

Holding On to Good

[Delta Rae](#)

Baby, Im not waiting
Im just holding on to good
Its still early, its still more than I should
Im off to Carolina
Im gonna wear my mamas boots
We may be parted, but that dont cut us at the rootsCause in the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held me
In the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held meIts colder in November
The leaves are turning on the limbs
The colors brightest just before the branches thin
And, yes, I still remember
But I am trying to begin
I met a new love and Im growing into himBut in the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held me
In the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held meI see a new flag rising on an old flagpole
A shotgun fired in the firing hole
Ill let the snow keep falling till my world is white
I dont need your hand tonightBut in the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held me

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