

Clifford T. Ward, New England Days

This feeling inside of me

Won't let me be, well it just won't go

You're so much a part of me

And these New England days move incredibly slow

So hold on, baby hold on

Hold on, hold on.

Well it's far from clear

And there's not much time

I just can't explain

But it's Massachusetts on the line.

Hold on, baby hold on

Hold on, hold on

Hold on, baby hold on

Hold on, hold on.

INSTRUMENTAL

The air is so warm tonight

Here where the fireflies set the hills alight

But somehow it just won't do

Your old England smile keeps tryin' to get through.

So hold on, baby hold on

Hold on, hold on.

Well you're far from clear

And there's not much time

I just can't explain

But it's Massachusetts on the line.

Hold on, baby hold on

Hold on, hold on

Hold on, baby hold on

Hold on . . .

Hold on, baby hold on

Hold on, hold on

Hold on, baby hold on

Hold on.