## The Connells, Holding Pattern

Once in a while I can see through What is real and what is show. Saving my colds for your purest thoughts. It may come and it may go.

## Chorus:

In a holding pattern, standing still as statues in a row. It's so hard to change the pose. And if movement mattered, I can still be moved, so ask again " Will they line us up in a row? "

Give me a glimpse of some distant time. (?) Let me know what's in store. Keep me in mind when you cross yourself. I couldn't ask for anymore.

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)