

Carson wanted to fit in just like you and me  
He had it bad, ADHD  
Kids are pure evil, just impossibly mean  
Fourteen year old dead for me

I'm lying with my son, tucking him into bed  
I read him a story, then I kissed his forehead  
I pray hard if something happens  
He's gonna know what to do

Carson, we been thinking 'bout you  
Carson, we been thinking 'bout you  
Wearing your birthday shoes  
Wearing your birthday shoes

You wanted to fit in, you wanted somewhere to belong  
Life won't be wasted, kids hear this song  
They're gonna stand up and say something  
They're gonna save a life

Keep your chin up, yeah  
Put a smile on your face  
These are the toughest days

Carson, we been thinking 'bout you  
Carson, we been thinking 'bout you  
Wearing your birthday shoes  
Wearing your birthday shoes

They won't let up, you got no back up  
It's a half-empty cup, turn your music up  
Turn your music up, turn your music up  
Turn your music up, turn your music up  
Turn your music up, turn your music up  
Turn your music, music, music up

Close those eyes, realize  
Someday soon comes a brand-new moon  
And we graduate from this cruel cartoon

This ain't going away, this ain't going away  
This ain't going away