

Holdin' On

Pat Green

Cigarettes and a lighter
Lonely woman, swinging door
Broken pieces of a broken love affair
I guess we've seen all that before

Tonight she stares to the darkness
Welcomes it back home again
She'll cry every night 'till the day that she dies
If she don't find out how to let love in

I need somebody to save me
I need to learn how to fly
Walk on the clouds with the angels
Laugh when the devil cries
I've got to take my chances
Spend my nights in wild romances
And hold on to what is holdin' on to me

Doesn't this all seem familiar
You said I took the words from your mouth
So maybe if we sit here and talk for awhile
Mmm, we just might work it all out

And the hardest thing about leaving
Is knowing when a friend is a friend
A couple more drinks and I'll be on my way
Sleeping and down, safe in your arms again

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I got to take my chances
Spend my nights in wild romances
And hold on to what is holdin' on to me, yeah