

Frank Turner, The Real Damage

I woke up on a sofa in an unfamiliar house,
Surrounded by sleeping folks that I didn't know.
On failing to find my friends, I decided that it was clearly time to go.
So I made my way out of the door as quietly as I could
There was no one there I knew to say goodbye
Squinting in the sadly sobering sunshine of the Sunday morning light.

I started the night with all my friends and I ended up alone,
Oh yes I started out so happy now I'm hung-over and down.
It was about then that I realized I was half-way through
The best years of my life.

So I scanned the local landmarks, trying to find out where I was,
And maybe even find a bus back home.
I was longing for a shower, and for clean sheets, and a charger for my phone.
And suddenly it hit me that I got paid this Friday last
And so I rifled through my pockets for some change.
But all I found was a packet of broken cigarettes and sinking sense of shame.

I had to ask myself, well,
Is it really worth it?
Is any of this worth it?
Well the whole thing's far from perfect,
But I've yet to figure out a better way to spend my time.

Too many suits and dirty looks made me rack my brains,
And the real damage started to sink in.
It'd been quite a heavy weekend, but I could just about remember where I'd been.

I stood on a street corner, and I felt a little sick.
It was about then that I realized I was half-way through
The first day of the week.