

Holding On To Good

Delta Rae

Baby, I'm not waiting
I'm just holding on to good
It's still early, it's still more than I should
I'm off to Carolina
I'm gonna wear my mama's boots
We may be parted, but that don't cut us at the roots

'Cause in the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held me
In the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held me

It's colder in November
The leaves are turning on the limbs
The color's brightest just before the branches thin
And, yes, I still remember
But I am trying to begin
I met a new love and I'm growing into him

But in the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held me
In the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held me

I see a new flag rising on an old flagpole
A shotgun fired in the firing hole
I'll let the snow keep falling till my world is white
I don't need your hand tonight

But in the morning, in the morning
Sometimes I think about the way you held me