

Frank Turner, Good & Gone

I have searched for you
In the darkness of a dozen dingy dance halls
In countless queues in cafes in the suburbs
In the bed clothes of a thousand stranger's bedrooms

And I have yearned for you
In the airless hubs of international airports
In the hollow hell of many hundred hotels
In the solitary stillness of the early hours

I still do

Sometimes the things you need
Are right back where you started from

So fuck you Hollywood
For raising us on dreams of happy endings
In postcards of the prom kings and the prom queens
For teaching us that love was free and easy

Fuck you Mötley Crüe
For telling tales that skimp on all the dark sides
For teasing us with access and with excess
For bringing out the lowest drive in everyone
Oh fuck you

Sometimes the things you need
Are right back where you started from
Sometimes the things you need
They hang around a little while
Good and gone

If I could just have a second try
To take the second call you made that night
To find myself an airport and a credit card
Find a flight or something
To head back to the start

Sometimes the things I need
Are right back where I started from
Sometimes the things I need
They hang around a little while
Good and gone

They're good and gone