

Hold It

Marshall Crenshaw

Rain on my window
Michael (Jackson) on my radio
Seven-three-seven this room I'm in
This moment won't ever be here again
Try to remember, hold on tight forever
To your life and love every night and day
Hold on and don't let it slip away

Whenever sadness and darkness
Threaten to mess up my day
When the blues come around me
I throw my hands in the air, and I say

Hold it, hold it, oh,
World's in a hurry
Too many worries
But I don't want to lose everything I've gained
So I tell myself again and again

And whenever somebody tells you
That all the good times are through
Look into their eyes and tell them
I'm sure surely glad that I'm not you