

Free to Carry On

Dean Martin

Someday I'll listen to my heart and know what's tearin' us apart

The echo tells me I can't stay one more minute or one more day

Someday I'll open up the door then lead me to some distant shore

I'll listen only to the sound of my barefoot upon the ground

I'll taste the wine in Kingston Harbor I'll sing a song in old San Juan

I'll kiss a girl in Barcelona and I'll be free to carry on

Someday I'll find out what to give and when I do I'll start to live

I'll cast my eyes up to the sky then catch a star and wave good bye

I'll taste the wine in Kingston Harbor...

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