

# 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 myself 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, your heartbeat drowned mine out since you found me  
Give me some space.

No, wait, come here. Crowd me!