

# James Blunt, Carry You Home

Trouble is her only friend and he's back again.  
Makes her body older than it really is.  
She says it's high time she went away,  
No one's got much to say in this town.  
Trouble is the only way is down.  
Down, down.

As strong as you were, tender you go.  
I'm watching you breathing for the last time.  
A song for your heart, but when it is quiet,  
I know what it means and I'll carry you home.  
I'll carry you home.

If she had wings she would fly away,  
And another day God will give her some.  
Trouble is the only way is down.  
Down, down.

As strong as you were, tender you go.  
I'm watching you breathing for the last time.  
A song for your heart, but when it is quiet,  
I know what it means and I'll carry you home.  
I'll carry you home.

And they were all born pretty in New York City nights,  
And someone's little girl was taken from the world of lights  
Under the Stars and Stripes.

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