

# New Model Army, Carrying On

My friend, is it still ringing in your ears  
Through all those blessed and poisoned years  
You will still say I was wrong  
But you'll miss me when I'm gone  
Carrying on, carrying on, carrying on  
And now I watch the falling of the leaves  
We live by little deaths such as these  
And when everything is changed  
I'll embrace it once again  
Carrying on, carrying on, carrying on  
The empty roads we travelled now are filled  
With all the brave processions of desperate will  
All looking to burn out in glory  
And you know just how that feels  
But I've made my choice for better or for worse  
And it's everything I know and it's nothing much at all  
Carrying on, carrying on, carrying on  
You will still say I was wrong  
But you'll miss me when I'm gone  
Carrying on, carrying on, carrying on