

## **The Conells**

# **"Holding Pattern"**

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Once in a while I can see through  
What is real and what is show.  
Saving my colds for your purest thoughts.  
It may come and it may go.

Chorus:

In a holding pattern, standing still as statues in a row.  
It's so hard to change the pose.  
And if movement mattered, I can still be moved, so ask  
again  
"Will they line us up in a row?"

Give me a glimpse of some distant time. (?)  
Let me know what's in store.  
Keep me in mind when you cross yourself.  
I couldn't ask for anymore.

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)

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