

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, The Lost Brigade

Welcome to the lost brigade - lost, but pursuing.
Fragments to protect the day from badness and ruin
And this one's for the makers who have made, only to be made
By the takers who delayed, later to declaim
Who will be beatified, and who sees a line and files along?
Who won't let tomorrow die, and who keeps the vision moving on?
In this land of grand decay, we resist here,
13,040 days, I have been here.
Walking sticks and screaming bricks might leave you winded,
But when you vindicate the last, the next is defended,
So, reckless and directionless, just get in line and file along.
Resolutions live and die, but every memory of mine's a song.
So when my mind begins to turn, turn in confusion,
Will I find that I have earned your absolution?
Yes, when my mind begins to turn and returns in confusion,
There are gifts I'm to discern here, in profusion:
Because every little memory has a song.