

## Hanging On

### Drive-By Truckers

Your momma can't stand the way you lay around all day  
and lean on her to help you on your way  
You use her credit cards, complain cause it's so hard  
to live with all the whiteness you've obtained

So you pack up all your things and cut those apron strings  
and set out for a drastic change of scene  
You hump it town to town and never let them down  
or take the time to ponder what it means

You climb up to the roof to smoke a few  
and calm down from your day and soak the view  
and you wonder what the hell you're gonna do  
to hang on

It isn't any wonder when the darkness pulls you under  
from the weight of all your wonderment  
and the price you have to pay  
leaves you feeling kinda sickly and it all comes due so quickly  
it's hard to get out from under it

The night it grows so long but you put it in a song  
that suddenly the whole world wants to sing  
So you move to higher ground and set some deep roots down  
and try to keep your grip on everything

Sometimes in the silence of the night  
that voice might try to tell you it's not right  
you close your eyes and try with all your might  
to hang on