

# I Am Disappeared

Frank Turner

I keep having dreams  
Of pioneers and pirate ships and Bob Dylan  
Of people wrapped up tight in the things that will kill them  
Of being trapped in a lift plunging straight to the bottom  
Of open seas and ways of life we've forgotten  
I keep having dreams

Amy worked in a bar in Exeter  
I went back to her house and I slept beside her  
She woke up screaming in the middle of the night  
Terrified of her own insides  
Dreams of pirate ships and Patty Hearst  
Breaking through a life over rehearsed  
She can't remember which came first  
The house, the home or the terrible thirst  
She keeps having dreams

And on the worst days  
When it feels like life weighs ten thousand tonnes  
She's got her cowboy boots and car keys on the bed stand  
So she can always run  
She can get up, shower and in half an hour she'd be gone

I keep having dreams of things I need to do  
Of waking up and not following through  
But it feels like I haven't slept at all  
When I wake to a silence and she's facing the wall  
Posters of Dylan and of Hemingway  
An antique compass for a sailor's escape  
She says you just can't live this way  
And I close my eyes and I never say  
I'm still having dreams

And on the worst days  
When it feels like life weighs ten thousand tonnes  
I sleep with my passport  
One eye on the back door  
So I can always run  
I can get up, shower and in half an hour I'd be gone

And come morning  
I am disappeared  
Just an imprint  
On the bed sheets

And by the roadside  
With my thumb out  
A car pulls up  
And Bob's driving  
And so I climb in  
We don't say a word  
As we pull off  
Into the sunrise  
And these rivers  
Of tarmac  
Are like arteries  
Course the country

We are blood cells  
Alive in  
The blood stream  
And beating heart of the country  
We are electric  
Pulses  
In pathways  
Of the sleeping soul of the country  
We are electric  
Pulses  
In the pathway  
Of the sleeping soul of the country  
(We are electric)  
The sleeping sould of the country  
(The sleeping soul of the country x 2)