

Vital Signs

Frank Turner

This country is my canvas -
I leave paint trails as I go.
I'm painting a picture
That you can only see from outer space.
My bedroom is your sofa,
I take my breakfast on the train.
I'm tired and I'm dirty, and not a second goes to waste. I'll be dead but never dying, and I say that with a smile
It's just my way of trying to be alive.
Well I'll never get to grey hair
And I'll never be in the black,
But I can tell stories that most can hardly dream.
Dreaming is a luxury,
Like stopping-staring and beauty sleep.
I'll stop when I'm finished,
And sleep is for the weak. Heaven's in the half-light, and that's where I reside,
A whiskey and a wry smile -
I check my vital signs.
And when I'm gone,
The worlds revolve, and life goes on,
So mark no grave,
Forget my name.
If the song remains
And everybody's got a drink and a smile,
Well, that's just fine by me.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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