

The Sacrificed

"Carry On"

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Trusting is one thing I don't know
When it comes to the campaigning men
But I'll meet you at the election
When I vote for the hope of this land
Carry on
Carry on
Just take a good look around you
The ghettos begin at your feet
And there's a family of six through a
Window
Looking way down at you on the street
Carry on
Carry on
Send us in any direction
Airports, buses and cabs
But somehow through all this confusion
We lose things that we've never had
Carry on
Carry on
A funeral was held in the winter
The old lady pull from her purse
A thousand tears on a napkin
While waving away at the hearse
Carry on
Carry on
Trusting is one thing I don't know
When it comes to the campaigning men
But I'll meet you at the election
When I vote for the hope of this land
Carry on
Carry on

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