

Carry Me

Trout Fishing in America

(K. Grimwood/B. Grimwood)

Chorus: Pick me up, come on carry me,
I'm too tired to go on.

Pick me up, come on carry me,
Your arms are just where I belong.

Let's pretend that you're a boat, sailing on the sea,
And I am a sailor, as weary as weary can be.

Chorus:

Let's pretend that you're a camel, out upon the burning sand,
And I am a traveler, who needs a helping hand.
A Conestoga wagon, with cover from the sun,
And I am a pioneer, California, here I come.

Chorus:

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>