

Try, Try, Try

Rockabye Baby!

Pop tart, what's our mission?
Do we know, but never listen
For too long, they held me under
But I hear, it's almost over
In Detroit, on a Memphis train
Like you said, it's down in the heat
And the summer rain of the automatic gauze
Of your memories down in the sleep
At the airplane races
Try to hold on
To this heart a little bit longer
Try to hold on, to this love aloud
Try to hold on
For this heart's a little bit colder
Try to hold on to this love
Paperback scrawl your hidden poems
Written around the dried out flowers
Here we are still trading places
To try to hold on
Pop tart, can you envision?
A free world of clearer vision
For too long they held us under
But I know we're getting over
In Detroit, with the Nashville tears
Like you said it's down in the heat
With the broken numbers
Down in the gaze of solemnity
Down in the way, you've held together
To try to hold on
To this heart a little bit closer
Try to hold on, to this love aloud
Try to hold on
For this heart's a little bit older
Try to hold on, to this love aloud
And we are still alive
Try to hold on
And we have survived
Try to hold on
And no one should deny, we tried to hold on
To the pulse of the feedback current
Into the flow of encrypted movement
Slapback kills the ancient remnants
That try to hold on
Try to hold on, to this heart alive
Try to hold on, to this love aloud
Try to hold on and we are still alive
Try to hold on and we have survived
Try to hold on
Pop tart, you never listen
Skinned knees, try to hold on
Stop start, what's our mission

Skinned knees try to hold on

Songwriters

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