

Guided By Voices, Hold On Hope

Every street is dark and folding
Out mysteriously
Where lies the chance we take
To be always working, reaching out for
A hand that we can't see
Everybody's gotta hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me

Invitation to the last dance
Then it's time to leave
But that's the price we pay
When we deceive one another, animal mother
She opens up for free
Everybody's gotta hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me

Look at the talkbox
In mute frustration
At the station
There hides the cowboy

Look at the talkbox
In mute frustration
At the station
There hides the cowboy
His campfire flickering
On the landscape

That nothing grows on
But time still goes on
Through each life of misery
Everybody's gotta hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me

Everybody's gotta hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me

Everybody's gotta hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me