

Holdin' My Own

Eric Church

[Verse 1]

Always been a fighter, scrapper, and a clawer
Used up some luck in lawyers
Like Huck from Tom Sawyer jumped on my raft
And shoved off chasing my dreams
Reeling in big fishes
I had some hits, and a few big misses
I gave 'em hell and got a few stitches
And these days, I show off my scars

[Chorus]

With one arm around my baby
And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that hates the noise
If the world comes knocking
Tell 'em I'm not home
I'm finally holdin' my own

[Verse 2]

I've burned up the fast lane
Dodging drugs and divorce
If I'm proof of anything
God sure loves Troubadour
Sometimes, late at night
I miss the smoke and neon
Sneak out of bed, grab a six-string
Play what's still turnin' me on
Like that tight old-time rock and roll
Or that right-down-home country gold
I miss blues and soul
But not more than I miss being home

[Chorus]

With one arm around my baby
And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that got sick of noise
If the world comes knocking
Tell 'em I'm not home

I'm finally holdin' my own

[Bridge]

'Til I run out of time
I'm gonna spend the rest of mine

[Chorus]

With one arm around my baby
And one arm around my boys
A heart that's still pretty crazy
And a head that just got sick of noise
If the world comes knocking
Tell 'em I'm not home
I'm finally holdin' my own

[Outro]

And when my time on Earth is done
I want they write it on my stone
I lived, loved, and died holdin' my own
I lived, loved, and died holdin' my own

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>