

## 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