

## Carrying

Jukebox the Ghost

And you were carrying  
A lot of weight upon your shoulders  
Shrugging it off like  
It don't even matter

And I was caught holding the door  
For an old bowlegged stranger  
And he looked at me like  
I ain't done him a favor  
But oh

And you were walking down  
The street in your patent leather  
And wearing it out 'cause  
It looks better weathered

And you were caught holding the door  
For an old bowlegged stranger  
And he looked at you  
Like he'd never been better  
But oh, oh

Don't be angry, don't be sad, don't be blue  
And why on earth should you do  
What God wants you to do  
When he's got more than a few  
Manuals from which to choose?

And the sadness you have  
Is the love that you feel  
Trying to turn himself  
Into something that's real

And you were carrying  
A lot of weight upon your shoulders  
And shrugging it off like  
It don't even matter

And I was caught holding the door  
For you in threatening weather  
And you looked at me like  
You'd never been better