

# Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Hold On

You couldn't resist the fast lane  
You had to go and get yourself a name  
And people wear empty stares  
No one to worry about you, no one to care  
The city is blue the city is deep  
Your hands are cold and you can't sleep  
You sit on the roof to see the sky  
But only little girls know how to fly

You'd better:

Hold on, hold on to your heart  
Hold on, hold on to your heart  
Hold on, hold on to your heart  
Hold on, hold on to your  
Your whole life swimming in your head  
Your nervous body twitching in your bed  
You're living on hope, on overtime  
There's always going to be a sentence  
For every crime

CHORUS

Hold on, hold on to your heart etc  
You are one you are you  
Your visions keep out the view  
Silver glass above your head  
Just remember what she said  
She said:  
Hold on, hold on to your heart etc