

Plain Sailing Weather

Frank Turner

Just give me one fine day of plain sailing weather
And I can fuck up anything, anything.
It was a wonderful life when we were together,
And now I've fucked up every little goddamn thing. Amelie lied to me, this was supposed to be easy.
I found the one damn person to help me fall asleep in the night.
But sleeping gets tiring, and dark reminds me of dying,
And as long as this feeble heart is still beating,
You will find me rushing through every room, switching on all the lights. The problem with falling in love in
late bars
Is that there's always more nights, there's always more bars.
The problem with showing your lover your scars
Is that everybody's lover is covered in scars. Things got fractious, and I felt faithless,
At that moment just before the dawn when everything falls apart.
But baby I didn't mean it, for things to get desperate.
I let slip my guard, let go of the rudder,
Now we're drifting in the current away from one another. So give me one fine day of plain sailing weather
And I can fuck up anything, anything.
It was a wonderful life when we were together,
And now I've fucked up every little goddamn thing,
Every little goddamn thing. I've been skirting round the rim of doing something
Brave, and not just standing, but jumping in,
Of making circles into squares, of laying down
The bare facts like a burden I can't bear.
And I can almost find the words, but I can see the way you'd
Fold your hands, speak my name like a curse
Upon your pretty lips, the pressured white behind your fingertips. And when you see me for all that I am
I couldn't make mistakes to make a difference any more.
I'd throw myself down on my knees, at your hands,
And beg you for forgiveness for my fuck ups and my faults.
And maybe you'd relent and return my hope for our forever,
Lift up your precious hands, and then bring yours and mine together,
So just give me one fine day of plain sailing weather.

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