

## Frank Turner "Poetry Of The Deed"

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They're coming out of the walls, they're coming up  
through the streets  
They're quicksilver wracked by some invisible beat  
And right outside of your door, the very stones come  
alive  
They are the spring in the step, the distant look in the  
eyes

Put your Baudelaire away  
And come outside and play

Me and all my friends are poets of the deed  
We're exactly what this country needs  
We scratch until we're drunk, we drink until we bleed  
We are what we believe

Pentameter in attack, iambic pulse in the veins  
Free verse powered of the street light mains  
An Iliad played out without a shadow of doubt  
Between the end of the club, yeah, and the sun coming  
out

Leave Kerouac at his desk  
We have romance in our risks

Me and all my friends are poets of the deed  
We're exactly what this country needs  
We scratch until we're drunk, we drink until we bleed  
And here's what we believe

Before we get bored, let's be inspired  
Let's ignore the applause and set the theater on fire  
Fight every war like the drunks in the choir  
Put our art where our mouths are poetry of the deed

Enough with words and technical theses  
Let's grab life by the throat and live it to pieces  
We can choose, we can change and if we don't  
We're just afraid of living life like we're loved  
And in love and alive to all the things we could be  
If we just believed that life

Life is too short to live without poetry  
If you've got soul, darling, now come on and show it to  
me  
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Life is too long to just sing the one song  
So we'll burn like a beacon and then we'll be gone

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