

# 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  
Cast a long shadow  
In the evening sun  
But when the morning comes  
Pass it along  
Cast a long shadow  
In the evening sun  
And when the morning comes  
Pass it along  
Cast a long shadow  
In the evening sun  
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Pass it along

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