'm standing right here  
You gotta hold on

Down by the Riverside Motel  
It's ten below and falling  
By a ninety-nine cent store  
She closed her eyes and started swaying  
But it's so hard to dance that way  
When it's cold and there's no music  
Oh, your old hometown is so far away  
But inside your head, there's a record playing

A song called "Hold On", hold on  
Babe, you gotta hold on  
Take my hand, I'm standing right there  
You gotta hold on

Hold on, hold on

Yeah, you gotta hold on  
I won't leave you here, take my hand  
You gotta hold on