

Redemption

Frank Turner

I was walking home to my house through the snow from the station
When the Springsteen came clear in my headphones with a pertinent question
Oh is love really real and do any of hope for redemption
Or are we are merely biting our time down to the lonely conclusions
Darling let me take your hand as I talk you through this
How loneliness edged into deep seeded psychosis
Lying away in crowded hotel rooms focused on takers
With my feelings laid clear on the ceiling
I don't think I can do this
I don't think I can do this

Well I tried so hard to not turn into my father
But if I only ever skip out his choices will I ever choose better
Oh the sad truth is the grass it will always seem greener
So I left you alone in a restaurant in London in winter
You deserved better

Out of trash some might back in my ears
Sound comes clear and brings the awful truth that I can't stand
what I've done to you
And it's written clear in my diary today should have been our anniversary
But I'm far way and I'm far apart
And you're back home with a broken heart
And loves is real and I can escape
I'll only ever have myself to blame
These failures shift and save me in the night
Like a fever I can't break try as I might
Wake me darling I need you take me home
But I know in the end redemption is mine and mine alone
So if each of us is made of a tally of mistakes and successes
Then the hour in the restaurant makes my score less than impressive
If each can be redeemed with the courage by which he confesses
So darling I miss you, your music and your musk and your kisses
I don't think I can do this