

The Starting Line, Piano Song

Her life was more than mine,
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, over.
Hold on to the light that guides you,
Hold on to the air that cools you,
Hold on, hold on to me

Her mind steadfast through time,
Her family stood by trying hard not to cry,
With patience and virtue, kept strong through the night, oh.
She never fell to her knees, her searching was over, over.

Hold on to the light that guides you,
Hold on to the air that cools you,
Hold on, hold on to me
Hold on to the light that guides you,
Hold on to the air that cools you,
Hold on, hold on to me

And then my eyes stretched out,
As I saw her hand slip away

Hold on to the light that guides you,
Hold on to the air that cools you,
Hold on, hold on to me
Hold on to the light that guides you,
Hold on to the air that cools you,
Hold on, hold on to me