Poetry Of The Deed (Acoustic Version)

Frank Turner

They're coming out of the walls,
They're coming up through the streets,
They're quicksilver wracked by some invisible beat.
Right outside of your door the very stones come alive.
They are the spring in the step, the distant look in the eyes.
Put your Baudelaire away and come outside and play.Me and all my friends are poets of the deed,
We're exactly what this country needs.
We scratch until we're drunk, we drink until we bleed.
We are what we believe.Pentameter in attack, iambic pulse in the veins,
Free verse powered of the street light mains,
An Iliad played out without a shadow of doubt
Between the end of the club and the sun coming out.
Leave Kerouac at his desk, we have romance in our risks.And here's what we believe,
Before we get bored, let's be inspired,
Let's ignore the applause and set the theater on fire,
Fight every war like the drunks in the choir,
Put our art where our mouths are: Poetry of the deed.
So enough with words and technical theses,
Let's grab life by the throat and live it to pieces.We can choose, we can change,
And if we don't, we're just afraid of living life
Like we're loved and in love and alive
To all the things we could be if we just believedThat life is too short to be lived without poetry.
If you've got soul darling now come on and show it me.
But life is too long to just sing the one song,
So we'll burn like a beacon and then we'll be gone.

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