

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