

# Bloc Party, Staying Fat

I rely on (bitter cold)  
I depend on (arctic snow)  
A pair of trainers (I've got mine)  
Could make a God of the two of us (I want yours)

I exist on (apropos)  
I insist on (arctic snow)  
A change of clothing (will fill the void)  
Could lift us into fidelity (will suck you in)

The sound keeps you hemmed to the past  
The walls are coming in again  
The streets grid alone from the door  
You gotta spin the fucking dread or...

I rely on (bitter cold)  
I depend on (arctic snow)  
The manmade fibres (I've got mine)  
That are the stuff of my birthright (I want yours)

I decide on (apropos)  
I retreat from (arctic snow)  
The dregs of discourse (will fill the void)  
For a new world order (will suck you in)

The sound keeps you hemmed to the past  
The walls are coming in again  
The streets grid alone from the door  
You gotta spin the fucking dread or...  
In a pile of days between no oceans  
All the kids are rioting  
There's no art in a broken head  
All the kids are staying fat

And I'm air-kissing, back-slapping  
Check the body for valuables  
It's called progress  
Come on pilgrim sing to the pyres  
It's called progress  
If they want to kill themselves  
Then buy them the gowns  
It's called progress

Progress