

The Dingeers, You In My Heart

Hard times are callin' for hard hearts
Thru me in with prestige, turn me out an upstart
While backbiters encamped around me
What thought spilt out in their mind that turn us into enemies

All I got left to hold onto is you in my heart
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The more I'm left with nothing but you
The more I see I gotta hold onto
All I got left to hold onto is you

They conspire all day they watch my steps
But I will not strike my foot upon a stone
I've been lifted high upon a rock
Where out of range of hard I can carry on