Solid Rock

Widespread Panic

Well, I'm hangin' on to a solid rock
Made before the foundation of the world
And I won't let go, and I can't let go, won't let go
And I can't let go, won't let go, and I can't let go no more

For me He was chastised, for me He was hated,
For me he was rejected by a world that He created.
Nations are angry, cursed are some,
People are expecting a false peace to come

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It's the ways of the flesh to war against the spirit
Twenty-four hours a day you can feel it and you can hear it
Using all the devices under the sun.
And He never give up 'til the battle's lost or won

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