

The Things We Carry

Rita Coolidge

Oh, the things we carry and hold on to
Like my mind's picture of you
Mother singing in the kitchen
Daddy's tent revival
Finding Muddy Waters and a lost highway
On the road to my survival
Oh, the memories run together from autumn gold to summer blue
With the things we carry and hold on to

Oh, the things we carry and can't let go
The cruelties of life I wish I didn't know
What a life is worth
And just what freedom costs
And how much dying hurts
And living with that loss
As the angel wings beat and the cold winds blow
For the things we carry and can't let go

We are fathers, we are mothers
We are sisters we are brothers
These are the things that we carry and hold on to
Hold on to me baby
And I'll hold on
Hold on to me baby
And I'll hold on to you

Oh, the things I carry and hold on to
And my mind's whisper of you
Music of your voice like a perfect violin
Plays soft upon my heart 'til I see you again

Song runs like a river and brings me back to you
With the things I carry and hold on to

We are fathers, we are mothers
We are sisters we are brothers
These are the things that we carry and hold on to
Hold on to me baby
And I'll hold on
Hold on to me baby
And I'll hold on
Hold on to me baby
And I'll hold on to you

Oh, the things we carry and hold on to
Like my mind's picture of you