

# 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 face  
Miriam feels distant  
She knows her sons are trying hard  
But trying hard  
Just increases the friction  
It's never been tense like this  
Harry looks around at his mother's new kitchen  
And can't help but think of his dad  
Alone 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 trust  
Not 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 it  
And 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 smoking  
What was he thinking?  
Heart opening up like it was blinking  
Becky. He feels her name, it's heavy  
Don't forget me  
Snap 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, nodding All 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 things All 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

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