

# Frank Turner, The Way I Tend To Be

Some mornings I pray for evening,  
For the day to be done.  
Some summer days I hide away  
And pray for rain to come.  
It turns out hell will not be found  
Within the fires below,  
But in making do and muddling through  
When you've nowhere else to go.

But then I remember you,  
And the way you shine like truth in all you do.  
And if you remembered me,  
You could save me from the way I tend to be.

Some days I wake up dazed my dear,  
And I don't know where I am.  
I've been running now so long I'm scared  
I've forgotten how to stand.  
I stand alone in airport bars  
And gather thoughts to think:  
That if all I had was one long road  
It could drive a man to drink.

Because I've said I love you so many times that the words kinda die in my mouth.  
And I meant it each time with each beautiful woman but somehow it never works out.  
You stood apart in my calloused heart, and you taught me and here's what I learned:  
That love is about the changes you make and not just three small words.

And then I catch myself  
Catching your scent on someone else  
In a crowded space  
And it takes me somewhere I cannot quite place.