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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