

# Carrying On

[Phil Lewis](#)

There's those who turn their nose up  
When we play our music loud  
Those folks would love to take control  
And turn our volume down  
But we come from the country  
And we live by the code  
That if it feels good, we're gonna do it  
There ain't no middle of the road  
And no one's gonna tell me  
How to live my life 'cause it's my life  
And it ain't nobody's business  
What kind of flag I fly 'cause that's my right  
We just love what we're doing  
You can hear it in our songs  
We ain't gonna break, ain't gonna bend  
We're just carrying on  
It's a sign of the times, everybody trying  
To be politically correct  
But worrying 'bout what other people think  
Will make you a nervous wreck  
Well, we're just here to tear the house down  
With the many or the few  
There ain't no law against having a ball  
And that's just what we'll do  
And no one's gonna tell me  
How to live my life 'cause it's my life  
And it ain't nobody's business  
What kind of flag I fly 'cause that's my right  
And no one's gonna tell me  
How to live my life 'cause it's my life  
And it ain't nobody's business  
What kind of flag I fly 'cause that's my right

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