

Holding On

Ignite

Acquaintances

They don't stick around

I can only count my true friends on one hand

I'm tired

I'm tired of holding on

I'm tired

I'm tired of holding on... to nothing

My feelings are taken for granted

Hey man, I won't leave you

But I'll still stab you in the back

In times of trouble

I call my friends all over

To lift and help me to my feet

And keep me free from harm

In time of trouble