

The Corner

Frank Turner

Out on the corner of what I want, and what I intend to get
day drinking and dreaming of you, I let
the ashtray smoke my last cigarette

Once I had a casual acquaintance with my impending doom
years ago she promised me some day soon
I'd howl at the moon from room to room

I ain't transcending much of nothing
I've been down in it, I ain't free
Weren't no experiment - these seven years they went
like a life out of me

Clowning on the corner of almost gone but maybe not just yet
there's still a little left to pawn and the bones aren't set
The cast is slack, the plaster's wet

Stepping up the escalator singing hell I am out of here
past the predetermined terminals of tears
the wings are warm, the runway's clear

I ain't transcending much of nothing
I'm still down in it, I ain't free
Weren't no experiment - these seven years they went
like a life out of me

Maybe all the world's a hollow recreation, my desperate brether
en
hallowed blue hallucination we play to win
put your right foot out, put your right foot in

But it's a useful little illusion that'll lose you for a song
in the beautiful confusion you've been down and counting on

and it's a useful little illusion that'll lose you for a song
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weren't no experiment - hell every tear was ran
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