

# Pat Green, Carry On

Baby's just a little bit tired of the city,  
Billboards and bullshit got her down,  
Seem like you need a little hill country,  
A Little back roads driving, little bit of the old top down,  
Yeah, everybody gotta get away sometime,  
Forget about yourself for a while,  
Seems to me that all you need is a ragtop car to ride with me,  
Ok, alright, just might get a little high tonight,  
Ok, alright, carry on,  
O' Walt Wilkins lives up in Nashville,  
You know his eyes have seen the miles,  
Walt why don't you jump in Jim T's caddy,  
Come down to Texas and drink with me a while,  
Yeah, everybody gotta get away sometime,  
Forget about yourself for a while,  
Will go down to El Arroyo have some tacos and beer, yeah and let ourselves go.  
Ok, alright, just might try to get it right tonight,  
Ok, alright, Carry On  
Lover make sure that you got your troubles,  
I'm gonna make sure that you work too hard,  
Ain't nobody that don't get tired,  
Watch your troubles pile up big in your own backyard,  
Sometimes you've got to grab your world with your own two hands,  
Set it spinning off on a course all your own,  
Take yourself a big bag for your shoulder,  
Find yourself some good times,  
Bring them on back home,  
Yeah, everybody gotta get away sometime,  
Forget about yourself for a while,  
Lay your whole life upon a shelf,  
Got no one to blame but your own damn self,  
Ok, alright, heaven only know what gonna happen tonight,  
Ok, alright, I'm ok, I'm alright, I'm ok,  
I'm all right, I'm ok, I'm all right, Oh carry on, yeah -