

Good And Gone

Frank Turner

I have searched for you
In the darkness of a dozen dingy dancefloors,
In countless queues of cafes in the suburbs,
In the bedclothes of a thousand stranger's bedrooms.

I have yearned for you
In the airless hubs of international airports,
In the hollow hell of many hundred hotels,
In the solitary stillness of the early hours,
And I still do.

Sometimes the things you need are right back where you started from.

Fuck you Hollywood
For teaching us that love was free and easy,
For dressing all our daughters as princesses,
For gulling us with tales of happy endings.

Fuck you Motley Crue
For charming us with access and with excess,
For telling tales that leave out all the dark sides,
For bringing out the lowest drive in everyone.
Oh fuck you.

Sometimes the things you need are right back where you started from.
Sometimes the things you need, they hang around a little while,

Then they're good and gone.

If I could just have a second try,
I'd take the second call that you made that night,
Find my self an airport, find a credit card, find a flight, or something,
And head back to the start.

Sometimes the things you need are right back where you started from.
Sometimes the things you need, they hang around a little while,

Then they're good and gone.