

# The Real Damage

Frank Turner

I woke up on a sofa in an unfamiliar house, surrounded by sleeping folks I didn't know.

On failing to find my friends, I decided 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.

I started out so happy now I'm hungover and down.

It was about then that I realized I was half-way through the best years of my life. I scanned the local landmarks,  
trying to find out where I was, and maybe even find a bus back home,

Longing for a shower, and for clean sheets, and a charger for my phone.

Suddenly it hit me - 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 a sinking sense of shame. I had to ask myself:

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.

Songwriters

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