

# Get Better

Frank Turner

I got me a shovel  
And I'm digging a ditch  
And I'm going to fight for this four square feet of land like a mean  
old son of a bitch  
I got me a future  
I'm not stuck on the past  
I got no new tricks, yeah I'm up on bricks but me, I'm a machine and  
I was built to last

I'm trying to get better because I haven't been my best  
She took a plain black marker, started writing on my chest  
She drew a line across the middle of my broken heart,  
And said: "Come on now, let's fix this mess"  
We could get better  
Because we're not dead yet

They threw me a whirlwind  
And I spat back the sea  
I took a battering but I've got thicker skin and the best people I know  
looking out for me  
So I'm taking the high road  
My engines running high and fine  
May I always see the road rising up to meet me and my enemies defeated  
in the mirror behind

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It's just a knot in the small of your back  
You could work it out with your fingers  
It's just a tune that got stuck in your head  
You could work it out with your fingers  
It's just some numbers tangled up in your sums  
You could work it out with your fingers  
It's just a simple braille mission from the person you miss, a reminder  
you could always be  
A little bit better than this

So try and get better and don't ever accept less  
Take a plain black marker and write this on your chest  
Draw a line underneath all of this unhappiness  
Come on now, let's fix this mess  
We could get better  
Because we're not dead yet  
We could get better  
Because we're not dead yet