

Plunkett "Hold Tight"

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A boy sits and talks to a little red book
Alone in his chair in a little grey house
His thoughts and his dreams
Some truths some his faiths
To talk back to him and reassure that some day
That all will be
Hold tight my friend

Please god one day one glorious day
Let it be real and let it be true
I need to see what is now just inside
I swear that I'll crash if I don't see it soon
I'm always me
It's suffocating me
Forever holding my breath
Please love me please feed me
Please burn me and bleed me
I'm sick with frustration and falling again
You can find this place
Just be you just be me

I never thought it could happen this way
One faith was broken but the other's been paid
My dear friends are far but my dearest's with me
Now I feel calm and at last I feel free
Now that I'm calm at last I can breathe
Now that I'm calm at last I can breathe

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