

## Theme From Becky

Kae Tempest

She was a smart kid  
Smart girl, soft eyes  
Took in a hard world and saw it  
Fast forward  
She's moving for money in bars full of tourists  
She's moved up to massage  
She's happy, she's in charge

Talking to clients  
Adoring the silence  
Of after the session  
Her and the night air  
How to be more than the sum of your parts?  
She knows how they see her but they don't know half

I never wanted to be anybody other  
Than the person that I am  
And the things that I discovered  
In the circles that I ran  
Have been difficult and humbling  
Some don't understand  
But I'm happiest when struggling

She's not reluctant to touch  
It's the one thing  
That must bring us closer together  
It's such an important endeavour  
To feel tender  
She can't believe there are some  
Who have never been held in their lives  
Eight months in a boardroom  
Three on the motorway  
One in a small room  
Watching the dawn loom large over grey bricks  
It's not sordid, it's sacred  
To open them up to the warmth  
Of her nature; it's ancient  
She don't wanna do it forever  
But let's face it  
Wages are fucked  
And rent is outrageous  
Some might say that she's being degraded  
But she makes her own mind up  
Knows her own morals  
She don't care 'bout how most people see it

One man's certain is another man's squabble  
Life's to be lived  
Not agreed with  
She's making her living  
And she's making it safely  
Better than slaving away in an office  
Or killing herself to fill some boss's pockets  
Working for peanuts and making them conkers

I never wanted to be anybody other  
Than the person that I am

And the things that I discovered  
In the circles that I ran  
Have been difficult and humbling  
Some don't understand  
But I'm happiest when struggling

Well all of us walk to our own beat  
And each person's rhythm is unique  
You can't hear somebody's tune  
If you count in your time  
You must count their time  
To enjoy how their mind  
Makes its music

She fell in love with a suitor  
His name was Pete and while she was at work  
He got stoned and watched snooker  
And when she got home he cooked food for them both  
They were happy and close  
But she could feel it pulling at the threads of their tapestry  
Unravelling all that he knew to be true

He's the type to say, 'This is reality'  
He finds it very hard to alter his view  
But, gradually  
She has felt less and less certain  
That his understanding would stretch  
And now she's got to justify all her decisions  
But he doesn't listen, just gets upset  
But she, in her wisdom, is ready to try  
She thinks of his feelings  
She kisses his neck in the evenings  
Tells him, for them she's a sweet thing  
In-between meetings  
But he has her depth and the whole of her

But when he's holding her hand  
It feels less like her hand  
And more like his hand  
And when he's kissing her face  
It feels less like her face  
And more like his face

She's become displaced  
Is she herself?  
Or is she the girl that he wants her to be?  
She tells him, 'I don't want to hurt you  
But your judgements are heavy  
And they're hurting me.'

I never wanted to be anybody other  
Than the person that I am  
And the things that I discovered  
In the circles that I ran  
Have been difficult and humbling  
Some don't understand  
But I'm happiest when struggling