

# Frank Turner "Redemption"

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I was walking home to my house through the snow from  
the station  
When the Springsteen came clear in my headphones  
with a pertinent question  
Oh is love really real and do any of hope for  
redemption  
Or are we are merely biting our time down to the lonely  
conclusions  
Darling let me take your hand as I talk you through this  
How loneliness edged into deep seeded psychosis  
Lying away in crowded hotel rooms focused on takers  
With my feelings laid clear on the ceiling  
I don't think I can do this  
I don't think I can do this

Well I tried so hard to not turn into my father  
But if I only ever skip out his choices will I ever choose  
better  
Oh the sad truth is the grass it will always seem  
greener  
So I left you alone in a restaurant in London in winter  
You deserved better

Out of trash some might back in my ears  
Sound comes clear and brings the awful truth that I  
can't stand what I've done to you  
And it's written clear in my diary today should have  
been our anniversary  
But I'm far way and I'm far apart  
And you're back home with a broken heart  
And loves is real and I can escape  
I'll only ever have myself to blame  
These failures shift and save me in the night  
Like a fever I can't break try as I might  
Wake me darling I need you take me home  
But I know in the end redemption is mine and mine  
alone  
So if each of us is made of a tally of mistakes and  
successes  
Then the hour in the restaurant makes my score less  
than impressive  
If each can be redeemed with the courage by which he

confesses  
So darling I miss you, your music and your musk and  
your kisses  
I don't think I can do this

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