

Tom Robinson Band

"Hold Out"

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You can't fool all of the people
And it galls me to remember I tried
Those whom the Lord
Has joined with his sword
Let no man put aside
The kiss on your lips tastes of wormwood
So swing low, Iscariot, my friend
I'm promising you
I'm gonna see it right through
I'm gonna hold out to the bitterest end
Hold out... hold out

I'm gonna hold out to the bitterest end

I fear neither hell nor high water
Come October this time I'll be gone
There's changes to be made
And some debts to be paid
I'm a desperate man from now on
How are the mighty fallen
Living to regret every day
There's music to be faced
So I'm leaving this place
I'm gonna hold out and find my own way
Hold out... hold out
I'm gonna hold out and find my own way

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