

New Model Army, Carrying On

My friend, is it still ringing in your ears
Through all those blessed and poisoned years
You will still say I was wrong
But you'll miss me when I'm gone
Carrying on, carrying on, carrying on
And now I watch the falling of the leaves
We live by little deaths such as these
And when everything is changed
I'll embrace it once again
Carrying on, carrying on, carrying on
The empty roads we travelled now are filled
With all the brave processions of desperate will
All looking to burn out in glory
And you know just how that feels
But I've made my choice for better or for worse
And it's everything I know and it's nothing much at all
Carrying on, carrying on, carrying on
You will still say I was wrong
But you'll miss me when I'm gone
Carrying on, carrying on, carrying on