

# Foo Fighters, Carry On My Wayward Son

Once I rose above the noise and confusion  
Just to get a glimpse beyond the 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 dreamin',  
I can hear them say  
Carry on my wayward son,  
For there'll be peace when you are done  
Lay your weary head to rest  
Now 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 a course for winds of fortune, but  
I hear the voices say  
Carry on, you will always remember  
Carry on, nothing equals the splendor  
Now your life's no longer empty  
Surely heaven waits for you