

# Letter Kills "Carry You"

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Woah C'mon!

You're thinking that's the price you pay,  
For waking up a little late.  
I got a chance and danced away.

I'm sick of trying to find a way. (Right now)  
And running out of words to say. (Right now)  
I got twenty years to pass away. (Right now)

I know my son, let me carry you. (What I say?)  
I know my son, let me carry you. (What I say?)

You're thinking that's the price you pay.  
You took it back another way.  
I complicate it back to me.

I'm sick and tired of things I say. (Right now)  
I'm sick and tired of all this weight. (Right now)  
I need the pressure pressed away. (Right now)

I know my son, let me carry you. (What I say?)  
I know my son, let me carry you. (What I say?)

Oh Yeah!

I know my son, let me carry you. (What I say?)  
I know my son, let me carry you. (What I say?)

(Alright! )

I know you'd like to pass it all.  
Well here's a chance to pout.  
(Alright! )  
(Right you will! )  
(Woo! )  
Thinking that's the price you pay.

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