

First Time We Met Musik

Dan Le Sac vs Scroobius Pip

I woke early one day after a restless night
I watched the stars burst and fill the morning sky with light
In my hazy daze I noticed something on my bedroom floor
It was an envelope I don't think I had seen before
I opened it with caution and in it did reside
A map and a note that said "join me inside"
I had nothing to do that day outside of my head
So I decided to just follow and see where it led
It led me to a door, grabbed the handle and used it
Stood before me was the physical embodiment of music
I could barely believe my eyes, she was a sepia goddess
Every contour was perfection and her demeanour was modest
Even armed with all this beauty she was in no way belittling
I'd liken her body to the opening riff from Little Wing
Her eyes burned deep with the passion of a nameless chain gang
And lips smart with the vibe of Son of a Preacher Man
She told me she had evolved over time
We sauntered into her room room with just a bed and some wine
We talked for hours about the things she's seen and done but not boasting
We passed the Zinfandel, raised the glass and just toasting
We had a meeting of minds, she breathed life in this old brain
She was the milk in my Kahlúa, I was the Hartman to her Coltrane
Showed me scars she had acquired each time a genius would depart
Jimi Hendrix on her left hand, Johnny Cash on her heart
Different fingers, Mingus, Davis and her leg scarred for Elvis
Ray Charles on her eyelids, Jim Morrison on her pelvis
Then she asked about me and my musical stylings
All the things in life I found somewhat inspiring
I paused, the wine making me feel quite cocky
Feeling whatever I said she would take in, and not mock me
I said I'm a wordsmith and artist, I'm deep like the TARDIS
Every time I aim for something I'm gonna hit the target
She joked: "Gangster rap?"; I said "No, but drop the 'g',
You might start to get a better description of me."
"Angster rap?" she said. "If it sticks you'll regret that,
The most appalling moniker since the dawn of Dan le Sac."

She was a sepia goddess, yeah, her demeanour was modest
Her hair was wild like the darkest deepest of forests
Many before me had fallen at her feet and died
But then I made a connection and she let me inside
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I continue: "Some of these clothes are looking old just like my jaded character
Who thinks like I'm abroad but sometimes I act like an amateur
This hat's an old classic in the first stage of dilapidation
It's a fair evaluation that it's making this equation a little
Top-heavy, if you know what I mean
'Cause there's a fine line between a classic and a has-been."
As I finished that sentence I noticed the sadness in her eyes
This moved me, left my mind wondering why
As we lay there she buried her head in my chest
I wrapped my arms around her, stroked her with the sweetest caress

I wanted to find the right line that could make her sad head lift
Wanted a chance to breathe life back into music like redshift
Said she'd grown sick and tired of the same shit
I said if there was anything in the world I could do, she should name it
She said sit in public places and quietly observe
All of the speeches, mannerisms, every action and word
When something inspires me to concentrate on that thing
Get a pen and pad and then produce a vocal offering
She said "bring the lost art of conversation back
I'm sick to death of awkward silences and all that crap
It's time to talk to one another, share your thoughts and facts
Learn the more of it you give, the more you get right back"
I looked her in the eyes and said I'd do what I could
Then she held my head and kissed me but not like a lover would
But then, it also wasn't like a close friend or relative
Instead of exciting it was calming like a spiritual sedative
And then we lay there until I woke in an empty room
If I couldn't still smell her skin I'd be inclined to assume
That I'd dreamt the whole thing, but I knew that I hadn't
And I'd seen the perfect balance of beauty and talent
After a moment of reflection I rose to my feet
Opened the door with squinted eyes and stepped back into the street
I kind of staggered home and got out a pen as she'd said
I wrote down my inspiration and here's what it read:

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