

# Try This At Home

## Frank Turner

Let's inherit the earth because no one else is taking it  
Come on, do your worst before the moment's passed  
In bedrooms across England and all the Western world  
There's posters and there's magazines but the music isn't ours  
'Cause we write love songs in C, we do politics in G  
We sing songs about our friends in E minor  
So tear down the stars now and take up your guitars  
And come on, folks and try this at home  
Let's stop waiting around for someone to patronize us  
Let's hammer out a sound that speaks of where we've been  
Forget about the haircuts, the stupid skinny jeans  
The stampedes and the irony, the media fed scenes  
'Cause we write love songs in C, we do politics in G  
We sing songs about our friends in E minor  
So tear down the stars now and take up your guitars  
And come on, folks and try this at home

Because the only thing that punk rock should ever really mean  
Is not sitting 'round and waiting for the lights to go green  
And not thinking that you're better 'cause you're stood up on a stage  
If you're oh so fucking different then who cares what you have to say?  
Because there's no such thing as rock stars  
There's just people who play music  
And some of them are just like us  
And some of them are dicks  
So quick, turn off your stereo  
Pick up that pen and paper  
Yeah, you could do much better  
Than some skinny half-arsed English country singer  
'Cause we write love songs in C, we do politics in G  
We sing songs about our friends in E minor  
So tear down the stars now and take up your guitars  
And come on, folks and try this at home

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