

Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip, Beat That My Heart

Well the beat that my heart skipped sounded like this:

Bom bom bom bad-i-ba bad-i-bad-i-ba bom ba-o-a-o
Bom bom bom bad-i-ba bad-i-bad-i-ba bom ba-bom-bom-bom

Every now and then I cower and I need to find empowerment
Empowerment is paramount to how I can begin to mount
A plan that I can implement
To make a dent on ignorance
Instead of drunk belligerence
And the dissidence of miscreants

Especially in this instance
Never ending persistence
To use the words in each sentence
As if they were blunt instruments
To beat a hole in their defence
Of this beauty and her innocence
Which serves to build resistance
In spite of all my good intents.

The beat that my heart skipped
This is the beat that my heart skipped
This is the beat that my heart skipped

This is the beat that my heart skipped when we first met
Now that I've heard it, it leaves me with a kind of regret
No disrespect
But we just left a lot of people upset
What we had wasn't really what we'd come to expect

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Well "good god damn" and other such phrases
I haven't heard a beat like this in ages
To miss such a beat would have been outrageous
When your heart skips a beat it's ruthless and aimless

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She caught my attention in her fishnets
And then she reeled me in expecting nothing more than kissed necks and quick sex
But that weren't the case with this platinum princess
She'd attracted my interest
So I wanted to impress
Upon her all the positive things
That come from having more than just a one night fling
But that's something easier in theory than in practice
Since pick up lines are tactics
To get prey to the mattress

And this actress
Is practiced
In shunning such theatrics
When put upon daily by tactless geriatrics
So my genuine advances are met with real scepticism
Throwing compliments but she just straight elects to miss them
Her lips were put on this earth for dispersing wisdom
God forbid I suggest she lets me kiss them

But I really want to know what she thinks of me
Because I'm loving every idiosyncrasy

But I ain't one to jump through hoops to make the first impression
Been there, done that, learnt the worst of lessons
We want to be loved for who we appear to be instead of who we are
Our real selves take a back seat behind the pomp and the faade
That's as true of the rude boys, downing pints and acting hard
As of the kids shunning convention with clinical disregard

This is the beat that my heart skipped

I know-what?

Bom bom bom bad-i-ba bad-i-bad-i-ba bom ba-o-a-o
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[Background: Bom bom bom bad-i-ba bad-i-bad-i-ba bom ba-o-a-o]

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