

AC/DC, Carry Me Home

(Young, Young, Scott)

The bartender's working on a late night shift
She's bonka blonds and Bon aims on a midnight drift
And the dance band's playing the same old slam
I'm sinking whiskey and you're sipping fine wine
I don't know what it is you're trying to prove
Well it should be you but it's me who can hardly move
And I've got my reputation lying on the line
Come on baby, be a good dog and help the blind

Won't you carry me home
(Like a truck, pick me up)

You ain't no lady but you've sure got taste in men
That head of yours has got you by time and time again
My arms and legs are aching and my head's about to blow
And your back's been breakin' and I'd hate to spoil the show
But I've just spent next weeks wages and I'm right out of coin
But you want more and it's half past four and they want to close the joint
But we can't afford a taxi, and it's too late for the bus
But I've been told by friends of mine you're someone I can trust

Carry me home
Won't you carry me home
Carry me home
(Don't let me lie here in all this beer)

You drank all your booze and half of mine
I'm bleary eyed and you're waiting for the sunshine (to come and kill me)
Just like the man who threw me on the floor
Don't matter, while I'm down here I might as well try and find the fucking door
Excuse me, have you seen it? It's about this big
And have you got a plastic bag 'cause I'm gonna be sick
I'm dead drunk and heave'n hanging upside down
And you're getting up and leaving, you think I'm gonna drown

Carry me home
Won't you carry me home (can you help)
Carry me home

Carry me home
Won't you carry me home
Carry me home