

Yeah, but what do you do for money though?

I've contorted my way into this passenger
seat so expertly, to save dropping ash on the upholstery.
I don't know if i would make less of a mess learning
to drive or just to become left-handed.

When we get to the bar, I grab a booth
place my back to the wall and eye up the exits
My father said it was the safest place to sit.

I get the usual, pint of lager,
stick with the tried and tested.

nothing i hate more than wasting drink
And when people ask me what I do for a living,

I Pause...I Lie...

Tell them I'm currently into a lot of things,
as my stomach twists and tongue reaches,
find them an answer that will stand fast in
Inquisition. Occasionally I tell them I've been
doing a lot of writing recently.
'Like Shakespeare?' they ask
and snigger, 'or are you one of them poets?
Like Wordsworth or Keats?'

And I say kind of...sorta in a way...

except I don't care much for flowers
and I don't really like getting muddy feet.
And we laugh it off...the absurdity of it...
eventually drown out the chatter
and the conversation diverges,
I can finally feel the spotlight lifted
I start to unwind..to enjoy my drink...
until last orders ring and I'm pulled
to one side

“Seriously son,
you've got your head screwed on,
don't fuck about now,
What's your real-life plan?
to become a poet?
Yeah, but what are you going to do for money though?
Now...Don't be a prick...”

This is what I do for happiness

I've contorted my way into this passenger
seat so expertly, to save dropping ash on the upholstery.
I don't know if i would make less of a mess learning
to drive or just to become left-handed.

When we get to the bar, I don't care where I sit
As long as I'm not left
out of the conversation,
I want to listen and to learn and be inspired by it and
I think I'll try the latest Stout, if I don't like it I'll be a bloke and
pretend I do, chalk it up to experience.

And when people ask me what I do for a living,
I pause..and I actual don't lie...

Tell them I'm currently into a lot of things,
As my stomach is settled, I look them dead in the eye and
proudly say, well at the minute, I write
'Like Shakespeare?' they ask and
snigger, 'or are you one of them poets?
Like Wordsworth or Keats?'
And I say kind of... uhhh..sorta...in a way,
But I still don't care
much for flowers,
You won't catch me writing in pretty meter or sonnets
I am actually more interested
in the nature you find
Under your fingernails...the grime under car bonnets

The late-night bus rides home from your mates shit hardcore concert
sharing hangover cures in cheap leaky pop-up tents
landlords leaching you for half you rent

And then they begin to see, I say there's fuck all money in it like

But I do this for me, I do this because I want to

I do this because it makes me happy

I do this because I believe I have something important to say

I do this because I have a duty to listen

To try and create empathy

and maybe one day I will make a bit of money

I don't do this to entertain the gatekeeping elite because

you right here my friends

gathered in this bar

Your words are worth 100 times more to me than those of Keats