

# Worse Things Happen At Sea (Truck Session)

Frank Turner

Honestly, relax my dear, it's clear that we are done  
It doesn't take a scientist to figure out that one  
It's obvious, the way you move, the way you hold your head  
The way you hide your pretty eyes and shift across the bed  
You say worse things happen at sea  
I say worse things have happened to me  
Honestly, I'll be fine, this isn't my first time  
I've taken blows before and every time I have survived  
You made it clear you didn't care, you never did pretend  
And in the end, at least you never try to fuck my friends  
You say worse things happen at sea  
I said worse things have happened to me  
Bitter eyes, the bedroom floor  
And we're not gonna talk anymore  
Well, honestly, it doesn't matter, I know better than  
To cry over spilt milk, wasted effort, spoilt plans  
We're adults here so shed no tears, I'm sure we can be friends  
I'll nod and smile and watch you in the arms of other men  
You say worse things happen at sea  
I say worse things have happened to me  
Bitter eyes, the bedroom floor  
And we're not gonna talk anymore  
We got nothing to talk for  
Well, honestly, your honesty, it has emerged unscathed  
And I hope you're doin' fine  
Well, me, I'm doin' fucking great  
And I wouldn't want to waste another second of your time  
I know your face, I know my place  
So you watch yours, I'll keep to mine  
They say worse things happen at sea  
I said worse things have happened to me  
Bitter eyes, the bedroom floor  
And we're not gonna talk anymore  
We got nothing to talk for  
You got nothing to be sorry for  
I got no one to care for  
This is the worst thing that's happened to me  
I guess worse things happen at sea

Songwriters

FRANCIS EDWARD TURNER Published by

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