

Frank Turner, This Town Ain't Big Enough For The

A free house, a sound-system and a fridge full of beer;
I've known how this story ends for a good few years.
The night lays out before my eyes, there's no new faces, no surprises.
This town is growing old with me, so I'm making a move.
Everybody round here's been out with everybody else,
Which makes talking to girls hazardous to my health.
They've been in this genepool so long they've got wrinkled toes;
I don't want all her exes to be people I know.
There's millions more fish in the sea, so I'm making a move.

I'm bored of this town, bored of this scene, bored of these people, yeah.
I'm an expert at pretending that everything is OK,
But I'm just a kid and it seems as if I've signed my life away.
I need to get out and see what the rest of the world is about.
This town ain't big enough for the one of me, I'm making a move.

Every guy with long hair round here is a star,
According to his girlfriend and the way that he holds his guitar.
If anyone gets out they stick in the knife, I don't want to get stuck here for the rest of my life.
I'm sick of these f**kers, I'm moving on.
I still want to be buried here, just like I said, but I'd prefer it if you'd wait until I'm actually dead.
It's easy to get caught inside a town that seems to have a hive-mind,
But I'm packing up and moving on,
When I move out from my parents' house I'm gone, yeah f**k you guys I'm gone.

This town ain't big enough for the one of me,
So why don't you get from in front of me?
We're all going to move to London anyway, so I'll see you in town.