

Every street is dark and folding out mysteriously.
Where lies the chance we take to be
Always working, reaching out for a hand that we can't see.
Everybody's gotta hold on hope:
it's the last thing that's holding me.

Invitation to the last dance, then it's time to leave,
But that's the price we pay when we deceive
One another, animal mother, she opens up for free.
Everybody's gotta hold on hope:
it's the last thing that's holding me.

Look at the talkbox, in mute frustration -
At the station, there hides the cowboy.
Look at the talkbox, in mute frustration -
At the station, there hides the cowboy.
His campfire flickering on the landscape.

That nothing grows on, but time still goes on
Through each life of misery.

Everybody's gotta hold on hope,
it's the last thing that's holding me.

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it's the last thing that's holding me.