

Something of Freedom

Frank Turner

Lord save me from those with my best interests at heart
Lord save me from sleeves emblazoned with hearts
From fools who place horses in front of their carts
Who care less for learning than teaching
For they know not of what they are speaking

Yeah, you're marching in matching Che Guevara T shirts
You're so damn conceited, it's starting to hurt
You were born in to freedom so you don't know it's worth
And you constantly speak of solutions
But you only repeat revolution

When you live with your parents, your ideals come cheap
But what of the families with children to feed?
For the ones who've scored riches have more than they need
While the rest of us think of survival
Your money can pay for your morals

You say that for omelettes, you're gonna need to break eggs
But if you follow your logic, you're soon breaking heads
To patch your polemic, you tear us to shreds
You'd steal all our voices for your thunder
For your politics, nothing but plunder

And we will not be judged or be put into place
As no more than members of class are of race
We're free individuals and that's what you hate
Our society is not a machine
You can steer or shut down as you please

And one day you'll struggle to make your ends meet
And one day you'll struggle to stand on your feet
And you'll find something true that'll make your heart beat
And you'll sacrifice something of meaning
And you'll understand something of freedom