

# The Road

Frank Turner

To the east, to the east, the road beneath my feet  
To the west, to the west but I haven't got there yet  
And to the north, to the north, never to be caught  
To the south, to the south, my time is running out  
Ever since my childhood I've been scared, I've been afraid  
Of being trapped by circumstance of staying in one place  
So I always keep a small bag full of clothes carefully stored  
Somewhere secret, somewhere safe and somewhere close to the door  
Well, I've traveled many countries, washed  
my feet in many seas  
I've drank with grifters in Vienna and with punks in old D.C.  
And I've driven across deserts, driven by the irony  
That only being shackled to the road could ever I be free  
To the east, to the east, the road beneath my feet  
To the west, to the west but I haven't got there yet  
And to the north, to the north, never to be caught  
To the south, to the south, my time is running out  
I've felt old before my time but now I keep the age away  
By burning up the miles and, yeah, by filling up my days  
And the nights, a thousand nights I've played a thousand more to go  
Before I take a breath and steel myself for the next one thousand shows  
To the east, to the east, the road beneath  
my feet  
To the west, to the west but I haven't got there yet  
To the north, to the north, never to be caught  
To the south, to the south, my time is running out  
Yeah, so saddle up your horses now and keep your powder dry  
'Cause the truth is you won't be here long, yeah, soon you're going to die  
To the heart, to the heart, there's no time for you to waste  
You won't find your precious answers now by staying in one place  
Yeah, by giving up the chase  
To the east, to the east, the road beneath my feet  
To the west, to the west but I haven't got there yet  
And to the north, to the north, I never will be caught  
To the south, to the south, my time is running out  
Yeah, to the south, to the south, my time is running out  
Yeah, to the south, to the south, my time is running out  
I face the horizon, everywhere I go  
I face the horizon, the horizon is my home  
I face the horizon, everywhere that I go  
I face the horizon, the horizon is my home

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