

# Bloc Party, Always New Depths

All the clouds are black  
Mother is cried out  
Someone else broke my fall  
I don't remember  
Internationally bastardised  
Internationally tongue-tied  
The truth is I'm not sorry  
It's bigger than the both of us  
A pillar of salt, a box of want  
You were pulled out of the embers  
It was never my intention  
All the clouds are black  
Mother is cried out

Summertime has come and gone  
All used up with wishful thinking  
Get sussed out, get cynical  
In this world there are no second chances  
Crawling round on all fours  
Curl yourself into a circle  
I will tear myself apart  
If you promise to paint me  
As a work of art

You don't need to preach to me  
I'm a believer baby  
You don't need to preach to me  
I'm a believer  
If you want lies I can tell them  
If you want lies I got 'em  
All the pennies in the Thames  
Will not make it how it was

Always new depths