

Weekend Players

"I'm Holding You"

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I'm flyin (flying)
In a frame of my mind
That time cannot erase

I'm seein' (seein')
The future, the past
As i lay the present to waste

I'm scopin' (scopin')
All these feelings i have
And hopin' for them to come true
And i'm holdin'
Something more precious
Than fine ore, baby
I'm holdin' you

I'm breathin' (breathin')
The fumes of the grid
That rid my lobe of oxygen

I'm climbin' (climbin')
The walls to where good
And evil make a mends

I'm trippin
Writhin' and squealing, pewkin'
Looking for someone like you
And i'm holdin'
Something more precious
Than fine ore, baby
I'm holdin' you

(solos)

I'm flyin' (flyin')
In a frame of my mind
That time cannot erase

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The future, the past
As i lay the present to waste

I'm scopin' (scopin')
All these feelings i have
And hopin' for them to come true
And i'm holdin'
Something more precious
Than fine ore, baby
I'm holdin' you

And i'm holdin'
Somethin' more precious
Than fine ore, baby
I'm holdin' you

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