

Richard Divine

Frank Turner

Richard Divine made up his mind
To take the last few steps to bathroom door
From his bedroom floor and to lock himself in
Steady young hands, meticulous plans
Disposable razors and a blister pack filled
With strong sleeping pills, a bath of hot water
He said he's not for sale, said that he felt hounded
Crowded and surrounded by this life he didn't choose
He carefully wrote a funerary note
On his best writing paper to set out the facts
And sealed it with wax and left it in the kitchen
He left it out so his parents would know
What there was waiting for them
Pale cold skin, blood seeping in to the landing carpet
He said he's not for sale, said that he felt hounded
Crowded and surrounded by this life he didn't choose
But everybody plays this game on a daily basis, they're not heroes
They're survivors, it's not Shakespearean if they lose
So do what you want, do what you want
Do what the voices tell you
Don't ever say, don't ever say that we didn't warn you
'Cause we want you
He said he's not for sale but he bought into his failure
He's telling tales that hammer nails right into open palms
A martyr in reverse, he's best at being worst
The rest of us are cursed but we keep calm and we carry on
So Richard, here it is
None of us are blameless,
huddled here like strangers
Shameless in our lists of all the changes we say we need
But I think that you knew that you can't pretend
It's news that if you cut yourself you'll bleed

Songwriters

TURNER, FRANCIS EDWARD

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