

# Paris Twila, Hold On

(Words and Music by Twila Paris)

Every little baby comes into the world  
Reaching for an anchor, fingers tightly curled  
Grasping for a reason without knowing why  
We will cling to anything 'til the day we die  
We can hold on to sorrow, hold on to pain  
We can hold on to anger when there is nothing to be gained  
We can hold to a thread at the end of a rope  
But if we hold on to Jesus we are holding on to hope  
Hold on, hold on  
This is human nature; this is what He planned  
When He put our hearts inside, when He made these hands  
We are here to reach for Him, never letting go  
This is all we need to have, all we need to know  
We can hold on to money, hold on to fame  
We can hold on to glory and the honor of a name  
We can hold to a thread at the end of a rope  
But if we hold on to Jesus we are holding on to hope  
Hold on, hold on  
Go on hold on, hold on