

Hometown Edge

Kele

My story starts in Bethnal Green
I steal a cigarette from the homeless man
Like the city boys in Liverpool Street
With my 1990s energy
I say a few Hail Mary's, a few Glory Be's
But when that does not work
I use the magic in me
I use my hometown edge

I'm trying to find God
In my own little way
I'm trying to taste God
I need to consume him
But the world resists
It goes back to 2D
So I change the scene
And I hail a taxi

The taxi driver
Has a bad case of the "can't takes"
He needs to hold his tongue
'Cause I'm young, black and I'm handsome
Take me, take me
Take me to the West End
But do not pass go
Do not collect £200

On the Strand
I blow a kiss to my effigy
Over the river
Where Terry meets Julie
Racing down Whitehall
The whips have lost control
We're speeding now
Non-stop green lights

Wind down the windows
To feel the night air
Faster, driver, faster
I need to feel it in my hair
In my hair
In my hair
In my hair

I use my hometown edge
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I use my hometown