

## Hold It

Marshall Crenshaw

Rain on my window  
Michael (Jackson) on my radio  
Seven-three-seven this room I'm in  
This moment won't ever be here again  
Try to remember, hold on tight forever  
To your life and love every night and day  
Hold on and don't let it slip away

Whenever sadness and darkness  
Threaten to mess up my day  
When the blues come around me  
I throw my hands in the air, and I say

Hold it, hold it, oh,  
World's in a hurry  
Too many worries  
But I don't want to lose everything I've gained  
So I tell myself again and again

And whenever somebody tells you  
That all the good times are through  
Look into their eyes and tell them  
I'm sure surely glad that I'm not you