

# Carry On

## Nowherebound

Carry On

To you Devils born of whiskey,  
To you angels left to watch  
Well the genie left the bottle,  
And tonight he's pouring scotch  
He'll grant a wish for a few dollars,  
A few for a few more,  
You won't wish alone

To you cynics born of romance,  
Hiding from your gods,  
Wearing talismans of past sins,  
Trying to navigate the fog,  
Just follow pieces of your broken hearts  
To these busted barstools,  
I'll take you home

Carry on, carry on, carry on...  
From the top of the bottle,  
Till the end of the song,  
If you don't have the words,  
You don't have to sing along,  
Just carry on.

To you Caesar's of the days  
Who fill a stein each night,  
To you Philistines who ponder  
If this whiskey's worth the fight?  
But, "Whatever doesn't kill you"  
Were Nietzsche's last words  
On his way to fly

To you Kerouacs and travelers  
Sipping pints of wanderlust,  
To the last of you Mohicans  
Wearing studs now wearing rust,  
Let's raise a glass up, in remembrance  
Of our 'Death or Glory' days, and

Sal Paradise

So Carry on, Carry on, Carry on  
We'll turn up the volume  
Once the fat lady's gone  
She'll sing her tired tune,  
Then we'll sing a few more songs  
Just carry on.

Leave the graveyards to the sailors,  
Leave the heavens to the saints,  
Leave the haunting to the ghosts of all the ones that got away,  
And all you Caulfieldâ€™s still beholden  
To the rye fields and the fakes,  
Please Carry onâ€!

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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