

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