

HEAVEN HANG ON

Words and music by Shaun Groves

He yells through the night
With a face full of fight
Stepping over the ring that she wore
She runs for the car
But she doesn't get far
His boots kicks her hand from the door
And there on her back
She let's go of the last
Remnant of hope that she's held

Heaven hang on
She can't hang on anymore
Heaven hang on
She can't hang on anymore

Two houses down
There's a man pulling out
With a pistol pushed under the seat
And he's waving good by
To his boys and his wife
And ends that are too far to meet
He's got a plan
The insurance man
Sold him the way out they need

Heaven hang on
He can't hang on anymore
Heaven hang on
He can't hang on anymore

Lord, surround them with angels
And send out Your saints
Shake us all loose
From our pulpits and pews
To hold and to help up the faint

Heaven hang on. (Use my hands, Jesus)
We can't hang on anymore
Heaven hang on (Use my hands, Jesus)
We can't hang on anymore
We can't hang on anymore
We can't hang on anymore

