

My Kingdom For A Horse

Frank Turner

Would you pick your clothes up, put your clothes on,
Pack your things and go?
I'm tired of sinking this low.
Awkward semi-naked coffee conversations fade
Quicker than mistakes that were made.
Mornings when I'm coming down, being driven round the bend
Make for days when I'm losing my friends,
For all the little things that I have done and cannot make amends.

Don't you ever kind of wish that the world would just stop?
That the band would pack up and the curtain would drop?
I've been stuck inside the same old nights, the same old days off,
And I need you now because I can't get out of this

Clean your mirrors, roll your notes out,
Put your cards away.
That's a game that I don't want to play anymore;
My head is sore, my throat is raw, and what's more,
I'm fifty pounds down to feel empty and poor,
Remembering the things that I believed when I was sober and sure.

And I'm trying to speak straight,
But I'm drunk and I'm lonely and you won't believe me.
And I'm trying to see straight,
But I've been up for days and it scares you away.
And I'm trying to keep straight,
But I'd trade it all for just five minutes more
Of your wandering hands with their simple demands that are
All the things I ever wanted, better than the powder and pills,
All the things I ever needed, the only thing that doesn't seem
to kill,
That still makes me smile.

So if I tell you all the little things that I think that I need
,
Will you tell me how to tell the world from the woods from the trees?
Because I've been stuck inside my comforting familiar disease,
And I need you now because I can't get out,
And all over Europe the lights are going out,
And I'm pulling down the curtain, but every time I reach out
You're gone.