

Carry On

Pat Green

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Baby's just a little bit tired of the city

Billboards and bullshit got her down

Seem like you need a little hill country

A little back roads driving, little bit of the old top down Yeah, everybody gotta get away sometime

Forget about yourself for a while

Seems to me that all you need

Is a rag top car and a ride with me Okay, alright

Just might get a little high tonight

Okay, alright

Carry on Ol' Walt Wilkins lives up in Nashville

You know his eyes have seen the miles

Walt, why don't you jump in Jim T's caddy

Come down to Texas and drink with me a while Yeah, everybody gotta get away sometime

Forget about yourself for a while

Will go down to El Arroyo have some tacos and beer

Yeah, and let ourselves go Okay, alright

Just might try to get it right tonight

I'm okay, alright

Carry on Lover, make sure that you got your troubles

Lover, make sure that you work too hard

Ain't nobody that don't get tired

Watch your troubles pile up big in your own backyard Sometimes you've 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, bring them on back home Yeah, everybody gotta get away sometime

Forget about yourself for a while

Lay your whole life upon a shelf

Got no one to blame but your own damn self Okay, alright

Heaven only know what gonna happen tonight

I'm okay, I'm alright, I'm okay, I'm alright

I'm okay, I'm alright, I'm okay, I'm alright

Oh carry on, yeah

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