

Worse Things Happen At Sea

Frank Turner

Honestly, relax my dear, it's clear that we are done
It doesn't take a scientist to figure out that one
It's obvious, the way you move, the way you hold your head
The way you hide your pretty eyes and shift across the bed

Honestly, I'll be fine, this isn't my first time
I've taken blows before and every time I have survived
You made it clear you didn't care, you never did pretend
And in the end at least you never try to fuck my friends

Well honestly it doesn't matter, I know better than
To cry over spilt milk, wasted effort, spoiled plans
We're adults here so shed no tears, I'm sure we can be friends
I'll nod and smile and watch you in the arms of other men

Well honestly, your honesty, it has emerged unscathed
And I hope you're doing fine, because me, I'm doing fucking gre
at
And I wouldn't want to waste another second of your time
I know my place, I know your face
So you hide yours and I'll keep to mine

You say "Worse things happen at sea
I say "Worse things have happened to me"
Bitter eyes to the bedroom floor
And we're not going to talk anymore
We've got nothing to talk for
And you've got nothing to be sorry for
And I've got no one to care for

This is the worst thing that's happened to me
I guess worse things happen at sea