

# Holding On To Good

[Delta Rae](#)

Baby, Im not waiting  
Im just holding on to good  
Its still early, its still more than I should  
Im off to Carolina  
Im gonna wear my mamas boots  
We may be parted, but that dont cut us at the rootsCause in the morning, in the morning  
Sometimes I think about the way you held me  
In the morning, in the morning  
Sometimes I think about the way you held meIts colder in November  
The leaves are turning on the limbs  
The colors brightest just before the branches thin  
And, yes, I still remember  
But I am trying to begin  
I met a new love and Im growing into himBut in the morning, in the morning  
Sometimes I think about the way you held me  
In the morning, in the morning  
Sometimes I think about the way you held meI see a new flag rising on an old flagpole  
A shotgun fired in the firing hole  
Ill let the snow keep falling till my world is white  
I dont need your hand tonightBut in the morning, in the morning  
Sometimes I think about the way you held me

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