

Bloc Party, Flux

If your right hand is causing you pain
Cut it off, cut it off
If your colours have started to run
Let them all run, run away from you

There is lightning in this room
Above our heads, waiting to strike
I'm a thinker not a talker
Put your faith, your faith in God

We were hoping for some romance
All we found was more despair
We must talk about our problems
We are in a state of flux

I'd kill for an adventure
Just you and I, in the Curzon Bar
Dancing till we knew
So all that we've learnt disappears

When you shouted at me
I saw my father in the second grade
Concerned and kind
Yet unable to reach me

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(State of flux)

We need to talk
We need to talk
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