

Get Better

Frank Turner

I got me a shovel
And I'm digging a ditch
And I'm going to fight for this four square feet of land like a mean
old son of a bitch
I got me a future
I'm not stuck on the past
I got no new tricks, yeah I'm up on bricks but me, I'm a machine and
I was built to last

I'm trying to get better because I haven't been my best
She took a plain black marker, started writing on my chest
She drew a line across the middle of my broken heart,
And said: "Come on now, let's fix this mess"
We could get better
Because we're not dead yet

They threw me a whirlwind
And I spat back the sea
I took a battering but I've got thicker skin and the best people I know
looking out for me
So I'm taking the high road
My engines running high and fine
May I always see the road rising up to meet me and my enemies defeated
in the mirror behind

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It's just a knot in the small of your back
You could work it out with your fingers
It's just a tune that got stuck in your head
You could work it out with your fingers
It's just some numbers tangled up in your sums
You could work it out with your fingers
It's just a simple braille mission from the person you miss, a reminder
you could always be
A little bit better than this

So try and get better and don't ever accept less
Take a plain black marker and write this on your chest
Draw a line underneath all of this unhappiness
Come on now, let's fix this mess
We could get better
Because we're not dead yet
We could get better
Because we're not dead yet