

# Carry On Wayward Son

Kansas

Once I rose above the noise and confusion  
Just to get a glimpse beyond this illusion  
I was soaring ever higher  
But I flew too high  
Though my eyes could see I still was a blind man  
Though my mind could think I still was a mad man  
I hear the voices when I'm dreaming  
I can hear them say  
Carry on my wayward son  
There'll be peace when you are done  
Lay your weary head to rest  
Don't you cry no more

Masquerading as a man with a reason  
My charade is the event of the season  
And if I claim to be a wise man  
It surely means that I don't know  
On a stormy sea of moving emotion  
Tossed about I'm like a ship on the ocean  
I set sail for winds of fortune  
But I hear the voices say  
Carry on my wayward son  
There'll be peace when you are done  
Lay your weary head to rest  
Don't you cry no more  
    Carry on  
You will always remember  
    Carry on

Nothing equals the splendor  
Now your life's no longer empty  
Surely Heaven waits for you  
Carry on my wayward son  
There'll be peace when you are done  
Lay your weary head to rest