

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.

Too many suits and dirty looks made me rack my brains - the real damage started to sink in.
It'd been quite a heavy weekend and I could just about remember where I'd been.
Well I started the night with all my friends and I ended up alone,
I started out so happy now I'm hungover and down.
I stood on a street corner and I felt a little sick.
It was about then that I realized I was halfway through the first day of the week.