

Crosby Stills Nash Young

"Carry On, Questions"

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Stills, 1970

One morning I woke up and I new you were really gone.
A new day, a new way,
And new eyes to see the dawn.
Go your way
I'll go mine and carry on.
The sky is clearing and the night has cried enough
The sun he comes the world so often up.
Rejoice, rejoice, we have no choice but to carry on.
The fortunes of fables are able to sing a song,
Now witness the quickness with which we get along
To sing the blues, you've got to live the dues
And carry on.
Carry on love is coming,
Love is coming to us all.
Where are you going now my love?
Wher will you be tomorrow?
Will you bring me happiness?
Will you bring me sorrow?
Are the questons of a thousand dreams
What you do and what you see
Lover, can you talk to me?
Girl, when I was on my own
Chasing you down
Was it made you run
Tryin' your best just to get around
The question of a thousand dreams
What you do and what you see
Lover, can you talk to me?

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