

Tim McGraw, We Carry On

He hasn't seen a drop of rain for months it seems
Rollin' river is nothing but a trickling stream
The crops are dying in the harsh sunlight
The dust on his tongue is dry
The fatted calf is down to skin and bones
We carry on

Alone in the city and she's only seventeen
The boy left her black and blue in the street so mean
Just twelve weeks along and she's got a life inside
Says she's never ever felt so alone
She walks in the shelter, they say "welcome home"

And we carry on
When our lives come undone
We carry on
Cause there's promise in the morning sun
We carry on
As the dark surrenders to the dawn
We were born to overcome
We carry on

Beyond the picket fences and the oil wells
The happy endings and the fairy tales
Is the reality of shattered lives and broken dreams
We carry on

It's the family that grieves for a lost loved one
It's the soldier who won't leave til the job is done
It's the addict trying to turn his life around
It's picking yourself off the ground when you've been knocked down

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He stands in the field, cooled by the winds of change
She smiles as her baby moves and it starts to rain