

Footsteps

Verse 1 (Rap)

I'm walking in some old footsteps
Same streets, same crossings look left
See I only just figured I was blessed
Now your figure's never here with me live in the flesh

And what we were it continues to perplex
Long after discontinuing to text
I asked if we could meet you said yes please
But the next week lockdown hit us with its third squeeze

See the old me left small shoes to fill
Because back then man I was kinda ill
So now I'm kicking back working on these skills
Never popping pills, saving all my thrills for these fills

Early morning see a man with a guitar
I'm drawing blanks man while I'm trying to spar
Squaring my banks up off against this art
See success right now seems pretty fetched far like

Lunchtime lady looks to my right
I can tell by her sighs that she's tired of the grind
But I'm struggling to sympathise hoping she'll alight
So I can get back to these voicenotes of mine

And she just got the 29
Shit she didn't even wave goodbye
And she's heading off to Wood Green
Or maybe she sets down somewhere in between

Got these dreams, but currently unsigned with bus stops for studios
Rainy afternoon but you know I got the flow
I ain't go no place to go
Walking round London Town learning how to move slow

And I'm hoping that the rain will stop soon
Cos my socks see they're are soaked all the way through
And I was meant to be in Clapham by noon
And these blue lights are interrupting my view like

Break 1

Lookin back on some footsteps of a life I shared with you

Rap 2

A while back my dad said he didn't like rap because there's too many words
So I'll keep this brief keep it sweet like a blurb
These sounds have emerged from a soul submerged
18 to 21 shit that was all a blur

But we've all got scars, this is nothing special
Funny cos nothing much really rhymes with special
Or maybe something does and I've missed it
And if you can hear it let me know so I can fix

Because those years left me alone in the chasm, mmm,
Chilled me to the bone, froze to a spasm
With no safety net to make this make sense
And my pretense left me rootless stranded in the present tense

That's it my friends
The offenses of my pretenses built fences
Round my past, stranded in my present tense

But These Days I don't swear as much
Then again I don't care as much
Not that I don't care as such
Just that I been working out how to get that lighter touch

Lighter stuff not shallow but not too deep
Somewhere in between where it's kinda sweet
Because you know that laughter leads the way to my heart
Can't talk about soul-ache in all of these bars

And I've midwived this sound through birthing times
On that single parent grind through childhood's vibe
But I need some brothers to help me survive
Because right now, all my fucking thoughts are dry

Need someone else to play these keys
And I'm fed up of beatboxing while I speak
And a little recognition would be neat
And T you know I owe u G, for listening to me, peace.

Outro

But by now I've been walking all day
And my legs they're really starting to ache
Clapham's in sight but I'm feeling faint
Reckon it's time I get that train

I got a lot of shit to say
But imma save it for the next track, save it for the next take
And imma run and get that train
And let this one, just, fade...