

Frank Turner

"Worse Things Happen At Sea"

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Honestly, relax my dear, it's clear that we are done.
It doesn't take a scientist to figure out that one.
It's obvious, the way you move, the way you hold your
head,
The way you hide your pretty eyes and shift across the
bed.

Honestly, I'll be fine, this isn't my first time.
I've taken blows before and every time I have survived.
You made it clear you didn't care, you never did
pretend,
And in the end at least you never try to fuck my friends.

Well honestly it doesn't matter, I know better than
To cry over spilt milk, wasted effort, spoiled plans.
We're adults here so she'd no tears, I'm sure we can be
friends.
I'll nod and smile and watch you in the arms of other
men.

Well honestly, your honesty, it has emerged
unscathed,
And I hope you're doing fine, because me, I'm doing
fucking great.
And I wouldn't want to waste another second of your
time Â–
I know my place, I know your face,
So you hide yours and I'll keep to mine.

You say "Worse things happen at sea",
I say "Worse things have happened to me".
Bitter eyes to the bedroom floor Â–
And we're not going to talk anymore,
We've got nothing to talk for,
And you've got nothing to be sorry for.
And I've got no one to care for.

This is the worst thing that's happened to me.
I guess worse things happen at sea.

