

Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip "First Time We Met Musik"

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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 notice something on my bedroom
floor
It was an envelope I don't think I had seen before
I opened 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 I 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 her demeanour was
modest
Even armed with all this beauty she was in no way
belittlin'
I'd liken her body to the open riff from Little Wing
Her eyes burned deep with the passion of a nameless
chain gang
Lips smart with the vibe of Son of a Preacher Man
She told me she had evolved over time
We sat in an empty room with just a bed and some wine
We talked for hours about the things she's seen and
done but not boastin
We passed the zinfandel raised the glass and just
toasting
We had a meeting of minds
She breathed a life in this old brain
She was the milk in my kahlua
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
Said I'm a wordsmith and artist
I'm deep like the (tardist)
Every time I aim for something I'm gonna hit the target
She said '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
(Chorus)
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 that night we made a connection and she let me
inside
X2
I continue:
Some of these clothes are looking old just like my
jaded character
Who thinks I can (over her) but sometimes I act like an
amateur
This hats 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
Cuz there's a fine line between a classic and a has
been
As I finish sentence I notice the sadness in her eyes
It's moved me, left my mind wondering why
As we laid 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 to make her sad head lift
Wanted a chance to breathe life back into music like
(red shift)
Said she'd grown sick
And tired of the same shit
I said if there's anything in the world I can 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 laid 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:
(Chorus)x2

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