

Bloc Party, Sunday

Heavy night it was a heavy night
Feels like we come back from the dead
Heavy night it was a heavy night
I cannot remember what I said to anyone

If we get up now we can catch the afternoon
Watch the under 15s playing football in the park
Let's sit in St. Leonards in this alcoholic day we're doing the best with what we've got

I love you in the morning ,
When you're still hung-over
I love you in the morning,
When you're still strung out,
I love you in the morning,

I would cry all week and so do you
We discern to let us sleep
Let all the draughts creep in to reach for this life
There might be white to smatter you in
That have the right answers
That we British forget
About those north eastern gaps

I love you in the morning ,
When you're still hung-over
I love you in the morning,
When you're still strung out,
I love you in the morning,

With you I am cut from a pearl in your oyster
Head on my chest a silent smile, a private kind of happiness
You see giant proclamations are all very well
But our love is louder than words