Hold On

Chris Smither

Let it fly and lonely cry, everybody's free
I will decide how I'll be tied, but freedom, be there for me
We'll build walls around our brain
Leave these prisons in our chains
And hold on
And I thought I had control, I tried
But now I would be satisfied
To hold onTell me what to do, and I'll tell you what I'll say
My freedom will be measured by the length to which I'll disobey
Tell me where to go
And I'll freely tell you no
And I will hold on
But leave me on my own
And I'll lock these shackles to my bones
And I'll hold onFreedom for the soul is what we want, but when it fades
We'll treat it like a burden, till the devil feels he's underpaid
We'll drag that spirit door to door
Till finally it can't move no more
It just holds on
Now the only thing that's truly free
Is this little voice that's telling me
To hold on

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