Bad Place for a Good Time

Kate Tempest

Cold white sky like milk this morning
Sirens flash like Christmas lights
Behind every window someone's alive
My eyes are too sore though the days are too bright.The wall is too tall to sit on without swaying
The day is too new to be over for ages
All over this city people are hungry
For things that they don't know the names of.It's all just bricks and lights and bodies
Muscles twitching, heads snap back the glitches
All these pretty pictures, there must be more to life than pixels
Life has her hands on her pistol
She swears she'll not be ours again
Life will keep her lonely vigil
Slow to start but fast to end with.Sitting and itch our cuts and scratches
Crying in our mothers kitchens
Is this love or death or marriage
Is this life or is life differentDo something please
Scream that you hear me
Let this be more then a feeling I harbour
Let this be ours
Let there be more here then wages and page three and waiting for larger
And waiting for trains home
Waiting for trains in
Waiting for life to begin
And then waiting for life to be over
And babies and not saying nothing
Let alone 'save me' to strangers.Bad place for a good time
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Good place for a bad timeI can't take the stench any more
Nothing is real
Nothing is trying to even pretend that it is
The adverts are too loud
The whole fucking place is shrouded in mist
A mist we can't see
But it sticks in our throats
When we're out for a couple
We don't want no trouble
But trouble wants us
And we fall in the rubble

And we give it our blood
And go home for a cuddleAnd this is enough for you
This is enough
But this is not enough not at all
And this is enough
This is enough
This is not enough not at allBut here is a tree growing steadily, steadily
Not being nothing but all that it is
Not even grounded
Holding it's own in the concrete the rumbling of cars and the dogpiss
It doesn't want anything
It is what it is
And I feed it
I'm dwarfed by it's wisdom
I'm lit by its colours
I feel every fibre
And this is survival
Be what you are in the mess and the violence
Don't collect rivals
Seek out asylums
Find something sacred in all of this silenceI breath out more comfortable
Hold my waist in
Legs thick as roots as they carry me deeper down
Even when nothing is true and love hates you
There's always some small bit of peace to be found
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