

# Carry Me Home

AC/DC

The bartender's working on a late night shift  
Cheap blondes and bums and barmaids on a midnight drift  
And the dance band's playing the same old slam  
I'm sinking whiskey and you're sipping fine wine

I don't know what it is you're trying to prove  
Well it should be you but it's me who can hardly move  
And I've got my reputation lying on the line  
Come on baby, be a good dog and help the blind

Oh, won't you carry me home  
Won't you carry me home  
Won't you carry me home  
Like a truck, pick me up

You ain't no lady but you've sure got taste in men  
That head of yours has got you by time and time again  
My arms and legs are aching and my head's about to blow  
And your back's been breakin' and I'd hate to spoil the show

But I've just spent next weeks wages and I'm right out of coin  
But you want more and it's half past four and they want to close the joint  
But we can't afford a taxi and it's too late for the bus  
But I've been told by friends of mine you're someone I can trust

Carry me home  
Oh, won't you carry me home  
Won't you carry me home  
Don't let me lie here in all this beer

You drank all your booze and half of mine  
I'm bleary eyed and you're waiting for the sunshine to come and kill me  
Just like the man who threw me on the floor  
Don't matter, while I'm down here I might as well try and find the fucking door

Excuse me, have you seen it? It's about this big  
And have you got a plastic bag 'cause I'm gonna be sick  
I'm dead drunk and heave'n, hanging upside down  
And you're getting up and leaving, you think I'm gonna drown

Carry me home  
Oh, won't you carry me home  
Carry me home

Carry me home  
Oh, won't you carry me home  
Oh, carry me home  
Ah, ha ha ha ha