

Bloc Party, Vision Of Heaven

Vision of heaven
Walking up here
On my own
Telegenic
Windswept day
Desolate

Left my white converse on the cold sand
Threw my mobile phone into the sea
I cannot be called or reached

Vision of heaven
No-one around for miles

Cut the wires and the cables
That run under the sea
The walls are white, the rooms are cruel
In the house where I worry
These days I just want to be alone
These days I just want to be alone

I cannot remember
The Lord's Prayer
I cannot remember
Oh but I don't care
I cannot recall
My best friend's face
Blurs and outlines
Eternal fall

Cut the wires

Cut the wires