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 eyesPut your Baudelaire away

And come outside and playMe 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 believePentameter 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 outLeave Kerouac at his desk

We have romance in our risksMe 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 believeBefore 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 deedEnough 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 lifeLife 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

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If you've got soul, darling, now come on and show it to meLife is too long to just sing the one song

So we'll burn like a beacon and then we'll be gone

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