

The Novelist's Revenge Song

Am

I am a novelist, the pen clenched in my fist

E

In this long November night

E

I've got a pot of tea, My cat is here with me

Am

I guess we have some time to write

Am

You may not remember me, I'm one you cannot see

E

And you're a figment of my mind

E

But I remember you, and I will relate to you

am

How both our fates are still entwined

F

am

At the time you were the hero of my tale

F

E F E

Knowing all too well if you won't cope, I'd fail (Oh, oh)

You had a charming air, the looks were also there

My beta reader thought you hot

And so I set up stage, filled you with lust and rage

And thought that you could drive my plot

As time wore on you proved a brick and a stubborn mule

Leaving my novel to look like the work of a fool (Oh, oh)

And then my plot was gone, I could not carry on

While you were roaming wild and free

I gave you one last chance: Abide my will and prance! -

And my poor muse gave up on me

That one day in spring, my dear muse left my side

But, before she did she took my hand as she madly cried: (Oh, oh)

Dm

»Fight him, write him

Am

Make him spend his life between your pages for ages

Dm

Drag him through your book and when he rots there, plot's there

E F E

Fifty thousand words and he is done!«

You left me in a shock. I suffered writers' block
Days filled with self-hate and with booze
Did not care for hygiene. I burnt my Moleskine
For I had nothing left to lose
But, never once during the time of this endless night
Did I ever, once turn my mind from this book I'd write (Oh, oh)

One night I overheard some writers exchanging words
About an upcoming event.
The goal: To write a book. I swallowed bait and hook
It sounded like a month well-spent.
The following day I did sign up for an account
And in the whistle of the wind I could hear a sound (Oh, oh)

»Fight him, write him
Make him spend his life between your pages for ages
Drag him through your book and when he rots there, plot's there
Fifty thousand words and he is done!«

C G C G
»There is one thing I must say to you: During a Nanowrimo write
Am Em F E
Always, your muses will watch over you, as you attempt to win this fight.«

And then, that fateful night I had you in my sight
I was prepared to write and win
My notepad at my hand, prepared for my last stand
When came this rumbling from within
The leaves did fall, the sky went black and the forum burst
And before us grew the angry jaws of November First ...

Don't know how I prevailed. I would have surely quailed
Somehow I managed to push through
But, oh, what providence, what divine intelligence
That I would end up here with you
It gives my heart great joy to see your eyes fill with fear
To lean in close and I will write down the last words you'll hear (Oh, oh)