Bloc Party, Better Than Heaven

What's with all this doom and gloom?
You used to be such, such a laugh
It's only sin, original sin
Corinthians (15:22)
Never been a big fan of things
But I'm growing so fond of you

You get sadder the smarter you get
And it's a bore
You get sadder the smarter you get
And it's a bore

Truth is truth
I ain't no bohemian
Much too, much too safe
Much too, much too typical
Much too, much too typical
Much too, much too
You can use your hands for something else
I'll take you further than the scholars can
Put down your books and molest me
Heaven is here, where it needs to be

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And there was a time before we were born
When we stood in the garden
If this won't last I'll turn you on
Well, I've got enough for the both of us
The both of us
The both of us

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