Benson Boone, In the Stars

Sunday mornings were your favorite
I used to meet you down on Woods Creek road
You did your hair up like you were famous
Even though it’s only church where we were goin
Now Sunday mornings I just sleep in
It’s like I buried my faith with you
Screaming at a god I don’t know if I believe in
Cause I don’t know what else I can do
I’m still holding on
To everything that’s dead and gone
I don’t wanna say goodbye
Cause this one means forever
Now you’re in the stars
And six feet’s never felt so far
Here I am alone between the heavens and the embers
Oh it hurts so hard
For a million different reasons
You took the best of my heart
And left the rest in pieces
Digging through your old birthday letters
A crumpled 20 still in the box
I don’t think that I could ever find a way to spend it
Even if it’s the last 20 that I’ve got
I’m still holding on
To everything that’s dead and gone
I don’t wanna say goodbye
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I’m still holding, holding, holding on
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