

Carry On, Carry On

Edwyn Collins

The question of what you do
What you see
Are integral to this life
In my point of view

The things I see when I'm out
The quaint little things
The creeks inch away
In my point of view

People, they walk in the street
They talk in the street
How do you do, sir
What a nice day, sir
They understand what it is
To live their own lives
How about you, miss
What a nice day, miss
Carry on, carry on

Where is the love?
Where is the joy?
It's out of sight
In my point of view

I'd enter town
Back to the streets
There is a choice
In my point of view

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