

Midlist Author

The Decemberists

I fell upon a Tuesday
When I had just got down to work
And everything went grey
So I caught a bus Wednesday
Thought a vacation well deserved
And all my edges frayed

Address your letters to:
Midlist author (midlist author)
You're never the best but you're never the worst
Why even bother (even bother)
You'll never be last but you'll never be first

Have another taste of fame
When they mispronounce your name
When they mispronounce your name

Strolled along the seaside
Among all the vulgar cheering crowds
And a boy cries for his dog
Stolen by a riptide (stolen by a riptide)
His mother explains he's surely drowned
As he weeps upon a log

And all my readers sing, oh
Midlist author (midlist author)
You're never the best but you're never the worst
Why even bother (even bother)
You'll never be last but you'll never be first

Maybe one more glass of wine
Will make everything seem fine
Maybe everything will seem fine

And nobody's taking chances
Oh, but those, all those dwindling advances
Get you down
They get you down...

Shuffling homeward
I checked the receiver on the phone
No messages returned
So I started up a new thing (started up a new thing)
Something about the sea, a boy, and his dog
And these were the first words:
"Dedication TK"

Oh, midlist author (midlist author)
You're never the best but you're never the worst
Why even bother (even bother)
You'll never be last but you'll never be first

Maybe novel twenty-two
Will make them all remember you