

# Hyperdistillation

Kae Tempest

My city don't listen  
People come here to go missing  
People leave here but still miss it years later  
Its children wear its kisses across them forever  
When it screamed at me, I heard its music  
When it drew its sword, I knelt  
I spoke my first words in its mouth  
And I took my first beats from its belt  
Keep spinning  
Ugly as commerce  
Merciless profit, endless ambition  
Base rate survival  
Current so strong it feels tidal  
Transactional life of addiction  
Where do you fall in the grand shrinking  
Of fully formed person to slim definition?  
Sitting in the waiting room all I can see, is a room full of fallen leaves d  
reaming

A roomful of fallen leaves, dreaming of the tree  
A roomful of fallen leaves, dreaming of the tree  
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Little child, where did you go?  
I know you want to know, is this city your home?

I watch it flow, the old river  
Empty penthouses, but still the lone figure, slept out the whole winter  
And died before Spring  
Passers-by saw but felt sure they were not like him  
Life by numbers  
Looking for the punchline, only getting punches  
Crunches in the morning, lunches in the boardroom  
Numbness in the courtroom about to go under

What's yours, the money you hoard?  
The applause or the dreams that you couldn't afford?  
The photo in the frame?  
Five months in, just showing all the marks on the wall from when they were s  
till growing  
Is it in what's left, is it in what's gone?  
Trying to keep time but the time keeps on  
Sitting in the cafe trying to work out what we want  
A room full of drummers all looking for the one

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Little girl, where did you go?  
I know you want to know, is this city your home?

I got my own mouths to feed, is the cities decree  
Why should I care about you?  
You don't care about me?

Fiction, faction, reaction, shock tactics  
Must increase my presence, get active  
Must get some flowers for the grave, it's band practice at eight  
My turn to bring beers, I need to make a new claim  
I've gone into arrears  
Yeah, it feels like a lump but they're not taking new appointments till the  
backlog clears

Nine million terrified people  
Living nine million beautiful lives  
Let's make ourselves pretty and go out in the city  
'Cause the body decays but the spirit survives  
The main thing my city taught me  
Is every stranger's holding up more than you could ever know  
Pushing trolleys down the aisles, in pieces  
A roomful of great lines looking for a show

A roomful of great lines looking for a show  
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A room full of drummers all looking for the one  
A roomful of great lines looking for a show  
A roomful of great lines looking for, looking for

Little boy, where did you go?  
I know you want to know, is this city your home?