

# Carry On

Pat Green

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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