

# Perfect Coffee

Kae Tempest

Now just two doors down  
In the first floor flat  
And the old ramshackle house  
With the broken down porch and the novelty doorbell  
The lights are still on  
Zoe plays her music low, she's got a bottle on the go  
Everything's in boxes  
It's been a long night packing  
Clothes in black bin bags, Blu-Tack greasing the paintwork  
What the fuck is all this stuff?  
There's the road sign stolen from Quick Shag Street  
Shirts, and skirts, posters, CDs, comedy coasters, broken TV  
Birthday card that her sister made  
In the distant past when she turned 13  
Hair stuff, books, love letters she can't bin  
And outside, the night, and inside, the last hurrah  
Limited edition Air Max 1 tens  
Che Guevara bust, complete with his ornamental glass cigar  
Naff for years, the landlord never fixed the shower  
And the mold kept growing up the kitchen walls  
He'll do it up nice now, sure  
Repaint it, he's tripled the rent  
He's gonna get it, and all  
She's only got a few hours left to get the room all packed and clean  
Zoe goes to the window  
Looks to the street  
Lights up a smoke  
It's 04:18

The squats we used to party in  
Are flats we can't afford  
The dumps we did our dancing in  
Have all been restored  
Pints are up two quid  
The staff are beautiful and bored  
You think it's coming up 'round here?  
It's falling on its sword

It don't feel like home no more  
I don't speak the lingo  
Since when was this a winery?  
It used to be the bingo  
I've walked these streets for all my life  
They know me like no other  
But the streets have changed  
I no longer feel them shudder

Alright, alright, I get the gist  
Whose city is this? It doesn't want me no more  
I've had a glimpse into the future, it stinks  
London's a walled fort, it's all for the rich  
If you fall short, you fall, and you know where the door is  
Board up the broken, do it up, sell it back  
Make it bespoke, it's all out in the open  
It's fine, man, hike the price right up  
And smile with your friends in the posh new nightclubs  
My streets have been dug up, repaved

New routes for commuters, the landscape has changed  
I'm lookin' for the old tags, the graffs that once meant safe territory  
But it seems every hieroglyph gets whitewashed eventually

And so I'm moving on  
I've got it all to play for  
I'll be the invader in some other neighbourhood  
I'll be sipping perfect coffee  
Thinkin', "This is pretty good,"  
While the locals grit their teeth and hum  
"Another fucking one has come."

All I see is luxury tenements, woebegone residents  
Redolent resin-heads puffing on pleasure  
Everyone's reckoning something is beckoning  
There's never been anything, there's only forever  
Towering tower blocks, scaffolding rattling  
The tube is prattering ram full of passengers  
Smashing its way into town, we are scavengers  
Scrapping around in the sludge for our sustenance  
Have a dash party life, rubbing our shoulders  
Into the mould, yes, we do what we're told  
We're Sisyphus pushing his boulder  
The kids are alright, but the kids will get older