

# First Time We Met Musik

Dan Le Sac vs Scroobius Pip

I woke early one day after a restless night  
I watched the stars burst and fill the morning sky with light  
In my hazy daze I noticed something on my bedroom floor  
It was an envelope I don't think I had seen before  
I opened it with caution and in it did reside  
A map and a note that said "join me inside"  
I had nothing to do that day outside of my head  
So I decided to just follow and see where it led  
It led me to a door, grabbed the handle and used it  
Stood before me was the physical embodiment of music  
I could barely believe my eyes, she was a sepia goddess  
Every contour was perfection and her demeanour was modest  
Even armed with all this beauty she was in no way belittling  
I'd liken her body to the opening riff from Little Wing  
Her eyes burned deep with the passion of a nameless chain gang  
And lips smart with the vibe of Son of a Preacher Man  
She told me she had evolved over time  
We sauntered into her room room with just a bed and some wine  
We talked for hours about the things she's seen and done but not boasting  
We passed the Zinfandel, raised the glass and just toasting  
We had a meeting of minds, she breathed life in this old brain  
She was the milk in my Kahlúa, I was the Hartman to her Coltrane  
Showed me scars she had acquired each time a genius would depart  
Jimi Hendrix on her left hand, Johnny Cash on her heart  
Different fingers, Mingus, Davis and her leg scarred for Elvis  
Ray Charles on her eyelids, Jim Morrison on her pelvis  
Then she asked about me and my musical stylings  
All the things in life I found somewhat inspiring  
I paused, the wine making me feel quite cocky  
Feeling whatever I said she would take in, and not mock me  
I said I'm a wordsmith and artist, I'm deep like the TARDIS  
Every time I aim for something I'm gonna hit the target  
She joked: "Gangster rap?"; I said "No, but drop the 'g',  
You might start to get a better description of me."  
"Angster rap?" she said. "If it sticks you'll regret that,  
The most appalling moniker since the dawn of Dan le Sac."

She was a sepia goddess, yeah, her demeanour was modest  
Her hair was wild like the darkest deepest of forests  
Many before me had fallen at her feet and died  
But then I made a connection and she let me inside  
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Hair was wild like the darkest deepest of forests  
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I continue: "Some of these clothes are looking old just like my jaded character  
Who thinks like I'm abroad but sometimes I act like an amateur  
This hat's an old classic in the first stage of dilapidation  
It's a fair evaluation that it's making this equation a little  
Top-heavy, if you know what I mean  
'Cause there's a fine line between a classic and a has-been."  
As I finished that sentence I noticed the sadness in her eyes  
This moved me, left my mind wondering why  
As we lay there she buried her head in my chest  
I wrapped my arms around her, stroked her with the sweetest caress

I wanted to find the right line that could make her sad head lift  
Wanted a chance to breathe life back into music like redshift  
Said she'd grown sick and tired of the same shit  
I said if there was anything in the world I could do, she should name it  
She said sit in public places and quietly observe  
All of the speeches, mannerisms, every action and word  
When something inspires me to concentrate on that thing  
Get a pen and pad and then produce a vocal offering  
She said "bring the lost art of conversation back  
I'm sick to death of awkward silences and all that crap  
It's time to talk to one another, share your thoughts and facts  
Learn the more of it you give, the more you get right back"  
I looked her in the eyes and said I'd do what I could  
Then she held my head and kissed me but not like a lover would  
But then, it also wasn't like a close friend or relative  
Instead of exciting it was calming like a spiritual sedative  
And then we lay there until I woke in an empty room  
If I couldn't still smell her skin I'd be inclined to assume  
That I'd dreamt the whole thing, but I knew that I hadn't  
And I'd seen the perfect balance of beauty and talent  
After a moment of reflection I rose to my feet  
Opened the door with squinted eyes and stepped back into the street  
I kind of staggered home and got out a pen as she'd said  
I wrote down my inspiration and here's what it read:

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Hair was wild like the darkest deepest of forests  
Many before me had fallen at her feet and died  
But that night I made a connection and she let me inside  
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