

# To the Victor the Spoils

Kate Tempest

In Giuseppe's  
The tablecloths shine with wear  
The chairs are threadbare  
But look happy to be sitting there  
Becky's cashing up  
It's the end of her shift  
Her Uncle Ron's at the counter  
Drinking a Gin Fizz  
It's his place, he gave her the work  
He's like a dad to her  
For better or worse  
For now, he stabs at a lemon rind with a toothpick  
'What's the matter, Ron,' Becky says  
'Are you sick?'  
He shakes his head, says 'Troubles I got...'  
And she waits for more  
Focusing on a spot  
On the top of his head  
She ain't noticed before  
But suddenly her Uncle Rags  
Comes strutting through the door  
Becky sees that this means business  
Some things she ain't supposed to know  
Ron smiles at her with thin lips  
'Right,' says Becky, 'time I go.' Blood is thicker than ignorance  
Blood is richer than oil  
But love is what's truly significant  
To the victor the spoils  
To the kids who can toil  
To the kids who can work  
Know that nothing's worth shit 'til it's difficult  
And nothing don't heal 'til it hurts They call him Rags  
Why?  
'Cause he leaves bodies in tatters  
Not the type of man to be flattered  
Eyes like patches on a blood stained mattress  
Taps on the window and it shatters For now he sits down heavily  
His voice is soft  
'Some junior, Joey, trying to play boss

Thought he could run a scam  
And now we lost about a key and a half  
Whatever, a small cost to find a snake in the grass  
And, yeah, Pico ain't happy  
But, you know, well, the game plays on  
We think the kid's called Harry  
But we might be wrong."So we're looking for him, yeah?"  
'Well, we were but it all got hot  
You know, Pico's inside  
Too much eyes, so we stopped  
Cut your losses  
But the bosses  
Would prefer some bodies  
I'm getting too old for that now  
I get my jollies  
Just sitting down fishing  
Yeah, It's good to have a hobby  
Keeps you on your toes  
When your knees are getting wobbly."So after all that,'  
Ron breathes out stale air  
'There's no fucking panic?!'  
Rags gets up. 'Take care mate  
I got a date with a lady in Mayfair  
Put your knives away  
And let them stay there.'Blood is thicker than ignorance  
Blood is richer than oil  
But love is what's truly significant  
To the victor the spoilsTo the kids who can toil  
To the kids who can work  
Know that nothing's worth shit 'til it's difficult  
And nothing don't heal 'til it hurtsIf I found this guy Harry  
Maybe Pico would be pleased?  
Call my debts off  
And I could get up off my knees?  
Ron looks around at the caf   that he loves  
Thinks how good it would be  
If he could wash off all the blood  
All that money from them grubby men  
He'd start again  
And spruce it up  
Call it 'Rebecca's'  
In nice clear lettersHe pushes his mop across the floor  
And then he shakes his head as he locks the doorBest be happy with the way things are  
It's not good to want for more

Songwriters

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