

# Love, Ire and Song

## Frank Turner

A teacher of mine once told me that life was just a list of  
Disappointments and defeats and you could only do your best  
And I said, "Well, that's a fucking cop out", you're just washed up  
And you're tired and when I get to your age  
Well, I won't be such a coward But these days I sit at home, I'm known to shout at my TV  
And punk rock didn't live up to what I'd hoped that it could be  
And all the things that I believed with all my heart when I was young  
Are just coasters for beers and clean surfaces for drugs and  
I've packed all my pamphlets with my Bibles at the back of the shelf Well, it was bad enough, the feeling, the  
first time it hit  
When you realized your parents let the world all go to shit  
And that the values and ideals for which so many fought and died  
Had been killed off in committees and left to die by the way side But it was worse when we turned to the kids on  
the left  
And got let down again by some poor excuse for protest  
By idiot fucking hippies in fifty different factions  
Locked inside some kind of sixties battle re-enactment  
So I hung up my banners in disgust and I head for the door Oh, but once we were young and we were crass  
enough to care  
But I guess, you live and learn, we won't make that mistake again  
But surely just for one day we could fight and we could win  
And if only for a little while, we could insist on the impossible Well, we've been a good few hours drinking  
So I'm going to say what everyone's thinking  
If we're stuck on this ship and it's sinking  
Then we might as well have a parade Because if it's still going to hurt in the morning  
And a better plan's yet to get forming  
Then where's the harm spending  
An evening in manning the old barricades So come on, old friends, to the streets  
Let's be 1905 but not 1917, let's be heroes  
Let's be martyrs, let's be radical thinkers  
Who never have to test drive the least of their dreams Let's divide up the world into the damned and the saved  
And ride to the valley like the old Light Brigade  
And straighten our backs and not be afraid  
And they'll celebrate our deaths with a national parade Leave the morning to the morning, pain can be killed  
With aspirin tablets and vitamin pills  
But memories of hope and of glorious defeat  
Are a little bit harder to beat

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