

Dr. Hook, Carry Me, Carry

(Shel Silverstein)

Second Street and Broadway
Sitting in a door way
Head held in his hands
Looked to all the world like he was praying

Foot wrapped in an old rag
Bottle in a brown bag
I saw him try to stand
Then I heard the words that he was saying

He said come on Carrie, carry me a little farther
Come on Carrie, carry me one more mile
I don't know where it's leading to
But I know I can make it if I lean on you
So come on Carrie, carry me a little
I carried you, now carry me a little
Come on Carrie, carry me a little while

Well he struggled to his feet
And staggered down the street
To the window of the five-and-dime
He stood and laughed a while at his reflection

And then I heard him shoutin'
Something about a mountain
He could surely climb, if she was only there to point the right direction
But she ain't no, no ain't no

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But I know I can make it if I lean on you
So come on Carrie, carry me a little
I carried you, now carry me a little
Come on Carrie, carry me a little while.....

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