

Bloc Party "Song For Clay"

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I am trying to be heroic
In an age of modernity
I am trying to be heroic
As all around me history sinks

So I enjoy and I devour
Flesh and wine and luxury
But in my heart, I am lukewarm
Nothing ever really touches me

At the Les Trois Garçons
We meet at precisely 9 o'clock
I order the foie gras
And I eat it with complete disdain

Bubbles rise in champagne flutes
But when we kiss, I feel nothing
Feasting on sleeping pills
And Marlboro Reds
Self-pity won't save you

Oh, how our, how our parents
They suffered for nothing
Live the dream, live the dream, live the dream
Like the '80s never happened

People are afraid, are afraid
To merge on the freeway
Disappear here

We stroll past the queue
Into the magazine launch party
I'm handed a pill
And I swallow it with complete disdain

Kick drum pounds, off-beat high hats
Remember to look bored
We suck each other's faces
And make sure we are noticed
Cocaine won't save you

Because East London is a vampire

It sucks the joy right out of me
How we long for corruption
In these golden years

Oh, how our, how our parents
They suffered for nothing
Live the dream, live the dream, live the dream
Like the '80s never happened

People are afraid, are afraid
To merge on the freeway
Disappear here, disappear here, disappear here
Disappear here, disappear here

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