

Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip "Waiting For The Beat To Kick In..."

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Silently I step up with a subversive subtext,
Trying to feed the need for more than just remedial
subjects,
Place my faith in the belief that the general public,
Will open up their minds to more than just an industry
puppet,

I ain't a preacher preachin' doom and gloom,
Well not just yet,
But if there's something I feel strongly about,
Then I'll discuss it,
And if I only make one album before I kick the bucket?
I'll hold that album to my heart in my grave and say
"FUCK IT"...

Waiting for the beat to kick in,
But it never does,
Waiting for my feet to grow wings,
That lift me above,
All of these tiresome things,
That we know and love,
Waiting for the beat to kick in,
But it never does,
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Waiting for the beat to kick in,
But it never does.

A lot of my poems and writings seem to start with me
waking up,
Or being in a dream, or dream like state.
Now, this implies a certain level of abstraction in my
work...
You might say I'm keeping it surreal but... I'd rather you
didn't.
Fact is. I sleep a lot. It's as simple as that.
I like sleepin' man. It's a nice place to be.

... Right

I was walking along through unfamiliar streets,
And it felt strange 'cause there didn't seem to be
anyone else around.
I don't know where I was but it had a feeling of New
York,
But not New York in real life the New York you see in old
films,
I can't really explain why it just had that vibe,
Every step I took felt somehow more dramatic.

So I kept walking and down an alley behind a bar
Sitting on some metal steps I saw a man,
From the look and smell of him it was clear that he
enjoyed a drink,
But he wasn't in such a state
I felt him to be any kind of irrational threat so I
approached him,
With due care...

"Ah Mr Pip" he said out loud,
"We've been awaiting you, my name is Elwood P.
Dowd",
Now just what he meant by 'we' I didn't really get,
But all the same I took a seat next to him on the step,
He said "You'll meet a few people before this day is
through,
Who will administer advice and guidelines to you,
Now what each of them says I'll tell you now is true,
But whether or not you take this advice is for you to
choose",
At that point he acted as if someone had whispered in
his ear,
Which, since noone else was there, was pretty damn
weird,
Awkwardly I looked away and kinda played with my
beard,
And he cleared his throat for a second and said "Listen
here,
In this life you can be oh so smart or oh so pleasant,
For years I was smart, I reccommend pleasant,
Being smart can make you rich and bring respect and
reverence,
But the rewards of being pleasant are far more
incandescent",

With this information I was encouraged to walk on,
I continued alone through these empty streets,
Thinking over what Elwood had said but at the same
time thinking

About how fucking strange the day had been so far,
I was in my own little world when a hand was placed on
my chest,
And a guy said "Look out, there's some broken glass
on the floor there",

I looked up,
He said "Hi, pleased to meet you, my name is Lloyd
Dobler,
I'll get straight to the point, won't take too much time
from ya,
I'm probably the youngest person you'll get advice
from today,
And you may think that a guy my age wouldn't have
anything to say,
But it's said that observation, not old age, brings
wisdom,
And I observe every single life lesson I'm given,
I won't attempt tell you how to love or be loved,
Because you get a different genie each time that
lantern is rubbed,
But I will offer you advice on dealing with life,
It's ups and it's downs,
It's troubles and it's strifes,
Now I'm sure you've had times when you've felt down
or angry,
Wanted to lash out, punch a wall and be manly,
But the question I pose now will offer you a plan B,
And maybe some peace and quiet for your friends and
family,
How hard is it to decide to be in a good mood,
And then just be... in... a good mood?
That's all I have to say because it's a straight up fact,
You control your emotions it's as simple as that",
He walked off then, leaving me to contemplate this
brief encounter,
I'd barely had time to realise
I was being taught something before he was gone,
And I was back on my way.

On I walked and almost immediately I spotted the next
guide,
And he couldn't be clearer.
This guy was standing on the street corner and pacing
back and forth,
Skinny lookin' guy leather jacket tight jeans, retro look,
I'd rarely seen someone look quite so uncomfortable in
their own skin,
Twitchin', smoothing his hair back,
Kicking the floor and looking up and down the street,
He clearly didn't enjoy waiting around so I approached

him quickly,
To put him out of his misery,
And to let him start his... spiel.

"Hi my name is Billy Brown,
I ain't gonna give you some quote,
Instead I'm gonna use some stuff that YOU wrote:
'Always had the feeling I could never be the villain,
Cause the villain in the films is always backlit,
Always had the feeling I could never be the villain,
Cause the villain in the films is always backlit,
Now I find it pleasing to defend myself with reason,
But this clock is always sitting on my back,
Tick, tick tick,
Then, no explosion but participants erosion,
Like a picture over overly exposed and,
Like a fox that's been run over in the road and...'
Basically what I'm trying to say to you is,
You don't achieve anything by letting the past rule
within you,
Getting all pent up and angry about stuff just eats away
inside you,
What's that other line of yours...
'If you can't forgive and forget,
How's this,
Forget forgivin' and just accept that that's it',
See that's how it's gotta be.
Then you can fall in love, get on with your life and be
free",
Almost before he could finished this sentence he was
off down the street,
Hands in his pockets, hurrying away...

Now quite accepting of the totally surreal time
I was having I rounded a corner,
And continued onto my next encounter,
Resigned to the fact this was some dream or
hallucination,
I made my way through the now dark street,
To the one window that had a light on,
I walked through the unlocked door which incidentally
had blinds down,
And a sillhouetted figure like a film noir scene,
But sadly no sign saying Private Eye.
As I entered a voice promptly said...

"This journey's almost over, I'm the only one left,
Allow me to introduce myself; my name is Walter Neff,
The other guys have taught you things of great positive
worth,
But I'm afraid I'm here to bring you back down to Earth,

See you can live your life in control and be nice,
But even that will not promise you a happy life,
You may think yourself in general to be a nice guy,
But I'm telling you now - that right there is a lie,
Even the nicest of guys has some nasty within 'em,
You don't have to be backlit to be the villain,
Whether it be greed lust or just plain vindictiveness,
There's a level of malevolence inside all of us,
You can paint yourself an image and live in your own
little dream,
But this ain't a dream, it's one big silver screen,
So when you think you've got your happy ending don't
ever forget it,
It ain't over til you hear the sound of your end credits,
You'll be waiting for the beat to kick in,
But it never does,
Waiting for you feet to grow wings,
That lift you above,
All of these tiresome things,
That you know and love,
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