# Hold On, Marci

## The Hunters

I'm dying on the sidewalk laying down on my way back home.
Do we all feel lonely or is it just me giving in?I don't know why I miss you so, it must be the whiskey and wine.
The lines are blurry, I see your eyes when I close mine.There's no mountain, I wouldn't move to make you smile
And finally fine the promised land.
The scars and mistakes,
They dance with the night, they dance with you and me.I'm dying for a moment, baby, that won't be gone so easily.
Do we all feel lonely or is it just me giving in?

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