

# Dear Life

William Beckett

Call me cold, cold-hearted  
Hard-headed, headed straight for disaster  
Call me out, out-smarted  
A smarter mind would have minded my manners

Don't get me wrong, don't get me wrong  
Never meant to take you for granted  
Chuck a bomb, bombarded  
Boarded up, up head in the rafters

Loss of composure, with nothing to say  
When the weight's on my shoulders, I get carried away  
My only intention is seeing you smile

Holding, holding on for dear life  
Holding, holding on to get it right  
Don't get me wrong, get me wrong  
Never meant to take you for granted  
Holding, holding on for dear life  
Holding on to get it right

Kind of kind, kind of funny  
Funny times, time's not in our favor  
Get me hard, hard honey  
Honey bitter, bittersweet behavior

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Holding on to get it right

Call me cold, cold-hearted  
Hard-headed, headed straight for disaster  
Let's go back to where we started  
We were happy, happily-ever-after... right?

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Holding, holding on to get it right  
Don't get me wrong, get me wrong  
Never meant to take you for granted  
Holding, holding on for dear life  
Holding on to, holding on to get it right  
Holding on to, holding on to get it right  
Holding on to, holding on to  
Don't get me wrong, get me wrong  
Never meant to take you for granted

Holding, holding on for dear life  
Holding on to get it right