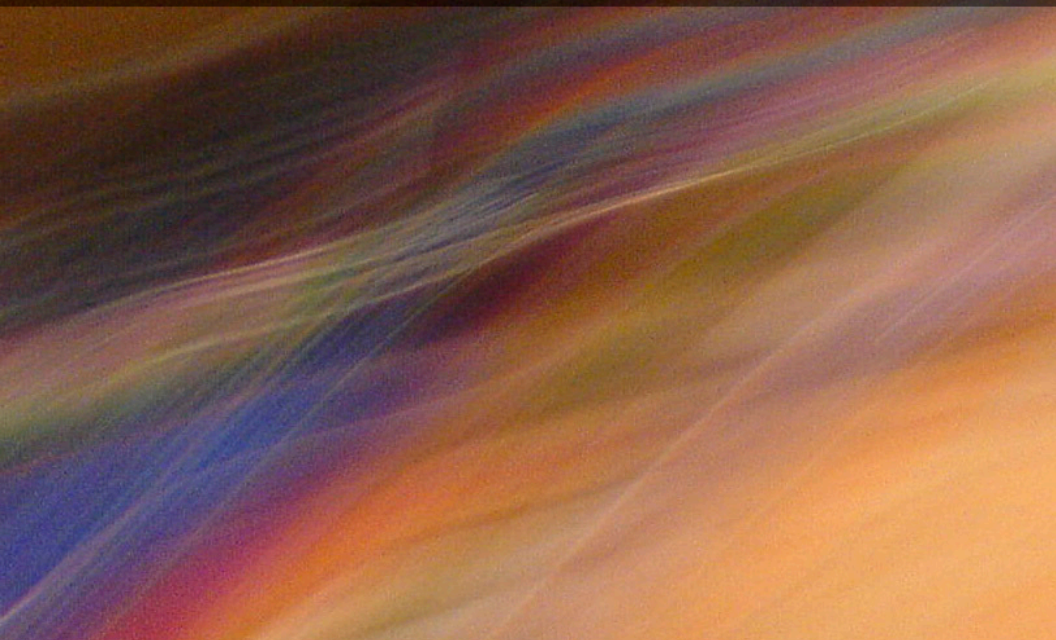


Steve Lawson



Rock & Roll Is Dead

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It's never too late to get out of a rut...

Steve Lawson

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This version was published on 2019-06-16



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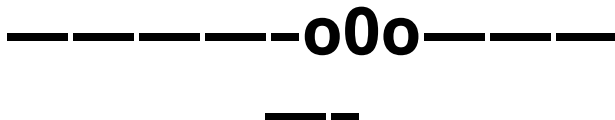
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*To pub musicians, everywhere. Especially those
longing for an escape route...*



“I’m fucking sick of pub gigs!”

Gem’s not happy.

“This is NOT what I signed up for. How come being ‘full time in music’ means making sixty quid a night playing seventies rock to drunks?”

Meg’s not listening.

“I mean, is this what you wanted? Is this what you thought we’d be doing when we started a band? We’re one step away from that loser in the jester’s outfit playing Lady In Red to farmers that we laughed at when we were at college.”

“I need to change my bass strings.”

Meg has other things on her mind.

“Great, so from your sixty quid on this gig, twenty’s going to go on a new set of strings. That’s forty quid. How much did you drink?”

“Two orange juices”.

“Well, that’s another imaginary four pounds we can pretend we earned. I had five bottles of Becks.”

“That’ll be why you forgot the bridge on Here Comes The Sun, then.”

“har fucking har”.

Things are not good. Drum Monkey is nowhere to be seen.

“Where is he?”

“Where is he ever? Packing up his drums. You think we’ve got it bad. At least we can use the house amps when they have them. How often have you seen a decent drum kit in a pub?”

But Gem’s mind is still on bigger concerns.

“This is shit. I’d be better off working in a record shop. I used to LOVE playing music. Any music. Now I hate the radio, I hate music on TV, and I’m really tired of playing covers gigs. We’re not even getting many weddings, so no posh food and drunk bridesmaids.”

“Like you ever got off with a drunk bridesmaid when we did do weddings. And record shops don’t really exist any more. Which decade are you currently hankering for?”

“None of that is the point.”

But it was A point.

“Anyway, we need to do something about this. We’ve got loads of half-written songs.”

“You can’t call my sound-check bass noodlings and your James Taylor-meets-Dave Navarro half-baked guitar ideas ‘songs’.”

“No, but the only reason they aren’t songs is cos we spend all our practice time working out how to do a cover of ‘Dancing Queen’ with three musicians and no keyboard player. We just don’t have time to do both.”

“Gem, music is our day job. This isn’t ‘living the dream’. It never was. It’s just better than McDonalds. Isn’t that enough?”

“NO IT FUCKING ISN’T”.