

# The Heist

Kae Tempest

It's midnight in the metropolis  
Winter is coming  
Harry's in the hallway  
Counting out his money  
Leon's in the kitchen  
Sharpening knives  
The moonlight whispers  
In the dark of the skies

Leon and Harry  
Friends since before they could say the word 'friend'  
Two sides of the same coin  
Two-man industry, they play it very cool  
Harry's got the plans, Leon's got the heavy tools  
Sell at high price to discerning clientele  
But tonight Harry's worried, though  
'Cause Leon's high as hell  
With an unfamiliar glimmer in his eye  
Looks like it might be a difficult night

You've got to take it as it comes  
You've got to do what you've got to do  
Until you get it done  
You've got to know what you're in it for  
And don't stop 'til you got what you're living for

It's horrible in Paradise  
Harry's at the bar, sipping lager  
Leon's in the corner with a Pina Colada  
And two girls, Rachel and Renata  
Keeping one eye on Harry  
And the other on the dancefloor

Sounds of laughter  
Harry stares ahead of him  
The guy standing next him  
Turns to him and he says to him:  
'I'm a friend of Pico's, I heard you need the medicine'  
Harry looks him up and down, like  
I don't like the stench of him  
Without saying anything, Harry's on his feet  
Walking to the back room, trying to look discreet

The guy that he's following is flabby round the middle  
Wearing a blue suit, pink tie, new boots  
Slick hair to the side, little 'tache  
And he walks with a limp  
He talks with a sort of distorted lisp  
Leon's on his feet, staying hidden  
As they step into the back room, he slips in with them

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And don't stop 'til you got what you're living for  
You've got to take it as it comes

You've got to do what you've got to do  
Until you get it done  
You've got to know what you're in it for  
And keep on, even when it all goes wrong

The guy says, 'Call me Joey  
This here is my place  
I'm the King to Pico's Ace  
And I hope for your sake mate that you ain't no joker.'  
Harry says nothing  
Joey beckons to the sofa

They sit either side of a glass-topped tank  
There's a baby shark inside, about a metre long  
The room is dim lit and the walls are blank  
Joey says, 'Now we both know that Pico's gone  
Away for a little while  
Before he left, he said you was a good guy  
No funny business.'  
Joey takes a package from the chest by the desk  
And he puts it on the tank and  
His eyes shine vicious and cold  
Now he's pouring out a brandy  
Saying, 'This is premium quality  
Do you understand me?  
Since Pico's departure, the prices have risen  
It's double what it used to be  
Ok?'

Sitting there quietly  
Harry opens up his suitcase  
'I'll pay you what I paid him.'  
Joey smiles like his tooth aches  
All lop-sided and strange  
He says, 'You'll pay me what I ask for  
Or you walk away with nothing  
You know full well  
It's the best coke in the country  
You either deal with me or your customers go hungry  
What's the matter, Harry? You look a little jumpy  
Cat got your tongue or something?'

Leon's watching from the corner  
Wondering if he's bluffing  
Joey's waiting  
Harry's saying, 'No  
No negotiating.'  
Joey says: 'It's more pure  
Than what you've had before  
This is straight off the boat  
No joke  
Where's the notes?'

In a breath, Leon's out from his hiding place  
Steel toes, hurricane hands, calm face  
Joey drops suddenly  
Like a kid with his first pill  
Harry's at the stash  
Getting the cash  
Leon works 'til  
Joey's just a pattern in the carpet  
Harry shakes his head and puts the package in his jacket  
'What?' says Leon

'Ain't worth doing nothing half-hearted.'  
Harry buttons his coat and tries to settle his  
Panic

You've got know what you're in it for  
And keep on, right?  
Even when it all goes wrong?