

Carry Me (Live San Francisco)

Crosby & Nash

When I was a young man I found an old dream,
Was as battered and worn a one as you have ever seen.
But I made it some new wings and painted the nose,
And I wished so hard up in the air I rose, singing Carry me, carry me
Carry me above the world
Carry me, carry me, carry me. And I once loved a girl
She was younger than me
Her parents kept her locked up in their life
And she was crying at night,
And she was wishing she could be free. Course mostly I remember her laughing
Standing there watching us play.
For a while there, the music would take her away
And she'd be singing Carry me, carry me
Carry me above the world
Carry me, carry me
Carry me above the world. And then there was my mother:
She was lying in white sheets there and she was waiting to die.
She said, "If you'd just reach underneath this bed
And untie these weights,
I could surely fly. She's still smiling but she's tired,
She'd like to hear that last bell ring.
You know if she could she would
Stand up, and she could sing, singing Carry me, carry me
Carry me above the world
Carry me, carry me.

Songwriters

CROSBY, DAVID Published by

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