

Life Holds On

Beth Nielsen Chapman

I was swinging on the swings when I was a little girl
Trying to get a handle on the big, wide world
When I noticed all the grass in the cracks in the concrete
I said, "Where there's a will, there's a way around anything"

Life holds on
Given the slightest chance
For the weak and the strong
Life holds on

There was a third grade boy that we knew in school
He was found face down in a swimming pool
And as they worked on that kid every minute was an hour
And when his eyes fluttered open we could feel that power

Sirens screaming down my street
Fading as they go
Whining somewhere far away
To someone I don't know
Still, I say a little prayer
There's always hope
Life holds on

Through the window in the kitchen I can see outside
My kids taking turns coming down the slide
I try not to worry as they grow a little every day
I've just got believe they're gonna find their way