

The Next Storm

Frank Turner

We had a difficult winter
We had rough few months
When the storms came in off the coast
It felt like they broke everything on us at once

It's easy enough to talk about Blitz spirit
When you're not holding the roof up and knee deep in it
And the pictures and the papers got ruined by the rain
And we wondered if they'd ever get dry again

But I don't want spend the whole of my life indoors
Laying low, waiting on the next storm
But I don't want spend the whole of my life inside
I wanna step out, and face the sunshine

We lost faith in the omens
We lost faith in the gods
We just ended up clutching at the empty rituals
Like gamblers clutching long odds

I don't care what the weatherman is saying
Because the last time that I saw him he was on his needs knees,
he was praying
And the preachers and the scientists got soaked just the same
And we wondered if we'd ever get dry again

But I don't want spend the whole of my life indoors
Laying low, waiting on the next storm
But I don't want spend the whole of my life inside
I wanna step out, and face the sunshine

So open the shutters, raise up the mast
Rejoice, rebuild, the storm has passed
Cast off the crutches, cut off the cast
Rejoice, rebuild, the storm has passed

I'm not gonna live the whole of my life indoors
I'm gonna step out, and face the next storm