

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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