

Lipnicka & Porter, Hold On

You couldn't resist the fast lane
You had to go and get yourself a name
And people wear empty stares
No one to worry about you, no one to care
The city is blue the city is deep
Your hands are cold and you can't sleep
You sit on the roof to see the sky
But only little girls know how to fly

You'd better:

Hold on, hold on to your heart
Hold on, hold on to your heart
Hold on, hold on to your heart
Hold on, hold on to your
Your whole life swimming in your head
Your nervous body twitching in your bed
You're living on hope, on overtime
There's always going to be a sentence
For every crime

CHORUS

Hold on, hold on to your heart etc
You are one you are you
Your visions keep out the view
Silver glass above your head
Just remember what she said
She said:
Hold on, hold on to your heart etc