

# 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.  
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