

The Real Damage

Frank Turner

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

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