

Hold On

The 88

Back when you were down and out
Up from your toes
And out of your mouth
Was that same old song
Someone must've done you wrong again
Think about the things you did
Cigarettes, poems, and idiot kids
They're all famous now
But I hope you all learned how to fall
These are the happy days
These are the ones we made
Holy and on display
Hold on
Shine on
Roll on
And hold on
Run like the devil
For all that you lack
You can't steal what you already have
Loosen up that iron jaw
Fight to death born
Denying the law
Of that second hand
Now you see the writing and the wall
But these are the happy days
These are the ones we made
Holy and on display
Run like the devil
For all that you lack
You can't steal what you already have