

Hold on Hope

Guided by Voices

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
But 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
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