

Peggy Sang the Blues

Frank Turner

Peggy came to me in my sleep
In the middle of the night, on a Friday night, last week
She whispered, "Hush child and don't be scared
I got me a few words of wisdom that I came back to share" And she said
"It doesn't matter where you come from
It matters where you go
No one gets remembered
For the things they didn't do" I said, "Peggy won't you stay here for awhile?
We can drink whiskey, we can play cards and we can get wild"
She said, "We can play poker and we'll play for keeps
I only play angels lately and they never let me cheat" It doesn't matter where you come from
It matters where you go
And no one gets remembered in this listless life
For the things they didn't do And you could say I had a good start
And you could say I had class
And you could say that I was born
Beneath the ceiling made of glass But I always kept an open house
And yeah, always did right by my friends
And when it comes to Saint Peter's gate
I told the people remember one who needs to make amends 'Cause better times are coming
Better times ahead
And no one gets remembered
My deathless child, don't rest too long in bed And Peggy said
"It doesn't matter where you come from
It matters where you go
No one gets remembered in this listless, loveless life
For the things they didn't do, now, now, now, now, now" Peggy sang the blues, I've been drifting off
Peggy sang the blues as I've drifted off
Well, Peggy sang the blues 'cause I drifted off
Well, Peggy sang the blues, Peggy sang the blues

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