

Four Simple Words

Frank Turner

Because we're all so very twenty first century,
You're probably listening to me on some kind of portable stereo.
Maybe you're sitting on the back of the bus,
Or it's running up your sleeve, and you're across from your boss,
Or you're sitting in your bedroom on your own with the lights down low.

I'd like to teach you four simple words, so that next time you come to a show,
You could sing those words back at me like they're the only ones that you know:

I want to dance, I want to dance
I want lust and love and a smattering of romance.
But I'm no good at dancing, yet I have to do something.
Tonight I'm going to play it straight, I'm going to take my chance, I want to dance.

Hi ho hi ho hi ho, we're heading out to the punk rock show.
Colleagues and friends condescend with a smile,
But this is my culture man, this is my home.
The dark huddled masses gather at the gate,
The doors at 7, the show starts at 8.
A few precious hours in a space of our own,
And when the band comes on, the only thing I really know:

Is anyone else sick of the music
Churned out by lacklustre scenesters from Shoreditch?
Oh it's all sex drugs and sins, like they're extras from Skins,
But it's OK because they don't really mean it.
I want bands who had to work for their keep,
Drove a thousand miles and played a show on no sleep,
Sleeping on the floor in a stranger's place,
Hungry just to do it all again the next day.

Put your hands on your hips, bring your knees in tight.
Yeah we do this shit together man, no fists, no fights.
We're not trying to shape the world so people think like us,
We just want our own space to dance, no favours no fuss.
On blood sweat and vinyl we have a built ourselves a house,
So if the roof is on fire then we're going to put it out.
Forget about the bitching and remember that you're blessed,
Because punk is for the kids who never fit in with the rest.
Somebody told me that music with guitars
Was going out of fashion, and I had to laugh.
This shit wasn't fashionable back when I fell in love,
So if the hipsters move on why should I give a fuck?

I want to dance, I want to dance,
I want me and you both to join hands down at the front.
So the next time I see you, remember these words so
We'll sing like the barricades are down, and we'll dance like no one's around,

Singing four simple words.