



just as good as I should be

"I mean the best bit is the falling in love, not the having fallen; remember all the fucked up exams and the not being able to do anything, the diary entries and letters to friends that just went him-him-him-him-him and the not being able to think about anything else and not being able to talk about anything else - and though you couldn't say the first night was the best, it was always going to be one night in the first few months - and it's just never going to be the seventeen-hundredth night that's best because that's just not the way things are. And by and large after you've screwed someone fifty times it's always going to be more interesting and more exciting, if not necessarily better, to screw someone else instead. And - oh - remember all the mood swings from depressed as fuck to up-up-up, and the forever feeling physically sick and barely eating and - just the EXCITEMENT of it, the un-sum-up-able knowing you were alive of feeling all those feelings when all too often what you find yourself feeling is nothing at all."

"London, and I stay with this guy I've known a while - we get on really well and write and stuff, and he's dead dead pretty.

He said I should stay anytime I was in town, so - it was after a gig, and we did toast and coffee, and then he showed me the living room and the sofa and said 'you're sleeping in here'.

Then I said 'oh - but can't I sleep with you?' and that's when everything fell apart of course. In the old days boys just wanted to get laid, but now their faces fall and they look confused and disappointed and they say 'Do you love me?' and I say 'No, but I'd kind of like to sleep with you', and they look sad and hurt and I say 'Look, I don't want to fuck you, I mean it's 1993 and fucking around isn't too bright - I just kind of thought it might be nice to - oh no big deal - I LIKE YOU - that's all.'"