

# Chain Letter

## Denise LaSalle

Don't take yourself too seriously  
There are precious few things worth hating nowadays  
And none of them are me  
I was only trying to say how things used to be  
'Til we grew up and we all went our separate ways  
Looking for our own paths to immortality  
This is how I thought I'd start my song  
And it seems a little silly when I think of it  
But now I'm so far along  
And no one really wants to know that he's wrong  
That his ears can't really hear or he's blind a bit  
Or that he's really weak when he thinks that he is strong  
Now I'm in the middle and I just don't know  
If I'll make it any further if the words don't flow  
When you live in silence any sound is dear  
But for those who don't take heart because the end is near

This is the ending of my song  
It has made me blind and deaf and weak but most of all  
It shows you that I'm wrong  
For you see it's really twice this long  
And if I should die tomorrow it will carry on  
Carry on, carry on, carry on, carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on  
Carry on

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