

Sam Phillips, Holding On To The Earth

If I close my eyes
I'm afraid I won't wake up
If I stop and listen
I'm afraid I'll hear too much

Trying to hold on to the earth
Holding on for what it's worth

I've got a long black cadillac
marble hot tub in the back
Champagne waterfall
solid gold question mark twenty feet tall

Try to paint a world of shapes
Over the holes as we're falling
The tightened grip is our mistake
As we're trying to hold on to the earth

Looking for his name
wet on brave lips carved on road
Look for flame and mercy
Hope that tired hands can hold