

Hold On

Green Day

As I stepped to the edge
Beyond the shadow of a doubt
With my conscience beating
Like the pulse of a drum
That hammers on and on
Until I reach the break of day
As the sun beats down on
The halfway house
Has my conscience beating
The sound in my ear
The will to persevere
As I reach the break of day
When you lost all hope and excuses
And the cheapskated and the losers
Nothing's left to cling onto
Gotta hold on
You gotta hold on to yourself
A cry of hope
A plea for peace
And my conscience beating
It's not what I want for
It's all that I need
To reach the break of day
So, I run to the edge
Of the shadows of a doubt
With my conscience bleeding
Here lies the truth the lost treasures of my youth
As I hold on to the break of day
When you lost all hope and excuses
And the cheapskated and the losers
Nothing's left to cling onto
Gotta to hold on
Hold on to yourself
When you lost all hope and excuses
And the cheapskated and the losers
Nothing's left to cling onto
You got to hold on
Gotta to hold on
Hold on, hold on to yourself

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