

Hold On Hope

Glen Campbell

Every street is dark
And folding out mysteriously
Where lies the chance
We take to be always working
Reaching out for a hand
That we can't see
Everybody's got a hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me

Invitation to the last dance
Then it's time to leave
That's the price we pay
When we deceive
One another animal mother
She opens up for free
Everybody's got a hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me

Look at the talkbox
In mute frustration
At the station
There hides the cowboy

Look at the talkbox
In mute frustration
At the station
There hides the cowboy
His campfire flickering
On the landscape
That nothing grows on
But time still goes on
And through each life of misery

Everybody's got a hold on hope
It's the last thing that's holding me
(3x)