

# Green Day, Hold On

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 the 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 the day

When you lost all hope and excuses  
And the cheapstakes & losers  
Nothing's left to cling onto  
You got to hold on  
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 the Day  
So I run to the edge  
Beyond the shadow 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 the day

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And the cheapstakes & losers  
Nothing's left to cling onto  
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