

# The Starting Line, Hold On

her life was more than fine  
like a proud shooting star into the night  
she crashed through the airwaves and ripped like a knife  
it was a bad disease her searching was over all over...

hold onto the light that guides you  
hold onto the air that cools you  
hold on hold on ..to me

her mind stayed fast through time  
her family stood by trying hard not to cry  
if patience emerged you kept strong through the night  
she never fell to her knees  
her searching was over..over

2x  
hold onto the light that guides you  
hold onto the air that cools you  
hold on hold on...to me

and then my eyes stretched out as i saw her slip away