

Chicken

Kate Tempest

Harry's staring at his chicken
He's trying hard to listen without hating
 But everything David says
 Seems to make him like him less
 His little brother Pete is waiting
 For the appropriate place to say
 'Oh right, yeah'
And make an interested faceMiriam feels distant
 She knows her sons are trying hard
 But trying hard
 Just increases the friction
It's never been tense like thisHarry looks around at his mother's new kitchen
And can't help but think of his dadAlone in that house where they all used to live
 Putting his half pint of semi-skimmed
 Back into the fridge
 Dad
 With his silent ways
 And his smiling face
 No romance, just basic
 Straight forwards, no frills, no fuss
But at least he was a man you could trustNot like this guy, this David
 Face like a pill head at the end of a rave
 Staring at my mum like he wants to be saved
Harry feels weak today, he can't take itAnd he doesn't know it but he's glaring
 Thinking of Becky
 And why he insisted on sharing
 So much with a stranger
 He feels a faint sense of danger
 Ashamed that he'd made a
 Fool of himself, he's an idiot
 Sees it in his mind's eye, insidious
 Him, spilling out his guts like a suicidal shogun
 Looking for deliverance
 Dithering fool feeling silly and hopelessly broken
 Blithering on while she was smokingWhat was he thinking?
 Heart opening up like it was blinking
 Becky. He feels her name, it's heavy
 Don't forget meSnap back to the room
 He flinches at the image

Miriam is finishing her wine
And Pete is asking for the spinach'Er, how's work, Harry?'
 David's features are tipped towards him
 'Fine, thanks,' Harry looks up, 'exhausting.'
 'Yes,' David smiles, 'but hard work is always rewarding.'
Even David's enthusiasm is boring'How long have you worked there?' he asks
 And Harry thinks of all them years he's spent
 Scheming and shotting
 'Little while, now. To be honest, I've forgotten.'
 'Oh yes, well time does fly in the work place,'
David smiles, noddingAll he ever wanted to be was good enough
 All he ever wanted to say was the right thing
 But as long as you live for the way you're perceived
You will never create, only bite thingsAll he ever wanted to do was the done thing
 All he ever wanted to make was the grade
 But as long as you live for other people's opinions
 You'll never be more than afraid

Songwriters

CAREY, DANIEL DE MUSSENDEN / TEMPEST, KATEPublished by
 Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>