

Richard Divine  
Frank Turner

Intro:

**F#m**

Verse 1:

**F#m**

**Bm**

Richard Divine made up his mind to take the last few steps to  
**E** the bathroom door from his bedroom floor and to lock himself in.  
**F#m**

**F#m**

**Bm**

Steady young hands, meticulous plans, disposable razors and a  
**E** blisterpack filled with strong sleeping pills, and a bath of hot water.  
**F#m**

**F#m**

Chorus 1:

**A**

**C#7**

**D**

He said hes not for sale, said that he felt hounded,  
**B** crowded and surrounded by this life he didnt choose.  
**F#m** **F**

Verse 2:

**F#m**

**Bm**

He carefully wrote a funerary note on his best writing paper  
**E** to set out the facts, and sealed it with wax, and left it in the kitchen.  
**F#m**

**F#m**

**F**

**Bm**

He left it out so his parents would know what there was waiting for them  
**E** pale cold skin and blood seeping in to the landing carpet.  
**F#m**

**F#m**

Chorus 2:

**A**

**C#7**

**D**

He said hes not for sale, said that he felt hounded,  
**B** crowded and surrounded by this life he didnt choose.  
**A**

**C#7**

**D**

But everybody plays this game on a daily basis.

**B**

Theyre not heroes, theyre survivors,  
and its not Shakespearian if they lose.

Bridge: **F#m E D C#** (not sure)

**F#m** **E**  
So do what you want, do what you want, do what the voices tell you,  
**D** **C#**  
but don't ever say, don't ever say that we didn't warn you  
**F#m F F#m F F#m F F#m**  
Because we warned you.

Chorus 3:

**A** **C#7** **D**  
He said he's not for sale, but he bought into his failure.  
**B**  
He's telling tales that hammer nails right into open palms.  
**A** **C#7** **D**  
A martyr in reverse, he's best at being worst,  
**B**  
the rest of us are cursed but we keep calm and we carry on.

Outro: **F# C#7 D E F# C#7 D**

**E**  
So Richard, here it is:  
**A** **C#m** **D**  
None of us are blameless, huddled here like strangers,  
**E**  
shameless in our lists of all the changes we say we need.  
**A** **C#7**  
But I think that you knew that,  
**D** **D# (?) B**  
you can't pretend it's news that when you cut yourself you'll bleed.