

# Carry On

Bobby Caldwell

How many times have I told you  
You can't hang on to the past  
Well, you know I'm not trying to scold you, baby  
But the years are moving fast

And it comes as no surprise to me  
There's nothing left for you  
So I offer my philosophy  
The one thing you should do

Carry on  
Though it may be hard to understand it  
You've got to carry on  
Carry on  
Things may not work out the way you planned it  
You've got to carry on

Tell me how could he ever believe you  
Who could wade through all the lies  
You were thinking that love would go on forever  
But he saw through your disguise

And it comes as no surprise to me  
There's nothing left for you  
So I'll offer my philosophy  
The one thing you should do

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