

The Fisher King Blues

Frank Turner

Parents don't be too kind to your kids,
Or how else will they grow up to be
Louche Parisian sinners or Nashville country singers,
Singing about the terrible things their parents did?
Lovers don't be sparing with the truth;
Break their hearts if that's what you must do.
Fill them with remorse, tinged with hope of course,
And let their baser instincts pull them through.

And though it seems a little strange to me,
People never really change, it seems.

And all across America,
Waitresses and boys who play guitar,
They fall in love and fall out, the boys have something to sing
about,
The girls go drown their sorrows at the bars.
While in front rooms across the old country,
Sat spellbound in front of their TVs,
The younger brothers and sisters wonder at what they're missing
,
And wonder how the air tastes when you're really free.

And though it seems a little strange to me,
People never really change, it seems.
We're all broken boys and girls, at heart,
Come together fall apart.

And in Battersea power station, the fisher king
Ponders on his ruin, among many other things.
He folds his broken hands,
Surveys his barren lands,
And prays for hope to whisper in the wind.

We were born without meaning, we will die without reason,
And the world will not shrug all that much at our passing.
Yes you can try and try and try,
But no one ever makes it out alive.

All you broken boys and girls,
With your tattered flags unfurled:
Fix yourselves then fix the fisher king.
Won't you fix yourselves to fix the fisher king?