

Holdin' My Own

[Eric Church](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Always been a fighter, scrapper, and a clawer
Used up some luck in lawyers
Like Huck from Tom Sawyer jumped on my raft
And shoved off chasing my dreams
Reeling in big fishes
I had some hits, a few big misses
I gave 'em hell and got a few stitches
And these days, I show off my scars
With one arm around my baby
And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that hates the noise
If the world comes knocking
Tell 'em I'm not home
I'm finally holdin' my own
I've burned up the fast lane
Dodging drugs and divorce
If I'm proof of anything
God sure loves Troubadour
Sometimes, late at night
I miss the smoke and neon
Sneak out of bed, grab a six-string
Play what's still turnin' me on
Like that tight old-time rock and roll
Or that right-down-home country gold
I miss blues and soul
But not more than I miss being home
With one arm around my baby
And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that hates the noise
If the world comes knocking
Tell 'em I'm not home
I'm finally holdin' my own
Til I run out of time
I'm gonna spend the rest of mine
With one arm around my baby

And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that hates the noise
If the world comes knocking
Tell 'em I'm not home
I'm finally holdin' my own And when my time on Earth is done
I want they write it on my stone
I lived, loved, and died holdin' my own
I lived, loved, and died holdin' my own

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