

# Recovery

## Frank Turner

Blacking in and out in a strange flat in east London  
Somebody I don't really know just gave me something to help  
Set me down and stop me always thinking about you  
And you know your life is heading in a questionable  
Direction when you're off in days with strangers  
And you can't remember anything except way you sound  
When you told me you didn't know what I should do  
It's a long road out to recovery from here,  
A long way back to the light  
A long road out to recovery from here,  
A long way to make it right  
And so I wake up in the morning just like every other day  
And just like every boring blues song I get swallowed by the pain,  
And so I fumble for your figure in the darkness just to make it go away  
But you're not lying there any longer and I know  
That it's my fault so I been pounding on the floor  
And I've been crawling up the walls and I've been divvying my darkness  
And Serotonin boosters, cider and some kind of smelling salts  
It's a long road out to recovery from here,  
A long way back to the light  
A long road out to recovery from here,  
A long way to make it right  
So on the first night we met you said well darling let's make a deal,  
If anybody ever asks us well let's say that we met in jail  
And that's the story that I'm sticking to like  
A southern face that comforts but today I need to hear  
Some truth if I'm ever getting through this  
Yea you once sent me a letter that said if I was lost at sea  
Close my eyes and catch a time idea and only think of me  
Well darling now I'm sinking I'm as lost as  
Lost can be and I'm hoping you can drag me  
Off and down and out to my recovery  
If you could just give me a sign and just a subtle little glimmer,  
A suggestion that you'd have me if I could only make me better  
Then I'd stand a little stronger as I walk a little taller all the time  
'Cause I know that you are cynical but I think  
I can convince you yea 'cause broken people  
Can get better if they really want to  
Or at least that's what I have to tell myself if I'm hoping to survive  
It's a long road out to recovery from here,  
A long way back to the light  
A long road out to recovery from here,  
A long way back to what's right  
Darling, sweet lover, won't you help me to recover,  
Darling, sweet lover, won't you help me to recover,  
Darling, sweet lover, won't you help me to recover,  
Darling, sweet lover, one day this will all be over

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