

Alright

Sam Fender

Something changed at 24
Spent my days moving to and fourth
From the bedroom to the bathroom floor

Tear away in my rancid skin
This must be penance for my visions
Death's a coming call

Should've died a thousand times
The sick get paradise
Deaths happen all the time

Worry about my brother a lot
Don't really talk enough
Can't seem to say the right thing

We're alright, we're alright
It's time to put the world to rights
We're alright, we're alright

Something weighing in my hair
Can't sleep and I'm seeing things
And I can't stand sight of myself

It's a generation thing
Said by [?] the old boys back in the boozier
On his tenth pint of the day

So I shy away from it
Accept it for what it is
We're all born and raised and named

These dark tales you like the [?]
Them cry and it brings it out
Got a thanking hand in hand

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