

# Redemption

Frank Turner

I was walking home to my house through the snow from the station

When the Springsteen came clear in my headphones with a pertinent question

Oh is love really real and do any of hope for redemption  
Or are we are merely biting our time down to the lonely conclusions

Darling let me take your hand as I talk you through this

How loneliness edged into deep seeded psychosis

Lying away in crowded hotel rooms focused on takers

With my feelings laid clear on the ceiling

I don't think I can do this

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Well I tried so hard to not turn into my father

But if I only ever skip out his choices will I ever choose better

Oh the sad truth is the grass it will always seem greener

So I left you alone in a restaurant in London in winter

You deserved better

Out of trash some might back in my ears

Sound comes clear and brings the awful truth that I can't stand  
what I've done to you

And it's written clear in my diary today should have been our anniversary

But I'm far way and I'm far apart

And you're back home with a broken heart

And loves is real and I can escape

I'll only ever have myself to blame

These failures shift and save me in the night

Like a fever I can't break try as I might

Wake me darling I need you take me home

But I know in the end redemption is mine and mine alone

So if each of us is made of a tally of mistakes and successes

Then the hour in the restaurant makes my score less than impressive

If each can be redeemed with the courage by which he confesses

So darling I miss you, your music and your musk and your kisses

I don't think I can do this