

# 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 different  
Do 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  
Good place for a bad time  
Bad place for a good time

Good place for a bad time I 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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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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