

Carrying

Jukebox the Ghost

And you were carrying
A lot of weight upon your shoulders
Shrugging it off like
It don't even matter And I was caught holding the door
For an old bowlegged stranger
And he looked at me like
I ain't done him a favor
But oh And you were walking down
The street in your patent leather
And wearing it out 'cause
It looks better weathered And you were caught holding the door
For an old bowlegged stranger
And he looked at you
Like he'd never been better
But oh Don't be angry, don't be sad, don't be blue
And why on earth should you do
What God wants you to do
When he's got more than a few
Manuals from which to choose? And the sadness you have
Is the love that you feel
Trying to turn himself
Into something that's real And you were carrying
A lot of weight upon your shoulders
And shrugging it off like
It don't even matter And I was caught holding the door
For you in threatening weather
And you looked at me like
You'd never been better

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