

[et_pb_section admin_label="section"][et_pb_row admin_label="row"][et_pb_column type="4_4"][et_pb_audio admin_label="Audio" audio="http://www.johnfitz.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/02-Dont-You-Ever-Let-Go-Of-Your-Soul.mp3" title="Don't You Ever Let Go of Your Soul" artist_name="John Fitzsimmons" album_name="Fires in the Belly" background_layout="light" background_color="#ffffff" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"] [/et_pb_audio][et_pb_text admin_label="Text" background_layout="light" text_orientation="left" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"]

Sometimes yeah.
Sometimes no.
Sometimes it's somehow somewhere in between.
Sometimes it's somewhere that no one has been-
no, nobody, nowhere, no nothing can end.
So don't you let go and hope you'll find it again.
Don't you ever let go-

*Don't you ever let go of your soul.
Don't you ever let go of your soul.
Things they got ways
of slipping by unless you hold-
so don't you ever let go
of your soul.*

Sometimes, man I'd wish
there'd be snakes in the trees,
and I'd just keep this big space between them and me-
I'd say no way Jose' that ain't how I'll be;
but between right and wrong there's this large mystery;
it makes freedom so hard, so hard to be free.

*Don't you ever let go of your soul.
Don't you ever let go of your soul.
Things they got ways
of slipping by unless you hold-
so don't you ever let go
of your soul.*

Sometimes when I hear that fate's back in town,
and it's working the strings of the prophets and clowns;
and you're hung and you're strung
and you're brung and wore down,
and you hear, Fitz, man, don't worry,
'cuz here's what we've found:
fate's got a chance
when you're soul's out of town.

Don't you ever let go of your soul.
Don't you ever let go of your soul.
Things they got ways
of slipping by unless you hold-
you cannot; you should not;

don't ever let go:
don't you ever let go
of your soul....

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