

Hold Fast

Blitz Kids

Well I've taken for granted the feeling of staying young,
Now my head fills my heart with a riot and a loaded gun.

All aboard from east to western shore.
United underneath a cause.
Of finding who we are and what we're looking for,
A sedative, a poison or a cure.

While my friends and my family grieve me, I'm holding fast,
And you can't find the answers to questions you're too scared to ask.

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Of finding who we are and what we're looking for,
A sedative, a poison or a cure.

Do I want money, do I want love,
Do I want happiness or close enough?
Should I fight the feeling of growing up,
Is this situational or is it all just luck?

I don't know the answer, I don't know the answer,
Am I too crowded, empty headed or too young?
I don't know the answer, I don't know the answer,
So I guess I'll meet you back where we begun.

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United underneath a cause.
Of finding who we are and what we're looking for,
A sedative, a poison or a cure.