

Give

Kae Tempest

Give me strength, give me reason
Five me face, give me feelings
Give me breathing space, give me ceilings stared at wondering when you're leaving
Give me softness, give me seasons changing
Give me freezing hands in pockets. Needing hands but your hands never hold back
Still, I don't hold back
Give me something, give me nothing
Give me stature, give me calling
Give me kisses falling down like pouring rain but it's all in vain
Give me one more morning
Give me something good that don't get boring
Y'know, like flesh for adoring, breath for the drawing, booze for the pouring or the pause before the applauding...

Give me sanction, give me closure
Give me back my life, give over
Give me a body that doesn't hurt and a mind that isn't about to desert me
Give me 30 fags and a dirty bag of dicks and a drink - I'm thirsty
Give me a minute and I'll make an excuse for doing them things that hurt me
Give me the crowd, now sit and observe me
Give me the mic and tell me they heard me
Give me a driver to swerve me about when the day is too short and my heart falls out of its fortress
Give me them trumpets, give me them torches burning, give me concern
Give me nauseous gurning faces and them lessons I can't learn

Look, I give it all when I'm giving
I give it all when I know that I am living
I give heart, I give love, I give blood and guts but I don't give up

Give what you get. I can live with regret. I'll give it all night; Don't stay too long though
Give me a smile, we can kiss for a while - I will fall in love with you after you've gone.

Give me a morning I wake up and don't feel sick and regretful, head full of shame
I reach for a pencil try and explain what can't be explained
Ah, just give me the same as what she's having
She looks happy, she looks carefree -
Oh no, wait a minute she looks scary, and she looks like she can't bear me.
Ah
Give me water then, give me sleep, give me food to eat that doesn't make me weak
Nah, fuck that just give me a box of wine, cause every face is yours but your face ain't mine
I need to get stern with myself. I got high hopes. I got wet eyes and a dry throat and a whole heap of rhymes that I wrote

Give me time- oh no, shit give me people to talk to
I'm going mad, weak willed, keep still, breathe very quietly
I need recovery, somebody cuddle me. Give me time on my own, no shit
Give me people to talk to cause I'm going mad and I'm weak willed. Keep still breathe very quietly
I need recovery. Look, I've been awake all night just writing

Sick of myself but still fighting the urge to get rid of myself, so exposed
that I've hidden myself
I can't feel myself, look I've been awake all night just writing
Sick of myself fighting the urge to get rid of myself, I can't stop giving m
yself a hard time
Can't stop giving. Can't stop taking
I get lost in a give-take
Sunrise, your eyes are a cliff face, I fall off every morning
I'm appalling, calm me down, give me kind words, put your arms around me, yo
ur heartbeat drowned mine out since you found me
Give me some space.

No, wait, come here. Crowd me!