

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