

Frank Turner "Pass It Along"

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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
For the river of the singers
That still rolls along

So here's to Ragan
And 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

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

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 knew
But they still make you choke, yeah

Cast a long shadow
In the evening sun
And when the morning comes
Pass it along

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