

Heaven Hang On

[Shaun Groves](#)

He yells through the night~ with a face full of fight~ stepping over the ring that she wore~ she runs for the car~
but she doesn't get far~ His boot kicks her hand from the door~ and there on her back~ she lets go of the last~
remnant of hope that she's held~ Heaven hang on~ she can't hang on anymore~ (repeat) Two houses down
there's~ there's a man pulling out~ with a pistol pushed under his seat~ and he's waving good-bye~ to his boys
and his wife~ and that are too far to meet~ he's got a plan~ the insurance man~ sold him the way out of
need~ Heaven hang on~ he can't hang on anymore~ (repeat) Lord, surround them with angels~ and send out
Your saints~ shake us all loose~ from our pulpits and pews~ to hold on to help up the faint~ Heaven hang on (Use
my hands, Jesus)~ we can't hang on anymore (repeat)

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