# Marshall Law

## Kate Tempest

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Everywhere is monsters.
Tits out, wet-mouthed, heads back.
Shouting and screaming just to prove they exist.Becky's at the bar with the usual mix
Of decadent fabrics and desolate lighting.
Everybody here has got a hyphenated second name. Blowing more breeze
Than the wind at the weather vane.Industry slimeballs, showbiz big-deals.
The cool new band with the retro feel,
It's the wrap party for their video.
Becky danced in it.
The director, Marshall Law,
Head to toe in yellow velour,
Is holding court about the science of image
While the sycophants giggle and grimace.
Becky fidgets, tells herself,
'Must stop being so cynical,
Everybody here is a human,
Even these pitiful posturing pop stars and idiots.'
She tells herself to look again -
Nothing is hideous.So while Marshall Law is wanking on about his artwork She smiles at the guy opposite,
Bright eyes, dark shirt.
He raises his eyebrows in the direction of Marshall.
'My name's Becky,' she says,
'What's yours?'She was like nothing that he'd seen before.
Strong body, soft edges, with something so raw
In the core of her iris.
He said his name, 'Harry'.
And never in his life had he felt so happy.
They got talking,
Free bar. Exhausting decorum
He drank until she was so absorbing
He blanked out the party.
The floor spun, he stared at her face and felt sure, Something was happening here.He was kinda nervous,

His eyes kept doing circuits of the room.
He drank as fast as they could serve him,
Then this dude comes over,
Sticks out a thick hand,
And Harry looks at her
Like he's just found himself in quicksand.
He gives this guy a wrap, they shake hands
Sweaty cash passed between palms,
No fuss. Bish bash, yes, bosh.
He looked at her guiltily,
She waved it off, smiling
'You a shotter then, right?
I don't care."Becky, all I ever wanted was a place of my own.'
His eyes, wide and trusting,
He's staring at her, desperate for something to click.
He is opening up. This is it.
'A real classy place, the whole bit,
Like a speakeasy, right?
Chandeliers and lights
That shine off of the glasses
No hype, and no arseholes.
Instead of rotting our guts out
In shitty old boozers
We can be grown men, listening to music,
Real music. Played with heart by real bands,
Not just posers looking like they're
Giving blowjobs to mic stands.
And I'll be in a waistcoat, dead grand.
Harry's Place.
Or, at least, that's the plan.'She was half listening,
Half not listening.
Kept getting distracted by the lights flickering.
He looks like an outline that needs filling in.
He leans in close, starts whispering:'The thing is, and it's weird,
I never felt so able,
To talk like this to anybody, ever,
Recently Becky, I've been really feeling the pressure.
I can't tell you how good it is
To get this off my chest.'Becky's holding tight to her glass.
Good coke, brain fast.
She watches his face as he talks.
Little bump on her fingertips
Expert. Quick snort.
Sucking on a cigarette, feeling vaguely bored.It's true if you believe it.
The world is the world

But it's all how you see it.
One man's flash of lightning ripping through the air
Is another's passing glare, hardly there.
It's true if you believe it.
The world is the world
But it's all how you see it.
One man's flash of lightning ripping through the air
Is another's passing glare, hardly there.'If I'm being honest, well it is,
It's like a trap,
I ain't trying to be flash
I just need to raise the cash for the dream.
I hardly touch it myself
Look, it ain't that
But once I set myself a task,
Well, there ain't no going back.
And I am halfway there,
I am, nearly, anyway,
The point is,
I kinda had to push all of my friends away.
I can't have nobody
Knowing what I'm up to
I keep it very secret but the thing is
I would love to,
Just for one day,
You know, live like any other guy.
I can't have a girlfriend, you see
'Cause I don't like to lie.
It's safer all round
That I just keep my head down.
And, yeah, the business is booming,
Yeah, the business is really booming.
But my family think I work in recruitment
So, I get up every morning
And I put a shirt and suit on
And I get on a train, I go up town.
It's all professional users.
I sell in the boardrooms and not the boozers
To, like, CEOs and these modern day Scrooges
Who get their secretaries to bring me coffee,
It's so stupid.
Meant to be hard times, right, a recession?
But these guys are buying more than ever, I reckon
And I...He's got nice eyes,
Shame about his issues, though.
The party pushes on, her cynicism's getting vicious, Show nothing,

Keep smiling.She catches the eye of her mates,
They're dancing by the bar
They're in a state.
Nod for 'save me'
They understand, dance over,
Put their arms around her shoulders -
'Becky, we're bored, let's go'.
His mouth slows to a stop,
He seems to lose his composure,
She smiles at him
'Yeah, was nice getting to know ya.'No, not like that, don't leave.
Please.
Don't make her go, we've just got started.Their teeth are bare, their feet are planted
Their smirking at him like he's dirt,
And now his heart is
Damp with the fury of
Finding and losing
This miracle girl.
He feels weak with confusion, like
What had he said?
How long had he talked?
He watches them walk to the doors
His blood roars.In the back of the cab, the girls sit there giggling
The driver lets them smoke out of the window
So they're shivering.
They pass a bottle of wine back and forth
Let it clash against their teeth.
The cab moves fast through the streets.
'Who was that guy you was with?'
Becky shakes her head softly,
'Him? I don't know, probably alright,
But I could tell he was one of them "save me" types,
And I couldn't be dealing with that.
Not tonight.'

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