

# No Prizes

Kae Tempest

No prizes

Take your shot for the love of the game  
I used to make plans, now I make decisions  
I'd always admired his nerve  
As sure as the crown on his shirt  
One hand in his waistband he tells me to serve  
Credit ratings, savings, loans  
Down-payments towards his investments  
What can I tell you? He says  
When you have kids it kind of shifts your perspectives  
If I could do it all again, no question  
I could list ten things right now that I should have done different  
But where does that get me? He blows out his smoke  
The game's not done yet, he zips up his coat  
We stand at the lights before crossing the road  
He says, as long as there's life, there's still so far to go

I just wanna keep climbing

And I don't know why I don't mind, don't mind  
I just wanna keep climbing, climbing  
And I don't know why I don't mind, don't mind

She's got her hat pulled down, full camo suit  
Sitting on the bass amp, strapping a zoot  
I'm telling you, it's mad  
I read one interview with this soldier in Iran  
It's a government cover-up  
She's looking for the lighter but the lighter's in her hand  
I'm just really trying to make a couple grand  
She plays with the chain round her neck, nods deeply  
Not even in this music thing, it's beneath me  
I start my own company, run my own business  
Print my own money, I serve my own interests  
I'm telling you, knowledge is key, all my life  
People took my ideas and made their names off of me  
But trust this  
The more I look, the more I see  
There's so much more I'm going to be

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They've seen nothing but dead ends  
And blockages and stopped clocks  
Misread prophecies, and misheard promises  
They've got to keep three jobs ticking, they can't get a minute  
But they won't be defeated, they've got to live  
What are your dreams when they become ghosts in your ears  
Telling you things you just don't want to hear?  
Like, you're too late, you missed your chance  
The last thing they want is to be bitter  
Like they knew a few to be when they were younger  
And they swore, never me, never that  
But the time that's behind them, they can't get it back  
I used to be joyful, they tell me

A real free-spirit, I thought music would protect me  
I used to sing in all these bars and I used to busk  
But never caught a break, my lucky day never showed up  
I never made it to the lights  
And now it's like my best days have gone by  
And I am scared that it's all too late  
Is it all too late?  
They walk fast and I can't keep pace  
They turn back, I watch the past cross their face and they say  
If there's still time on the clock, there's still choices to make

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