

# I Hold On

Dierks Bentley

It's just an old beat up truck,  
Some say that I should trade up  
Now that I got some jangle in my pocket.  
But what they don't understand  
Is it's the miles that make a man.  
I wouldn't trade that thing in for a rocket.  
What they don't know is my dad and me-  
We drove her out to Tennessee  
And she's still here and now he's gone  
So I hold on.

It's just an old beat up box,  
Its rusty strings across the top  
It probably don't look like much to you.  
But these dents and scratches in the wood,  
Yeah, that's what makes it sound so good.  
To me it's better than brand new.  
You see this here flat top guitar,  
Has had my back in a million bars  
Singing every country song  
So I hold on.

To the things I believe in  
My faith, your love, our freedom  
To the things I can count on  
To keep me going strong  
Yeah, I hold on, I hold on.

Like the stripes to the flag,  
Like a boy to his dad  
I can't change who I am, right or wrong  
So I hold on.

Yeah, baby, looking at you right now,  
There ain't never been no doubt  
Without you I'd be nothing  
So if you ever worry about  
Me walking out  
Yeah, let me tell you something.  
I hold on.  
I hold on.  
Can you hear me, baby?  
I hold on  
Yea,  
I hold on...

To the things I believe in  
My faith, your love, our freedom  
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To the things I believe in  
My faith, your love, our freedom  
To the things I can count on  
To keep me going strong  
Yeah, I hold on...  
I hold on...

I hold on and on and on and on and on.  
I hold on and on and on and on and on.