

The Angel Islington

Frank Turner

By the waters of the Thames
I resolve to start again
To wash my feet and cleanse my sins
To lose my cobwebs on the wind
To fix the parts of me I broke
To speak out loud the things I know
I haven't been myself

Wandering Rosebery Avenue
I could only think of you
Facing Samuel Johnson down
Solved to wear down London Town
A glance to take my breath away
And drag me south from Holloway
You and no one else

And the king of a kingdom of mistakes
I've broken all the things that I could break
Fuck the fishing, I will abdicate
And meet you on the corner of the upper street and the city road
And you, of course, the Angel Islington
Ah, come on, a boy could hope

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