

Hold On (Instrumental)

Friendly Fires

It seems like I've been here before tonight
It seems like I've been here before
I'd like to TV, talk, and advertise
We peddle candy door to door And hold tight; don't make no plans
And don't talk; don't say no words
And be still; now move like this
And hold on; until it kills And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight Why do the good things happen in the past?
Streamline the news and trim the fat
I love the city but I hate my job
And this old city loves me back It's like a screen inside a screen
They can trace it through the night into the church
It seems it's never going to end
Until our life cuts through the air into the womb And hold tight; don't say no words
And don't talk; give me no word
And be still; now move like this
And hold on; until the kills And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight It's like...
It's like a...
It's like it's never...
It's like a screen inside a screen
It's like it's never going to end And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight

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