Pass It Along

Frank Turner

Somewhere in the back bar
By the side of a motorway
Someone takes a breath
And takes the stage
Then starts to play
In the back of a thousand bars
And by the side of a thousand roads
Worn wood, rusted bronze
And honest toil explode
They cast long shadows
In the evening sun
But when the morning comes
They've moved along
They cast long shadows
In the evening sun
But when the morning comes
They've moved along
Hey, hey, Mr. Dylan
I have written you a song
For the river of the singers
That still rolls along
So here's to Ragan
And here's to Marwood
Here's to Tim and Jonah too
Here's to the ones
Who have to take the stage
And sing the truth
They cast long shadows
In the evening sun
But when the morning comes
They've moved along
They cast long shadows
In the evening sun
But when the morning comes
They've moved along
Sing till you sweat
For the spirit of the age
Sing life to lines
That are dead on the page

Sing for your sorrow
Your wisdom, your rage, sing out
Sing for the records
You played till they broke
For the parts where
You insisted that nobody spoke
Sing for the words that you knew
But they still make you choke, yeah
Cast a long shadow
In the evening sun
And when the morning comes
Pass it along
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