

1933

Frank Turner

"Stop asking musicians what they think"  
He said softly as he poured himself a second drink  
And outside, the world slipped over the brink  
We all thought we had nothing to lose  
That we could trust in crossed fingers and horseshoes  
That everything would work out, no matter what we choose

The first time it was a tragedy  
The second time is a farce  
Outside it's 1933 so I'm hitting the bar

But I don't know what's going on anymore  
The world outside is burning with a brand new light  
But it isn't one that makes me feel warm  
Don't go mistaking your house burning down for the dawn  
Don't go mistaking your house burning down for the dawn

If I was of the greatest generation I'd be pissed  
Surveying the world that I built slipping back into this  
I'd be screaming at my grandkids: "We already did this"  
Be suspicious of simple answers  
That shit's for fascists and maybe teenagers  
You can't fix the world if all you have is a hammer

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For the dawn

Aren't you ashamed of this?  
I surely hope that you are  
Living in a society that's maybe heading for Mars

But down here we still have a shower of bastards leading the charge  
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