Holding On

Ignite

Acquantances
They don't stick around
I can only count my true friends on one handI'm tired
I'm tired of holding on
I'm tired
I'm tired of holding on... to nothingMy feelings are taken for granted
Hey man, I won't leave you
But I'll still stab you in the backIn times of trouble
I call my friends all over
To lift and help me to my feet
And keep me free from harm

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