

# Holding On (Luke Chable's Big Room Mix)

Ferry Corsten

The falling sky grows darker every day.  
And moonlight fading as you walk away.  
And all the roads that lead me to your heart  
Have gone astray My hands are tied behind my back,  
And I'm weakened by, your slow attack,  
You take me in, then change your mind again. Your spinning wheel won't lead me to your view,  
And all the words I need to hear from you,  
I'm holding on but guess I'm out of luck,  
And still in love with you My hands are tied behind my back,  
And I'm weakened by, your slow attack,  
You take me in, then change your mind again. Hold my face, in your hands, look into my eyes  
So understand, all the thoughts, inside your mind  
Tell me it's time My hands are tied behind my back,  
And I'm weakened by, your slow attack,  
You take me in, then change your mind again.  
You take me in, then change your mind again.

Songwriters

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