

# The Road

Frank Turner

To the east, to the east, the road beneath my feet.  
To the west, to the west, I haven't got there yet.  
To the north, to the north, never to be caught.  
To the south, to the south, my time is running out.  
Ever since my childhood I've been scared, I've been afraid,  
of being trapped by circumstance, of staying in one place,  
and so I always keep a small bag full of clothes carefully stored,  
somewhere secret, somewhere safe, somewhere close to the door.  
Well I've travelled many countries, washed my feet in many seas,  
I've drunk with grifters in Vienna and with punks in old DC,  
and I've driven across deserts,  
driven by the irony that only being shackled to the road could ever I  
be free.

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I've felt old before my time  
but now I keep the age away by burning up the miles and by filling up  
my days.  
And the nights, a thousand nights I've played, a thousand more to go,  
before I take a breath, and steel myself for the next one thousand sh  
ows.

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So saddle up your horses and keep your powder dry,  
because the truth is you won't be here long, soon you're going to die  
.

To the heart, to the heart, there's no time for you to waste,  
and you won't find your precious answers by staying in one place,  
by giving up the chase.

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I face the horizon, everywhere I go.  
I face the horizon, the horizon is my home.  
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