The Heist

Kate Tempest

It's midnight in the metropolis
Winter is coming
Harry's in the hallway
Counting out his money
Leon's in the kitchen
Sharpening knives
The moonlight whispers
In the dark of the skiesLeon and Harry
Friends since before they could say the word 'friend'
Two sides of the same coin
Two-man industry, they play it very cool
Harry's got the plans, Leon's got the heavy tools
Sell at high price to discerning clientele
But tonight Harry's worried, though
'Cause Leon's high as hell
With an unfamiliar glimmer in his eye
Looks like it might be a difficult nightYou've got to take it as it comes
You've got to do what you've got to do
Until you get it done
You've got to know what you're in it for
And don't stop 'til you got what you're living forIt's horrible in Paradise
Harry's at the bar, sipping lager
Leon's in the corner with a Pina Colada
And two girls, Rachel and Renata
Keeping one eye on Harry
And the other on the dancefloorSounds of laughter
Harry stares ahead of him
The guy standing next him
Turns to him and he says to him:
'I'm a friend of Pico's, I heard you need the medicine'
Harry looks him up and down, like
I don't like the stench of him
Without saying anything, Harry's on his feet
Walking to the back room, trying to look discreetThe guy that he's following is flabby round the middle
Wearing a blue suit, pink tie, new boots
Slick hair to the side, little 'tache
And he walks with a limp
He talks with a sort of distorted lisp
Leon's on his feet, staying hidden

As they step into the back room, he slips in with themYou've got to take it as it comes
You've got to do what you've got to do
Until you get it done
You've got to know what you're in it for
And don't stop 'til you got what you're living for
You've got to take it as it comes
You've got to do what you've got to do
Until you get it done
You've got to know what you're in it for
And keep on, even when it all goes wrongThe guy says, 'Call me Joey
This here is my place
I'm the King to Pico's Ace
And I hope for your sake mate that you ain't no joker.'
Harry says nothing
Joey beckons to the sofaThey sit either side of a glass-topped tank
There's a baby shark inside, about a metre long
The room is dim lit and the walls are blank
Joey says, 'Now we both know that Pico's gone
Away for a little while
Before he left, he said you was a good guy
No funny business.'
Joey takes a package from the chest by the desk
And he puts it on the tank and
His eyes shine vicious and cold
Now he's pouring out a brandy
Saying, 'This is premium quality
Do you understand me?
Since Pico's departure, the prices have risen
It's double what it used to be
Ok?'Sitting there quietly
Harry opens up his suitcase
'I'll pay you what I paid him.'
Joey smiles like his tooth aches
All lop-sided and strange
He says, 'You'll pay me what I ask for
Or you walk away with nothing
You know full well
It's the best coke in the country
You either deal with me or your customers go hungry
What's the matter, Harry? You look a little jumpy
Cat got your tongue or something?'Leon's watching from the corner
Wondering if he's bluffing
Joey's waiting
Harry's saying, 'No
No negotiating.'

Joey says: 'It's more pure
Than what you've had before
This is straight off the boat
No joke
Where's the notes?'In a breath, Leon's out from his hiding place
Steel toes, hurricane hands, calm face
Joey drops suddenly
Like a kid with his first pill
Harry's at the stash
Getting the cash
Leon works 'til
Joey's just a pattern in the carpet
Harry shakes his head and puts the package in his jacket
'What?' says Leon
'Ain't worth doing nothing half-hearted.'
Harry buttons his coat and tries to settle his
PanicYou've got know what you're in it for
And keep on, right?
Even when it all goes wrong?

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