

# Jim Cuddy, New Year's Eve

I came down the stairs  
and saw you standing there  
looking across the crowded room  
and crying running your fingers  
through your hair.  
And Auld Lang Syne was playing  
people singing sorrow  
from the year that has gone.  
And I'm still fooling myself  
I keep holding on.  
There were so many nights  
when we lay as close as thieves.  
Lying on the bed together laughing  
I'd feel your breath upon my cheek.  
But it all comes down to this  
one look into your eyes  
tells me something has gone.  
I must be out of my mind.

I keep holding on.  
All my life I've known  
things must change  
find a way of their own.  
History rolls along so slow.  
We never notice where it's going.  
I go out at night  
to waste a little time.  
People ask me how I'm doing now  
I say I'm doing fine.  
But Auld Lang Syne will ring  
as people sing the sorrows  
from the years that linger on.  
Will I still be fooling myself.  
Will I still be fooling myself.  
Will I still be fooling myself  
still be holding on.