

# The Starting Line, Piano

Her life was more than mine  
like a proud shooting star  
into the night  
she crashed through the air waves  
and ripped like a knife  
it was a bad disease  
her searching was over

CHORUS:

hold on to the light that guides you  
hold on to the air that cools you  
hold on hold on  
hold on to me

Her mind stayed fast through time  
her family stood by  
trying hard not to cry  
with patience and emergence you kept strong through the night  
she never fell to her knees  
searching was over

CHORUS

and then my eyes stretched down  
as i saw her sweep away

CHORUS