Hang On

Flyod Cramer

Hang on, hang on
'Cause it's the little things
Yes, it's the little things that do us harm
I'm not a stranger, ain't a mystery
When we both get it wrong
Stay here for a little while more
'Cause it's a funny thing
Yes, it's a funny thing
I need a friend, not an angel
What do you do when the drowning stops?
And what you thought was a hurricane
Was just the rustling of the wind
Why you think we need amazing grace
Just to tell it like it is?
Well, I don't need no doctor
To tear me all apart
I just need you to mend my heart
Hang on, I'll try to look you in the eye
You know you should've apologized
Or should I apologize? Is there an answer?
What do you do when the drowning stops?
Oh, what you thought was a hurricane
Was just the rustling of the wind
Why you think we need amazing grace
Just to tell it like it is?
Oh, I don't need no doctor
To tear me all apart
I just need you to mend my heart
Need you to mend my heart

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