

1933

Frank Turner

"Stop asking musicians what they think"
He said softly as he poured himself a second drink
And outside, the world slipped over the brink
We all thought we had nothing to lose
That we could trust in crossed fingers and horseshoes
That everything would work out, no matter what we choose

The first time it was a tragedy
The second time is a farce
Outside it's 1933 so I'm hitting the bar

But I don't know what's going on anymore
The world outside is burning with a brand new light
But it isn't one that makes me feel warm
Don't go mistaking your house burning down for the dawn
Don't go mistaking your house burning down for the dawn

If I was of the greatest generation I'd be pissed
Surveying the world that I built slipping back into this
I'd be screaming at my grandkids: "We already did this"
Be suspicious of simple answers
That shit's for fascists and maybe teenagers
You can't fix the world if all you have is a hammer

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For the dawn

Aren't you ashamed of this?
I surely hope that you are
Living in a society that's maybe heading for Mars

But down here we still have a shower of bastards leading the charge
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