

Romantic Fatigue

Frank Turner

I have to admit that I am one of the many
Who thought that a guitar would win him a lady.
My teenage years, they were a feminine drought,
And I thought that a serenade would help out,
And it seemed to be working for a couple of years,
I wrote a few songs and they wrought a few tears.
But when I hit my twenties, it ran out of steam;
I seemed to be suffering from romantic fatigue.

And I never know which song I should play her.
Each melody is a memory of a not-forgotten failure.
So when I get out my guitar tonight to do what I do,
Remember, I probably didn't write this song for you.

So as I have mentioned, the shelf-life was short,
The scheme wasn't working, despite what I thought.
The ladies all left me alone in the end,
So I had to switch all the names around and then sing it again.

And every life-long love, and every best friend
Slipped away into the past.
Take my words with caution - I can't pretend that you're the first,
You won't be the last.

I never know which song I should play her;
Each melody is a memory of a not-forgotten failure.
So when I get out my guitar tonight to do what I do,
Remember, I probably didn't write this song,
No I certainly didn't write this song,
No I never, never wrote a song for you.