

Bloc Party, Song For Clay (Disappear Here)

I am trying to be heroic,
In an age of modernity.
I am trying to be heroic,
because all around me history sings.

So I enjoyed and I devoured
flesh and wine and luxury.
But in my heart,
I am lukewarm;
nothing ever really touches me.

At 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.
(so busy won't save you)

Oh 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

Stroll the pier
into the magazine launch party.
I am handed a pill,
and I swallow with complete disdain.
Kick-drum bangs off the high-hat;
Remember to look bored.
We suck each others' 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 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 [x4]