

Crack The Sky, Hold On

Well, I was talking to a mirror image of what supposedly was to be me; and
the eyes and the nose and the insignificant clothes supported the testimony. He said, "You're
You've got an okay mind, you know.

And I would hate to see you throw it away.

You'd better hold on.

Hold on. Hold on."

I was telling him I was a bit fatigued about my life, both present and past;

and when I recalled my thoughts of ending it all with an overdose of gas, He said, "You're doi

You've got an okay mind, you know.

And I would hate to see you throw it away.

You'd better hold on.

Hold on. Hold on."

Hold on

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Hold on