

Poetry of the Deed

Frank Turner

They're coming out of the walls, they're coming up through the streets
They're quicksilver wracked by some invisible beat
And right outside of your door, the very stones come alive
They are the spring in the step, the distant look in the eyes
Put your Baudelaire away
And come outside and play
Me and all my friends are poets of the deed
We're exactly what this country needs
We scratch until we're drunk, we drink until we bleed
We are what we believe
Pentameter in attack, iambic pulse in the veins
Free verse powered of the street light mains
An Iliad played out without a shadow of doubt
Between the end of the club, yeah, and the sun coming out
Leave Kerouac at his desk
We have romance in our risks
Me and all my friends are poets of the deed
We're exactly what this country needs
We scratch until we're drunk, we drink until we bleed
And here's what we believe
Before we get bored, let's be inspired
Let's ignore the applause and set the theater on fire
Fight every war like the drunks in the choir
Put our art where our mouths are
Poetry of the deed
Enough with words and technical theses
Let's grab life by the throat and live it to pieces
We can choose, we can change and if we don't
We're just afraid of living life like we're loved
And in love and alive to all the things we could be
If we just believed that life
Life is too short to live without poetry
If you've got soul, darling, now come on and show it to me
Life is too short to live without poetry
If you've got soul, darling, now come on and show it to me
Life is too short to live without poetry
If you've got soul, darling, now come on and show it to me
Life is too short to live without poetry
If you've got soul, darling, now come on and show it to me
Life is too short to live without poetry
If you've got soul, darling, now come on and show it to me
Life is too long to just sing the one song
So we'll burn like a beacon and then we'll be gone

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>