

Hold On

Criminal Colection

Another day, I'm at home in my lonely room.
I still promise you I'll be OK but this total gloom
destroys me, destroys us We won't go back
If you believe me don't say go and everything changes to black

Another day, what the hell, it seems the same.
So many problems, many troubles look like an idiot's game.
Make love, make peace, try to make everything well
I thing we'll meet together--I think I'll see ya in hell

No more of these days
No more of these places
We try to change our lives, I feel your fear in your eyes.
I want my dreams
I want my feelings
So don't look back to the past, I don't want to be last.

We don't lie
and still got time
to change our ways
and save these days

Try to make changes every day over and over again.
Try to have fun, see the sun, try to clean up your brain
No pain, no shame, you should be ready to go.
You should be happy with your friends and don't be alone.

why do people live ordinary lives? And why does every day look
the same? We must do something, and start to have fun again. We
can't stay the same, turn back and just go home

Why does it all seem the same?