

William Fitzsimmons, Hold On With My Open Hands

If I had known you better I could probably get my money back
From that old preacher and his organist who said she knew my dad

When we were younger and you promised me that you would wear my ring
But you were 14 years behind the time when you can mean such things

But I will hold on with my open hands
But I will hold on with my open hands

And I suppose I should decide what I can do with all your clothes
And closets full of all the places you and I will never go

Is it misguided that I can recall the day you left my bed
And asked your mom and dad if maybe you could stay with them instead

But I will hold on with my open hands
But I will hold on with my open hands