

Bloc Party, Rhododendron

On the hottest night of the year
Lying in a patch of Rhododendrons
A bottle of whiskey under my arm
Trying to count a sky full of stars
I dream of order I dream of fleets
Of Napoleon and Aquamarine

He said Linus put that blanket down
You've slammed your door too many times
He said Linus put that blanket down
The world won't wait

Boy, what're you gonna do with your life?
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Boy, what're you gonna do with your life?
Boy, what're you gonna do with your life?

When I was your age i was commanding fleets
When I was your age i was soaked in victory
Now you can't keep a job and you can't keep a wife
What a horrible mess you're gonna make of your life
Watched way too many American films to be John Wayne, Brando or James Dean

Waiting so long for your wrist to get thick
Waiting so long for the next great party
So many questions, so little to say
You don't need these ways

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So you want be an artist, want to be a singer
Want to be remembered for what you could create
So you want to be a cowboy, ride into the distance
Never have to listen or answer to anyone
So you want to be a boxer, surviving on your instincts
Relying on your fists and the quickness of your wits
Are you bigger than these buildings, and the grey around you?
Is your pain more worthy than everybody else?

Drunk again in the Rhododendrons
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