

## Hold Hands

McCafferty

I never said what I thought when I should've  
I never took the time to make things right  
But these hallways they're dim and they're weak  
And these thoughts on my mind make my mind really weak

But the older I get, the younger I feel  
The more I miss you and these wounds never heal  
But I hear that your love it never gets old  
I'm buried alive through all of my tragedy  
I hear that your love it never gets old  
I'm buried alive through all of my tragedy  
I hear that your love it never gets old  
I'm buried alive through all of my tragedy

I will not forget  
But I will not forgive you  
My son holds hands with God and the devil, now  
My son holds hands with God and the devil, now

Hold on, don't wait up for me  
Because I am digging deep for me  
And hold on, don't wait for me  
Because I am digging deep  
I hope I forget 'em

Why can't I just say I'm sorry  
Hold my hands up, tell my story  
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