

Hold on Hope

Guided By Voices

Every street is dark
And folding out mysteriously
Where lies the chance
We take to be always working
Reaching out for a hand
That we can't see
Everybody's got a hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me
Invitation to the last dance
Then it's time to leave
That's the price we pay
When we deceive
One another animal mother
She opens up for free
Everybody's got a hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me
Look at the talk box
In mute frustration at the station
There hides the cowboy
Look at the talk box
In mute frustration at the station
There hides the cowboy
His campfire flickering on the landscape
But nothing grows on but the time still goes on
Through each life of misery
Everybody's got a hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me
Everybody's got a hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me
Everybody's got a hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me

Songwriters

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