

Pass It Along

Frank Turner

Somewhere in the back bar by the side of a motorway
Someone takes a breath and takes the stage, then starts to play
In the back of a thousand bars and by the side of a thousand roads
Worn wood, rusted bronze and honest toil explode.

They cast long shadows in the evening sun
But when the morning comes they've moved along
They cast long shadows in the evening sun
But when the morning comes they've moved along

Hey hey Mr. Dylan I have written you a song
About the river of new singers that still rolls along.
So here's to Ragan, here's to Marwood,
Here's to Tim and Jonah too
Here's to the ones who have to take the stage and sing the truth.

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But when the morning comes they've moved along
They cast long shadows in the evening sun
But when the morning comes they've moved along

Sing till you sweat for the spirit of the age,
Sing life to lines that are dead on the page,
Sing for your sorrow, your wisdom, your rage, sing out.
Sing for the records you played till they broke,
For the parts where you insisted that nobody spoke
Sing for the words that you know but they still make you choke
Sing out.

Cast a long shadows in the evening sun
And when the morning comes, pass it along
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