

## **Bloc Party**

### **"Your Visits Are Getting"**

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I can see it in your eyes now,  
you have come to resent me  
Condescension in the silence  
Your fingers are tired girl,  
how they falter against my thigh  
Your kisses are pining for the lips of someone else

Your visits getting shorter  
Your heart is getting further from me  
Your touch is getting colder  
Always somewhere you need to be

Boys on your left side, boys on your right  
Boys in your maths class who'll do anything you ask  
You're pulling the trigger and the gun is in my mouth  
A subtle annoyance laced with disgust  
When you get older and those boys grow tired of you  
You can come find me, I can never hate you

Boys on your left side, boys on your right  
Boys by your locker who'll do anything you ask

Lets spend the whole day in bed then  
Cause if we don't you'll want to, want to leave  
I try to hold something I can  
I try to hold something I can never keep

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