

Hold On To Me

John Denver

We were live on arrival, safe home at last. Not cannon fire doc
kside, no flags half-mast.

We were sold out for silver and a string of black pearls
on the loneliest island at the edge of the world.

Like destiny's children, souls lost at sea. No room on the life
boat, you can hold on to me.

Hold on to me, hold on to me.

Now the voyage is over, we're back on dry land.

In our eyes are the stories, the rope and the brand.

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