

Carry On

Pat Green

Baby's just a little bit tired of the city
Billboards and bullshit got her down
Seems like you need a little hill country
A little back roads drivin'
A little bit of the old top down Everybody gotta get away sometime
Forget about yourself for awhile
Seems to me that all you need
Is a rag top car and a ride with me
Okay, all right
Just might get a little high tonight
Okay, all right, carry on Old Walt Wilkins lives up in Nashville
You know his eyes have seen the miles
Walt, why don't you jump in Jim T.'s Caddie
Come down to Texas and drink with me awhile
Everybody gotta get away sometime
Forget about yourself for awhile
We'll go down to El Arroyo
Have some tacos and beer, yeah, let ourselves go
Okay, all right
Just might try to get a ride tonight
I'm okay, I'm all right, carry on Life will make sure that you got your troubles
Life will make sure that you work too hard
There ain't nobody that don't get tired
Watching troubles pile up big in your own backyard
Sometimes you got to grab your world with your own two hands
Set it spinning off on a course all your own
Take yourself a big bag for your shoulder
Find yourself some good times and bring 'em on back home
Everybody gotta get away sometime
Forget about yourself for awhile
If you lay your whole life upon a shelf
Got no one to blame but your own damn self
Okay, all right
Heaven only knows what's going to happen tonight
I'm okay, I'm all right, I'm okay, I'm all right
I'm okay, I'm all right, I'm okay, I'm all right, oh carry on

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