

Hold on

Can't bear to turn the TV on, that Amanpour she's like a witch,
she's the grim reaper in hairspray and sandals,
I think I'm developing a twitch.
Who opened up the floodgates?
Who stole away our soul?
Who put a pimp in the Whitehouse?
Who put sticks across that hole?

Hold on, hold on, hold on, help is coming,
Hold on, hold on, see the bloodhound gang come running,
Hold on, hold on, hear the drummer start a drumming,
this is where the fun really begins.

Who called the guard out on Christmas Eve?
Who shot the North Star down?
Who stitched the poet's mouth up and replaced him with a clown?
Who said all you know is wrong boys,
but took what we had to give,
but put a flag pole through the Mona Lisa's eye
and a bomb in the babies bib?

Hold on, hold on, hold on... (Chorus)

I'm crawling on all fours up the beach,
fingers are scratching in the sand,
it's good to be here on Main Street,
it's good to be here on dry land.
I don't recognize the faces,
it seems the colours have all changed,
I don't recognize the accents,
but at least I'm home again.

I said I'd look for the good in people,
but I find that's taking way too long,
Now I just look for the good people,
there must be one in every tonne.
Who said to give me one hand?
What they just take away with two,
and when you're lying face down bleeding,
it's not their fault, it was you.

Hold on, hold on, hold on... (Chorus)