

Dan's Song

Frank Turner

Me and my friend Dan are going to get some beers
and then we're going to go down to the park and drink them there.

We'll bask out in the sun, bring a guitar and play some songs,
call up our friends and invite them out
to share what might be the last weekend of the summer,
because September's getting colder as it goes.
And we haven't done enough of this simple kind of stuff this year.

It's clear we're getting older and it shows.
Work weeks make us weary now and school's a distant memory
and it's easy to ask questions of ourselves, like:
where it is we're going now and what we have to show for all the sunny days
shut up in the shells of expectations of our ultimate directions,
and the stations that we should have reached by now,
when we haven't read the script and our tender wings are clipped,

and we're scared we might be letting someone down.
So we listen to these heartbreak songs when nothing's really wrong,
and we smile when we're asked and say we're fine.
But we're drifting through our middle days,
creeping into middle age, setting in our ways...
But now it's time to decide,
now it's time to draw a line in the sand
and ask what's more important than days like today?
So grab some beers, call your friends and meet us here,
in the summer park with me and my friend Dan.