

# St Christopher Is Coming Home

Frank Turner

Monday morning, comes a crawling in  
From another weekend choked with cigarettes and sin  
I've been busy, so much lately  
That every time I get some time to spend  
I end up drunk or sleeping in  
And I miss you, you're busy too  
We call each other up, when we're messed up  
And say we'll meet in the New Year  
But it's perfectly clear we'll do no such thing  
Come the spring

When the evening casts it's shadows on the corners of my days  
And I am old and I am settled in the place where I will stay  
When my wandering meanderings have finally reached their end  
Yeah whatever else maybe I will not forget my friends

Friday evening, barely even begins  
Before my phone begins to ring with people asking where I am  
And I can't suppress a smile, we talk a while  
The chances are that I am far away and so I'm phased out of the  
plan  
And that's how I miss out, on another night  
The kind of night where nothing really happens  
Yeah but everything goes down  
And at the end I'm just a promise to pick up the phone  
When I'm in town

When the evening casts it's shadows on the corners of my days  
And I am old and I am settled in the place where I will stay  
When my wandering meanderings have finally reached their end  
Yeah whatever else maybe may my friends remember me