

Hold On

William Fitzsimmons

We were proud and young
A broken fool with lover's smile
She, the risen sea
Her, the shallow breath I breathe Like a dog I run
She, the rabbit chased in one
Through a field of trees
Lost away was lost on me Should I hold on
Should I hold on Summer's ample call
She, the rising, both will fall
To the cold return
And no longer for her I burn Should I hold on
Should I hold on
Should I hold on

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