

Faithful Son

Frank Turner

Meet me on the edges of this city
Meet me where the underground runs out
Bring a picnic blanket and your pity
A pen and paper, so I can write things down

Mother, oh dear mother, I wasn't joking when I said
That I plan to keep doing this until the day I'm dead
And I'm not a mirror for you when you were young
But I still remain your faithful only son

Lately, I've been feeling kind of fragile
Lately, I've been feeling all worn out
What would any of us do if all the dreams we had came true?
What would there be left to dream about?

Father, oh dear father, I'm not trying to reject
The values that you held like winning cards up to your chest
And I can't just do the things you wished you'd done
Though I still remain your faithful only son

The city seems so still
Looking down from Highgate Hill
There's nothing left for us to say
You taught me everything that I know
You wouldn't miss me if I stay
You'd never see me if I go

This is no confession now, yeah, this is who I am
You made me in your image so you have to understand
That I did my best as told and so have become
Your loving and your faithful only son