

Hold On (Instrumental)

Holy Ghost!

It seems like I've been here before tonight
It seems like I've been here before
I'd like to TV, talk, and advertise
We peddle candy door to door And hold tight; don't make more plans
And don't talk; don't say no words
And be still; now move like this
And hold on; until we kiss And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight Why do the good things happen in the past?
Streamline the news and trim the fat
I love the city but I hate my job
And this old city loves me back It's like a scream inside a scream
They can trace it through the night into the church
It seems it's never going to end
Until our life cuts through the air into the womb And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight It's like a scream inside a scream
It seems it's never going to end
It's like a scream inside a scream
It seems it's never going to end And hold tight; don't say no words
And don't talk; give me no word
And be still; now move like this
And hold on; until the kiss And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight And hold on
And hold tight
And hold on
And hold tight

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>