

Mary Beth Maziarz

"Hold On"

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Time after time, feels like I'm fading away
Stopped on a dime, staring into space
And clarity comes, and clarity goes
But for all these epiphanies, I'm still lost
Holding the roses

At the start of your life, are you given a golden key
To personalize, so carefully
And slowly you groove it, make it your own
And when you find where it fits well, swing it wide
And follow him home, examine his soul

And if the moment hums with something deep and low
Hold on, hold on
And if your timing comes like you're a single soul
Hold on, hold on, hold on...

I know it's hard, yeah, you've got a complicated scene,
They tell you listen to your heart, yeah, whatever the
hell that means
And whisper they may, but they will anyway,
And it's you who'll be living each minute in between

Chorus....

Bridge: Confessions and awakenings
Streetcorner serenades, and midnight trains
Truthful fiction at the heart of things
Believing in the game

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But for all these epiphanies, I'm still lost
Holding the roses, holding the roses, holding the roses

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