

The Beautiful South, Hold On To What

(Heaton/Rotheray)

She'd given everything she could give
Twenty years of kindness made her sad
Kindness never made enough to live
So she sold the very last thing that she had

As she held her hand out to him
As he drove around the block
He mouthed through the window 'just hold on'
'I've held on many years now and I haven't found a lot'
Hold on, hold on to what?

So hold on to what? Hold on to what?
Holding on is harder when it's something you've not got
I'll need a pair of stilts if I'm to ever reach the top
So hold on! Hold on to what?

Many years of service with a smile
Up shit creek and down the Rhine
Gibraltar Rock and now the Emerald Isle
He'd shined every shoe that he could shine

And as he lay in his own blood
Screaming 'I've been shot'
He heard the Major whisper 'just hold on'
'I've held on all these years now, now what medal have I got?'
Hold on, hold on to what?

So hold on to what? Hold on to what?
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So hold on! Hold on to what?

Sixty years and he's looking his worst
Sitting in the park where she'd died
Running hands through his final hair
These are the words that he cried

To achieve the American dream
You need a trampoline
To achieve the counter effect
Get that whisky down your neck'
And hold on, hold on to what?

Chamberlain had his paper
Jesus had his cross
They held on
We held on to what?