

Pack your bags, run away  
Along the freeway, out of town  
Where light and the night is over  
It's alright

From this bed, between the sheets  
Spilling over, spinning round  
Ain't it bitter, ain't it sweet, oh ho

Holding, holding on to you again  
Holding, holding on to you again  
Don't rush it, don't rush it, my love  
Holding on, holding, holding on to you

But you lie, on your back  
In the backseat of his car  
Kettle black, pepper night  
Dylan Thomas, passed around  
Passing out on the floor  
In the bathroom, black light veil  
We all need once again  
Sing the songs and  
Drink the wine, love, oh

Oh well how long did we stay in there  
Well I can't believe my eyes  
Well how long did I take this  
Well I can't hold on no, hold on

Holding, holding on to you again  
Holding, holding on to you again  
I'm ready  
I'm ready, my love  
Holding, holding on to you