

Clifford T. Ward "New England Days"

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This feeling inside of me
Won't let me be, well it just won't go
You're so much a part of me
And these New England days move incredibly slow

So hold on, baby hold on
Hold on, hold on.

Well it's far from clear
And there's not much time
I just can't explain
But it's Massachusetts on the line.

Hold on, baby hold on
Hold on, hold on
Hold on, baby hold on
Hold on, hold on.

INSTRUMENTAL

The air is so warm tonight
Here where the fireflies set the hills alight
But somehow it just won't do
Your old England smile keeps tryin' to get through.

So hold on, baby hold on
Hold on, hold on.

Well you're far from clear
And there's not much time
I just can't explain
But it's Massachusetts on the line.

Hold on, baby hold on
Hold on, hold on
Hold on, baby hold on
Hold on . . .

Hold on, baby hold on
Hold on, hold on
Hold on, baby hold on
Hold on.

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