A Hammer

Kate Tempest

Dale was Pete's Mum's new boyfriend's son
He had a mouth that was too small for his toungue
Teeth like a ladder that was missing a rung
Chin looked like it was trying to run
He had a laugh like a car crash
Eyes like Pot holes in tarmac
Complexion the colour of chewed up bar snacks
Kinda guy spend his whole life getting laughed atWhen all you've got is a hammer, everything looks like nails
If you bow to the hand that damns ya, everything fails
The things you do, do you
The plans you hatch, hatch monsters
Unless you watch your moves
Your own fists will knock you unconsciousPete took him to the pub and the conversation dragged
So Pete got pissed, pretty soon he had more than his usual
Approaching legless
He found himself opening up
I got to get this off my chest, he said
With his head in his hands
I got this girlfriend but I can't stand the way things are going
Right, she's got this job but I don't like it
It pisses me off!
I don't even know what we're fightin' for but these days
Me and her, we are fightin' more than I'd like
And then out comes the white and Dale looks at him in the clinical light of the toilets
"Why what does she do?"
Pete looks at his shoes and says "She's a masseuse"When all you've got is a hammer, everything looks like nails
If you bow to the hand that damns ya, everything fails
The things you do, do you
The plans you hatch, hatch monsters
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Your own fists will knock you unconscious(Pete) "You could call her up, you could book a session
You could push her, see if she responds and then
You can tell me everything and we will both see that I was wrong
To have ever doubted that she would be anything but the mother of
Pure modesty cause I know she loves me, she just does this to pay the bills
And to exist in a way that will give her the means to live for for than a dull routine"
Dale nods
Bells ring in Pete's head
But he looks at Dale: those clumsy legs, that sunken chest, that spotty neck

This is the perfect man to do the testWhen all you've got is a hammer, everything looks like nails
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Unless you watch your moves
Your own fists will knock you unconscious

Songwriters
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