Theme From Becky

Kate Tempest

She was a smart kid
Smart girl, soft eyes
Took in a hard world and saw it
Fast forward
She's moving for money in bars full of tourists
She's moved up to massage
She's happy, she's in chargeTalking to clients
Adoring the silence
Of after the session
Her and the night air
How to be more than the sum of your parts?
She knows how they see her but they don't know halfI never wanted to be anybody other
Than the person that I am
And the things that I discovered
In the circles that I ran
Have been difficult and humbling
Some don't understand
But I'm happiest when strugglingShe's not reluctant to touch
It's the one thing
That must bring us closer together
It's such an important endeavour
To feel tender
She can't believe there are some
Who have never been held in their lives
Eight months in a boardroom
Three on the motorway
One in a small room
Watching the dawn loom large over grey bricks
It's not sordid, it's sacred
To open them up to the warmth
Of her nature; it's ancient
She don't wanna do it forever
But let's face it
Wages are fucked
And rent is outrageous
Some might say that she's being degraded
But she makes her own mind up
Knows her own morals
She don't care 'bout how most people see itOne man's certain is another man's squabble

Life's to be lived
Not agreed with
She's making her living
And she's making it safely
Better than slaving away in an office
Or killing herself to fill some boss's pockets
Working for peanuts and making them conkersI never wanted to be anybody other
Than the person that I am
And the things that I discovered
In the circles that I ran
Have been difficult and humbling
Some don't understand
But I'm happiest when strugglingWell all of us walk to our own beat
And each person's rhythm is unique
You can't hear somebody's tune
If you count in your time
You must count their time
To enjoy how their mind
Makes its musicShe fell in love with a suitor
His name was Pete and while she was at work
He got stoned and watched snooker
And when she got home he cooked food for them both
They were happy and close
But she could feel it pulling at the threads of their tapestry
Unravelling all that he knew to be trueHe's the type to say, 'This is reality'
He finds it very hard to alter his view
But, gradually
She has felt less and less certain
That his understanding would stretch
And now she's got to justify all her decisions
But he doesn't listen, just gets upset
But she, in her wisdom, is ready to try
She thinks of his feelings
She kisses his neck in the evenings
Tells him, for them she's a sweet thing
In-between meetings
But he has her depth and the whole of herBut when he's holding her hand
It feels less like her hand
And more like his hand
And when he's kissing her face
It feels less like her face
And more like his faceShe's become displaced
Is she herself?
Or is she the girl that he wants her to be?
She tells him, 'I don't want to hurt you

But your judgements are heavy
And they're hurting me'I never wanted to be anybody other
Than the person that I am
And the things that I discovered
In the circles that I ran
Have been difficult and humbling
Some don't understand
But I'm happiest when struggling

Songwriters
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