

**Browne Jackson****"HOLDING"**

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I'm standing here and hoping for you  
Holding my door open for you now  
Ask just what you will of me  
I'll bend just like a willow tree  
And now I'm holdin'  
Holdin' my door open to the wind

Well seven times she came to me  
And each time seemed the same to me  
She knows just what to ask me now  
And I can't help but wonder how  
And now I'm holdin'  
Holdin' my door open before the wind

I wrote my name upon the sands  
With questioningly weary hands  
The tide arose and answered me  
And washed my name into the sea  
And now I'm holdin'  
Holdin' my door open before the wind

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