

# Trout Fishing In America, Carry Me

(K. Grimwood/B. Grimwood)

Chorus: Pick me up, come on carry me,  
I'm too tired to go on.

Pick me up, come on carry me,  
Your arms are just where I belong.

Let's pretend that you're a boat, sailing on the sea,  
And I am a sailor, as weary as weary can be.

Chorus:

Let's pretend that you're a camel, out upon the burning sand,  
And I am a traveler, who needs a helping hand.

A Conestoga wagon, with cover from the sun,  
And I am a pioneer, California, here I come.

Chorus: