To Absent Friends

Frank Turner

Lunchtime Friday, leave work early
Rushing through the suburbs to the station to catch the train
Heading up to town to Dave's to get my glad rags on
Because lately I've been running down, little things catching up
Excuses stretched thin and it's hard not giving up
Tonight we're going to get it right, we're going to have us a good one

And the roll call is missing a name
Since you left things haven't been the same
But I don't blame you, there was nothing here to make you stay
But I remember the way that you'd light up a room when you walk in,
The way that you'd lead a crowd when you sing
Jamie, this one is for you.

Pre-club beers at Dan's before we hit the road
Nicely warmed up, pleasantly half-loaded
Ready for a night on fire, we're going to get out the big guns
And I run down the numbers, scan through the faces
Run through the plans, scout out the places
I'm electrified, surrounded, but still missing something or someone

I'm wide awake in the cityscape

You did your time out on the road
One day you stayed away for good
You found a home down by the shore
A place to hang your hat and more
You sent me postcards to tell me of
Slowing down and finding love
The thrill has gone from the city life
I'm not far behind

So you can strike my name from the roll call,
When night falls I'm leaving
There is nothing here to make me stay
When I get to the coast I will send back a postcard
To tell all my old friends all about my new start

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