

Holdin' My Own

Eric Church

Always been a fighter scrapper and a clawer
Used up some luck in lawyers
Like huck from tom sawyer jumped on my raft
And shoved off chasing my dreams
Reeling in big fishes
I had some hits a few big misses
I gave em hell and got a few stitches
And these days I show off my scars

With one arm around my baby
And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that hates the noise
If the world comes knockin
Tell em I'm not home
I'm finally holdin my own

I've burned up the fast lane
Dodging drugs and divorce
If I'm proof of anything
God sure loves troubadour
Sometimes late at night
I miss the smoke and neon
Sneak out of bed grab a six string
Play what's still turnin me on
Like that tight old time rock n roll
Or that right down home country gold
I miss blues and soul
But not more than I miss being home

With one arm around my baby
And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that got sick of the noise
If the world comes knockin
Wondering where I've gone
Tell em I'm holdin my own

Till I run out of time
I'm gonna spend the rest of mine

With one arm around my baby
And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that just got sick of the noise
If the world comes knockin
Tell em I'm not home
Finally holdin my own

And when my time on earth is done
I want they write it on my stone
I lived loved and died holdin my own
I lived loved and died holdin my own