Carry You

Letter Kills

You're thinking that's the price you pay,
For waking up a little late.
I got a chance and danced away.I'm sick of trying to find a way,
RIGHT NOW
And running out of words to say.
RIGHT NOW
I got 20 years to pass away.
RIGHT NOW"I know my son, let me carry you."
"I know my son, let me carry you."You're thinking that's the price you pay.
You took it back another way.
I complicate it back to me.I'm sick and tired of things I say.
I'm sick and tired of all this weight,
I need the pressure pressed away."I know my son, let me carry you."
"I know my son, let me carry you."

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