

You're too far gone. It's too late. You can't perform like this, it's all gone wrong. The tiles of the bathroom are coming, bending and spinning and ya just wanna piss. Piss it all out. Get over the toilet, proper like, so you don't miss, that's right, lean on the tank. Don't read the writing, you're not a cunt. Don't listen. Don't listen to the pub, it's so busy it's never been this busy. And not strangers all but your friends and your sister. They know you've been doing this for months, year at this point already a year and for what? But you cant perform like this. Dry your dick. A banging at the door horribly loud someone shouting at you. Kurt. Kurt. Yeah like Cobain. Curtis? Curtis you alright? Yehamgood. Kurt open



the door, what are you doing? Pissin. Pissing you life away and your money too on guitars and pedals and chinese takeaways and rent that your bastard landlord just hiked. And this is what you have to show for it. Get out there, what are you doing? The show must go on man. You're a rockstar you're Kurt Cobain you're Slash and Alex Turner get out there. Off the tank now yes and to the sink. Sober up with the cold water. Much better. Looking at yourself in the mirror. You talking to me bub? Show me your warface. RAAAAAR. That's good. Much better, you're ready now. You're good. You're the greatest musician alive. Who didn't perform fucked up? This is how art is made, pure guts and adrenaline and a consciousness giving battle with the flesh it's trapped in. You unlock the door and the sound pours into you, the buzz, and as you walk through the joint, people gasp and make way for you, moses through the sea, a wall of faces on the right, a wall of faces on the left. Gasping, whooping and hollering, laughing and cheering. And then the stage and you're in the spotlight at last, blinded and deafened by the crowd. Get them going, grab the axe, let's not wait for the grass to grow, start with a ripper and blow their heads off. This is working, you always played better like this, looser, bolder. And lyrics all come, no forgetting, and your voice is powerful and pure and crashes over the crowd who are going mad they throw beer and scream along a roar a mass. And it goes on and on and on and on and on until you have nothing left and as the lights strobe you see flashes of your sister at the back leaving. You stand now alone above everyone and looking down you see their faces transfixed and you see yourself and hanging over the docs and skinny black jeans the cock which you never put back in after pissing. You're gone man.