

## Nice Idea

Kae Tempest

Life, nice idea  
Stop knocking, I'm not here  
Stocking up, I've not got enough  
Front windows frosted up  
Sat in the car with the news on  
Shaking my head  
At least I can trust the confusion  
Everyone's out for what they can get  
We ain't seen nothing yet

You know what I need?  
A week on a beach, or a freak on a leash  
Concerns of the day keep crowding around me  
When I'm trying to sleep  
I keep it discrete  
End of the week  
He's on a podium with his physique  
She's in the shadows nose full of beak  
Nice technique

Back to the matter at hand  
Fractured reality captured in quality  
High definition  
Roaring equality, boring to listen  
Anyway, it makes no difference  
It's all conjecture, I prefer projections  
Keep it all positive, back to the basement  
Back to the session  
Our lives are the rhythm section  
No-one's in time, don't listen  
Just keep on playing as if one day it'll all make sense

I wanna stay in bed with you all day  
I wanna stay in bed with you all day  
I wanna stay in bed with you all day  
I wanna stay in bed with you all day

I seen them go bad for money  
I seen them go bad for love  
I seen them go bad for status  
Nobody could get enough  
I blamed the city for it  
It weren't the city's fault  
Underneath the city is a vault  
Full of murder, straight up exploitation

Theft, and greed, and death, and racing hearts who ain't got nothing left  
They'll steal the breath straight out your chest  
If it would give them one more step to run  
This heavy stress, excess  
Keep building up, don't settle  
Less is more, but more is better  
Pleasure  
Heavy metal, heavy weather  
Fuck it, let's go back to bed forever  
Watch TV and blaze, till I can't speak to answer whether  
I'm OK or not

And if I ever get another minute  
I'll be sure to do something with it, or something

I wanna stay in bed with you all day  
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Just give me a minute to drink  
If this is it here, the brink  
The end of it all, then come let's sink  
Into it's arms, red sky, pink sunset shrinks the whole horizon  
I was born, and I will die, and there is nothing I can know  
There are no reasons why, there is no cause  
No calling, no direction home  
Overexposed and blown apart and overgrown  
We know it all and can't be shown

And my opinion's fine by me  
My truth's all I need  
Other people's lives are mysteries  
That I'm too tired to read  
All these people shouting loud  
So hard to care about  
All the people I don't hear are the people I hold dear  
Yeah, nice idea, keep knocking, no-one's here  
Yeah, nice idea, keep knocking