

# Glen Campbell, Hold On Hope - feat. Eric Church

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  
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 rides the cowboy

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In mute frustration  
At the station  
There rides the cowboy  
Campfire flickering  
On the landscape  
That nothing grows on  
Time still goes on  
Through each life of misery

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