

Sunday mornings were your favorite.  
I used to meet you down on Woods Creek Road.  
You did your hair up like you were famous,  
Even though it's only church where we were goin'.

Now, Sunday mornings, I just sleep in.  
It's like I buried my faith with you.  
I'm screamin' at a God, I don't know if I believe in,  
'Cause I don't know what else I can do.

I'm still holdin' on to everything that's dead and gone.  
I don't wanna say goodbye, 'cause this one means forever.  
Now you're in the stars and six-feet's never felt so far.  
Here I am alone between the heavens and the embers.

Oh, it hurts so hard  
For a million different reasons.  
You took the best of my heart,  
And left the rest in pieces.

Diggin' through your old birthday letters,  
A crumpled 20 still in the box.  
I don't think that I could ever find a way to spend it,  
Even if it's the last 20 that I've got, oh.

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I don't wanna say goodbye, 'cause this one means forever.  
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Oh, it hurts so hard  
For a million different reasons  
You took the best of my heart  
And left the rest in pieces

I'm still holdin' on, holdin' on, holdin' on.  
I'm still holdin' on, holdin' on, holdin' on.  
I'm still holdin' on, holdin' on.  
I'm still holdin' on. I'm still, ooh ... still holdin' on.

I'm still holdin' on to everything that's dead and gone.  
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