

# Hard to Be Gone

**Robert C. Fullerton**

Sometimes it's hard to hold on. Sometimes it's hard to be strong.

Sometimes I fall on my knees, beggin', "Help me, please."

Sometimes I think I just can't take it no more;

Pack my bags and I'll head out the door.

It's just as hard to be gone, as it is to hold on.

But if I try to let go, I'm so afraid I just might fall on the floor.

So I hold on tight, till my knuckles turn white.

Though I think it might be best for me,

To be done with this controversy,

It's just as hard to be gone, as it is to hold on.

Just when I think I will go, you do something just to let me know,

That perhaps I should stay, for at least one more day.

This indecision drives me out of my mind:

Should I stay, or should I leave you behind.

It's just as hard to be gone, as it is to hold on.

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