

Carry On

Whiskey Rebels

It's not fair to want to die
When so many fight to live
Far worse off than you or I
with nothing left to give
I'm older and I'm wiser, I'm closer to death
with a chip on my shoulder that's causing me stress

Or is it a boulder, a weight on my chest
So easy to get stuck, forget that I'm blessed.
If you're in the game, you're in the game, play by it's rules
If you walk the walk, talk the talk, you'll never play the fool
.

Why?
Why do I still try?
Why do I still fight!
Why do I desire?
Pictures on my wall inspire me

Some need Machiavelli and some need jesus christ
and some read in between the lines and carry on the fight
If you get hit up you get hit up, you're never backing down
You walk the walk, talk the talk, so take it to the ground.

I don't know why I still try
Well I don't care if I live or fucking die
But I look to your eyes
Sets me free of my desire