

# Losing Days

Frank Turner

Oh my broken battered body,  
In the days when I was younger,  
Used to fix itself quick sharp  
After every slip and stumble.  
But these days I'm collecting scars that don't seem to fade,  
Cuts and bruises that won't go away. And I used to think that I  
Would never live past twenty five,  
And when you think like that, each day  
Is a gift if you survive.  
But I've survived too long for my side of the deal,  
And as I reach that shore I'm not sure how to feel. I keep losing days  
That used to take a lifetime  
In the blinking of an eye.  
And all these small ideas  
Are suddenly commitments,  
As greatness slips on by. I remember well the day that I got my first tattoo:  
I was so scared before and after I was so proud when it was new.  
But these days I've gone and got me many more,  
And sometimes I get more when I get bored.  
One for every year I've lost.

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