

I Knew Prufrock Before He Got Famous

Frank Turner

Let's begin at the beginning: we're lovers and we're losers,
we're heroes and we're pioneers, and we're beggars and we're choosers.

We're skirting round the edges of the ideal demographic.
We're almost on the guestlist, but we're always stuck in traffic.

We've watched our close associates up and play their parts;
they're chatting up the it girls, and they're tearing up the charts,

while we were paying with coppers to get our round in at the bar.

We're the C-

Team, we're the almost famous old friends of the stars.

Justin is the last of the great romantic poets,
and he's the only one among us who is ever going to make it.

We planned a revolution from a cheap Southampton bistro.

I don't remember details but there were English boys with banjos.

Jay is our St George, and he's standing on a wooden chair,
and he sings songs and he slays dragons, and he's losing all his hair.

Adam is the resurrected spirit of Gram Parsons,
in plaid instead of rhinestone and living in South London.

And no one's really clear about Tommy's job description,
but it's pretty clear he's vital to the whole damn operation.

Dave Danger smiles at strangers, Tre's the safest girl I know,
Zo and Harps will skamper up to victory in the city we call home.

We won't change our ways, we will proud remain when the glory fades.

I am sick and tired of people who are living on the B-list.
They're waiting to be famous and they're wondering why they do this.

And I know I'm not the one who is habitually optimistic,
but I'm the one who's got the microphone here so just remember this:

Life is about love, last minutes and lost evenings,
about fire in our bellies and furtive little feelings,
and the aching amplitudes that set our needles all a-flickering,

and help us with remembering that the only thing that's left to do is live.

After all the loving and the losing, the heroes and the pioneers,

the only thing that's left to do is get another round in at the bar.