

Proud

Dan Bull

So it's nearly time for me to go
but I want to thank you for being here
It's been a pleasure
I mean that truly
and now I'm going to do a convoluted tune
A composition that I'm particularly proud of

Never been a fellow to be down with the Gs
hardly ever collect felonies out on the street
My criminal record took minimal effort
to scribble and get all it down on a sheet
Me, I can do without the police
See, I'm a dude renowned to be tedious
No pissing about, I'm serious
I really just sit around on a seat
Read a book, put it down, have a wee
'til I feel I've had enough then I slouch in my PJs
These days when I'm counting my sheep
it takes me ages drowsing to sleep
Feel I'm thousands of feet out of my league
like a floundering dinghy down in the deep
People shouting at me I'm not allowed on a beat
but there's four times more that'll tell me I'm sweet
I found my release when I bought me a mic
and recorded a tight lyric down on a beat
with the sound so loud that the speakers
melt with the heat cos I'm Dan to the B

One, two, I'm counting to three
then I want you, to bounce to the beat
From the North to the West to the South to the East
we can all get well rowdy

I oughtn't lie, I mean demographically
there's a hypothesis I support:
that I am the more privileged in all of society
quite unlike the baller I try and be
I was born in a nice region
and brought up politely
so I was taught to mind my Ps and Qs
and make way for OAPs in queues
I'm a decent dude, peaceful too
but on a beat I speak with lethal truth
This sequel to my debut album's
a way to tell them the good news:
That I'm a middle class kid from the Midlands
less "safe" more like "how you diddling?"
I'm like a Polo without the middle in
more whole than the hole to fill it in
though I'm a bitter kid, just a little bit
bringing mint lyrics but no-one's listening
but I'm in the zone and I'm coveting the throne
so I'm not gonna give it in, gloves coming off and I'm boxing until I win
Watch when I'm in the ring
roundhouse my doubts, bopping them in the chin
Plot thickening along with the smoke
but I'm not gonna choke - I've got ventolin

Like when I kicked my bong and it broke
it allowed me the freedom to breathe the air again
and now that I'm clean and the songs that I wrote then
are out and they're seen I am proud to be me
You could tell when I'd been chilling out with some weed
I couldn't leave the house, you could smell the Febreze
Now when I'm out on an evening in town I'm a demon
downing indecent amounts of Ribena
'til I'm down on my knees and in pieces
weeping shouting "help me, please"
but when I'm having doubts about my belief
I just tell myself that I'm proud to be me

One, two, I'm counting to three
then I want you, to bounce to the beat
From the North to the West to the South to the East
we can all get well rowdy.