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 downYeah, 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 meOkay, alright
Just might get a little high tonight
Okay, alright
Carry onOl' 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 whileYeah, 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 goOkay, alright
Just might try to get it right tonight
I'm okay, alright
Carry onLover, 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 backyardSometimes 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 homeYeah, 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 selfOkay, 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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