```
Hold On
Tom Waits
(verse 1)
Eb
They hung a sign up in out town
if you live it up, you won t live it down
                      G#
So, she left Monte Rio, son
      Bb7
Just like a bullet leaves a gun
                          Bb7
With charcoal eyes and Monroe hips
              \mathbf{E}\mathbf{b}
She went and took that California trip
           Fm
                                Bb7
Well, the moon was gold, her Hair like wind
She said don t look back just Come on Jim
(chorus)
Oh you got to
Eb
          \mathtt{Bb}
                  Eb
Hold on, Hold on
           G#
You got to hold on
                      Bb
Take my hand, I m standing right here
           Eb
You gotta hold on
(verse 2)
Eb
                       G#
Well, he gave her a dimestore watch
                   Eb
And a ring made from a spoon
                            G#
Everyone is looking for someone to blame
                              \mathbf{E}\mathbf{b}
But you share my bed, you share my name
Well, go ahead and call the cops
You don t meet nice girls in coffee shops
She said baby, I still love you
     Fm
                           Bb7
```

```
Sometimes there s nothin left to do
(chorus)
Oh you got to
                Eb
Eb
          Bb
Hold on, Hold on
                 G#
Baby, You got to hold on
Take my hand, I m standing right here
You gotta hold on
(verse 3)
          Eb
                              G#
Well, God bless your crooked little heart
                     Eb
    Bb7
St. Louis got the best of me
                    G#
I miss your broken-china voice
     Bb7
How I wish you were still here with me
Oh, you build it up, you wreck it down
You burn your mansion to the ground
When there s nothing left to keep you here, when
You re falling behind in this big blue world
(chorus)
Oh you got to
        Вb
                   Eb
Hold on, Hold on
               G#
Baby you got to hold on
Eb
Take my hand, I m standing right here
          \mathbf{E}\mathbf{b}
You gotta hold on
(verse 4)
                  G#
Down by the Riverside motel,
    Bb7
It s 10 below and falling
            G#
By a ninety nine cent store
She closed her eyes and started swaying
```

G# Bb7

But it s so hard to dance that way

Eb G#

When it s cold and there s no music

Fm Bb'

Well your old hometown is so far away

Fm Bb7

But, inside your head there s a record that s playing

(chorus)

A song called

Eb Bb Eb

Hold on, Hold on

G#

You got to hold on

Eb Bb

Take my hand, I m standing right here

Eb

You gotta hold on