

## Hold the Line

Django Django

Lines run from me to you  
A trick or a tie that we're fastened to  
Look at those lines, now starting to fray  
Stitch them together so we don't fall away  
Over our heads and deep underground  
We cut up our paths that we once laid down  
When we were only a fleeting glance  
Stopped at a cross and caught in a trance

Hold the line, hold the line, hold the line, hold the line  
We are, we are, we are, we are falling fast  
Hold the line, hold the line, hold the line, hold the line  
We know, we know, we know that the tie's not cast  
Hold the line, hold the line, hold the line, hold the line  
We are, we are, we are, we are falling fast  
Hold the line, hold the line, hold the line, hold the line  
We know, we know, we know that the tie's not cast

When you drink your fill of wine  
And lose your way and sense of time  
If you don't recognize any place  
Hold on to the ropes and begin to retrace  
Is there attachment to the walls of the places we know  
And follow the meanings from long ago  
It's from your want to hold the doors  
And I'm hoping its mine you'll be standing before

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Hold on to the line and begin to retrace every step, every step  
I've lost my sense of place, need a second grace and these feelings, I can't erase  
Hold on to the line and begin to recollect every stage, every stage  
I've filled myself with wine, lost my sense of time and these feelings are intertwined