

The Corner

Frank Turner

Out on the corner of what I want, and what I intend to get
day drinking and dreaming of you, I let
the ashtray smoke my last cigarette Once I had a casual acquaintance with my impending doom
years ago she promised me some day soon
I'd howl at the moon from room to room I ain't transcending much of nothing
I've been down in it, I ain't free
Weren't no experiment - these seven years they went
like a life out of me
Clowning on the corner of almost gone but maybe not just yet
there's still a little left to pawn and the bones aren't set
The cast is slack, the plaster's wet Stepping up the escalator singing hell I am out of here
past the predetermined terminals of tears
the wings are warm, the runway's clear I ain't transcending much of nothing
I'm still down in it, I ain't free
Weren't no experiment - these seven years they went
like a life out of me Maybe all the world's a hollow recreation, my desperate bretheren
hallowed blue hallucination we play to win
put your right foot out, put your right foot in But it's a useful little illusion that'll lose you for a song
in the beautiful confusion you've been down and counting on and it's a useful little illusion that'll lose you for a
song
in the beautiful confusion that you've been down and counting on
I ain't transcending nothing
I'm still down in it, I ain't free
weren't no experiment - hell every tear was ran
like a life out of me Out on the corner what I want, what I intend to get
day drinking and dreaming of you, I let
the ashtray smoke my last cigarette
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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