

# Polyfilla

Loyle Carner

Trying not to be the man I didn't want to be  
To be the person that you want to see  
The night falls, I'm the one you meet  
Stopping at the shops and buying something sweet  
Yo I was willing and we was able  
Put a living on the table  
The little image that I cradle  
To empathise with the villains in the fable  
That we relate to  
Because it shapes you  
I started doing everything that they do  
Visions of a father that would taint you  
Yeah, shatter like the glass that I was chained to  
Because I made you  
Anyone could make you  
But it's your father that could raise you  
Only a mother that could save you  
We never had enough  
Still we make do

Yeah, to break the chains and the cycle  
The days that are vital  
The place as an idol

Yeah, see the name's in the title  
The days, a disciple  
This pain, it was my fault

Yeah, 'cause wide awake  
From the chains in the thread  
All the pain that could  
Stays in your head

Yeah, I understand  
Yo, I'm whiling  
No man is an island  
But you know I've been trying

Yeah, but is it good enough?  
Yeah, shiver through my hoodie as I pull it up  
Cycle through the city  
Thinking stupid stuff  
Acting like I'm quiet  
But I could erupt  
And I did  
Flashing back when we was kids  
I see my father blow his lid  
Yeah, I used to say I hate the crib  
Hate the doors  
Hate the fridge  
Hate this fucking house I live  
'Cause there's holes in every wall  
And now there's holes in every wall  
When it was me  
And I've been taken for a fool  
I hold my son  
Yo, I've been trying to play it cool

But I'm the villain in the story  
The exception to the rule  
Did the pressure bussed a pipe, build a diamond?  
The anger puts a fella on an island  
Yeah, you hear the bang  
Feel the silence  
But you know I've been trying

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When I was younger yo  
I wanted to be famous  
Now that I'm older yo  
I wish that I was nameless  
The world's aimless  
No one gives a fuck  
Time's of the essence  
I was running out of luck  
Getting stuck for a couple bucks  
Tryna buss a nut  
Filling up my plate  
But wasn't filling up your cup  
Yo, I say it's fucked  
They even killed the Wolverine  
That was the only father figure that I'd seen  
I was lost  
Trying to find something to believe  
All them aches and the pain  
Yeah, from crying on my knees  
I was saying please  
All this air that I breathe  
Weren't a waste  
The glass chin  
Staying on my feet  
I close my eyes  
And I listen to you sleep  
Yeah  
Find some peace