

Lonely Daze

Kae Tempest

Pete is a young man
Heart full of rain
Eyes full of evenings
Spent in a dream
Grew up in a city where you master your pain
Or you end up numb, not feeling

Becky is a young woman
Heart full of earth
Eyes full of mornings
Spent without sleeping
Grew up in a city where it's hard to be heard
And nothing really has much meaning

Pete had his heart broke once
He never fixed it
Sits there in his chest
With his arms crossed, screwing
Becky had her heart broke twice
She won't risk it again
She don't wanna see her heart get ruined

And now she's on her way
To wash up and take the orders
For spaghetti
At Giuseppe's
The café on the corner
She did the night shift too
A masseuse at the sauna
She's putting herself through uni
It's hard work

But will it be this way forever?
These are lonely days
What if she could be the one that makes it better?
He looks away, can't hold her gaze
But will it be this way forever?
These are stressful times
What if he could be the one that gets her?
She looks away, she's petrified

'Now, have you thought about retail?'
'Yes, fine with me'
'Oh and I can see here that you have a degree'
'Yes,' says Pete, 'in International Relations.'
'Great
Let's see if Primark has space for a placement.'

Becky clears up from the lunch rush Crushed
By the blank eyes
Impolite customers thrusting
Their damp fives
Into her palms, she thinks
'There ain't no harm in being civil though, Is there?'

He folds up his job form
Gets up from his chair

The next person sits down with a similar air
Of dejection
He walks out, heads in the direction
Of the café on the corner
For a coffee and some headroom

This guy comes in
The first customer to close the door behind him For that alone she likes him
He sits at the table by the window
Reading, half smiling
His hair's messy and his eyes are shining

Can't think what to say, he just stares blankly
Picks up his change, fiddles with his spoon
And as he leaves the café he's consumed
With thoughts of her
Wishing that he'd got up the guts
To try and talk to her

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It's Becky's mate's birthday
They're out for the night
Now, Becky's mate is the nightmare type
She'd flirt with anyone
Scream at the top of her voice
But it's her birthday so Becky
Don't really have a choice

He sees her in the queue
He doesn't know what to do
She's more beautiful than he remembers
Then she says
'Alright?'
And he tries to say something funny
But stutters
And now he feels like a muppet and blushes (No, No, No)

Inside it's the usual scene
They're dancing at the bar, waiting to get served
Becky's mate's screaming about something absurd
And they're all fake laughing
Even though nobody heard a word

So now he's hunting around the room
Staring into every booth
The back of every head could be hers
It's no use
He stops by the bar, thinking
'Man, I'll never find her'
And then he realises that he's standing beside her

He stands there awkward
His eyes are as loud as the bass
And she can recognise something in his face
She scribbles down her number

Lingering glance
And let's herself think
Maybe this could be her chance

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