

Frank Turner

"One Foot Before The Other"

Visit "[One Foot Before The Other](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

On the very day I die the very last of my desires
Is that you take my broken body and commit it to the
fire,
And then when the fire's finished, scrape the ashes in a
tin,
Take them down to London's drinking reservoirs and
throw them in.
And then specks infinitesimal of my mortal remains
Will slide down seven million throats and into seven
million veins,
And I will creep through their capillaries to the marrow
of their bones,
And they will wake to bright new mornings and then
wordlessly they'll know:

That I remain, I am remembered.
I remain, I am remembered.

And so these seven million innocents they will have me
in their blood,
And when they die they'll burn their bodies or be buried
in the mud,
And I will spread through streams and rivers like a
virus through a host,
From the hamlets to the cities, from the rivers to the
coast,
And from there into the channel, across the great
Atlantic ocean,
And ever onwards to the new world through the water's
gentle motions,
Until parts of me are part of every landmass, every
sea,
In the rain upon your crops, and in the very air you
breathe.

I remain, I am remembered.
I remain, I am remembered.
I remain,
And though the things I love will be washed away in the
rain,
I remain.

I'm not convinced of the existence of these things that
don't exist,
Yeah by Jewish boys with big ideas and scratches on
their wrists,
By a loving or a vengeful God, or one who'd
condescend
To wash his hands down in the mire among the misery
of men,
Or by ever turning circles hanging timeless in the sky,
Like a dream-catcher distracting from the fact you're
going to die.
But I place one foot before the other, confident
because
I know that everything we are right now is everything
that was,
That Wat Tyler, Woody Guthrie, Dostoyevsky, and Davy
Jones
Have all dissolved into the ether and have crept into
my bones,
And all the cells in all the lines upon the backs of both
my hands
Were once carved into the details of two feet upon the
sand.

So we remain, we are remembered.
We remain, we are remembered.
We remain,
And though the things we love will be washed away in
the rain
We remain.

Visit [Frank Turner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.