

Konspiracy

"Don't Let Go"

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Eight years old and I am big enough
To walk around all by myself
I'll keep my distance so they will not see
That I still need to hold your hand

Don't you know you're embarrassing me
I need to let go before they start to laugh and tease

Another day and yet you find another way
To keep me close to you again
And so I find myself another way as well
To slip myself out of your grip

Alone here on the fourth floor of this department store
You know I'm headed for those toys
Cause they've got everything I'd ever need
Buried in gold, could I ask for more

But after all the happiness has settled down
I manage to climb out of my mess
I look from left to right and see that you are gone
Panic hits me and I start to cry

I want to walk by your side once again
And although I might resist like a fool
Put my little hand in yours and please don't let go

And now I'm 22 but I'm still holding on
Or is it that You're holding me
Although sometimes I'm still slippin' from your grip
I'll never fall out of Your reach

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