

Day Green

"Hold On"

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As I stepped to the edge
Beyond the shadow of a doubt
Withe my conscienece beating
Like the puls of a drum
That hammers on and on
Until I reach the break of the day
As the sun beats down
The halfway house
Has my conscience beating
The sound in my ear
The will tomperserve
As I reach the break of the day
When you lost all hope and excuses
And the cheapstakes & losers
Nothing's left to cling onto
You got to hold on yourself
A cry of hope
A plea for peace
And my conscience beating
It's not what I want for
It's all that I need

To reach the break of the Day
So I run to the edge
Beyond the shadowas of a doubt
With my conscience bleeding
Here lies the truth
The lost treasures of my youth
As I hold on to the break of the day
When you lost all hope and excuses
And the cheapstakes & losers
Nothing's left to cling onto
You got to hold on yourself
When you lost all hope and excuses
And the cheapstakes & losers
Nothing's left to cling onto
You got to hold on yourself

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