

# Tattoos

Frank Turner

Oh it's payday, yes it's payday  
I got my pay cheque from the man  
There's not so many jobs that I can get these days  
With these marks all over my hands  
But I'm gonna take that cheque  
I'm gonna head across the track  
To the wrong side of this town

I'm gonna open the door  
I'm gonna bask in the roar  
Of that familiar buzzing needle sound

Because the ink in my skin  
Where the needle went in  
However many years ago  
Has left marks on my arms  
And they say who I am  
Everywhere that I go

Some people have one and  
Some have one that they're ashamed of  
Most people think that we're fools  
Some people don't get it and  
Some people don't care  
And some of us we have tattoos

Oh it's fading, yes it's fading  
Some of the things that I believed back then  
Yes my skin has started sagging and  
The ink has started running  
And I've got buddy tattoos with people  
Who aren't friends  
Oh I've even got black x's from when I was straight edge  
So crack open a beer friends now  
And let's make a pledge

If we had the luck to live our lives  
A second time through we'd be sure to get the same tattoos

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We've got hearts for the lovers  
And playing cards for the gamblers  
Black flag bars for the punks  
And sailing ships for the ramblers

We got skulls for the living

And the pain pays our dues

And some of us we have tattoos