

Try This At Home

Frank Turner

Let's inherit the earth, because no one else is taking it.
Come on, do your worst, before the moment's passed.
In bedrooms across England, and all the Western world,
there's posters and there's magazines but the music isn't ours.
Because we write love songs in C, we do politics in G,
we sing songs about our friends in E minor.
So tear down the stars now and take up your guitars:
come on folks and try this at home.
Let's stop waiting around for someone to patronize us.
Let's hammer out a sound that speaks of where we've been.
Forget about the haircuts, the stupid skinny jeans,
the stampedes and the irony, the media-fed scenes.

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we sing songs about our friends in E minor.
So tear down the stars now and take up your guitars:
come on folks and try this at home.

Because the only thing that punk rock should ever really mean
is not sitting round and waiting for the lights to go green,
and not thinking that you're better because you're stood up on
a stage.
If you're oh so fucking different then who cares what you have
to say?

Because there's no such thing as rock stars, there's just people
who play music,
and some of them are just like us, and some of them are dicks.
So quick, turn off your stereo, pick up that pen and paper,
you could do much better than some half-
arsed skinny English country singer.

Because we write love songs in C, we do politics in G,
we sing songs about our friends in E minor.
So tear down the stars now and take up your guitars:
and come on folks and try this at home.