

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