Bloc Party, Waiting For The 7.18

Waiting for the 7.18
January is endless
Weary-eyed and forlorn
the Northern Line is the loudest

Sitting in silence in bars after work I've got nothing to add or contest Can I still kick a ball a hundred yards?

Now we cling to bottles and memories of the past

Just give me moments not hours or days Just give me moments

Grinding your teeth in the middle of the night Let the sadness off those molars Spend all your spare time trying to escape With crosswords and Sudoku

If I could do it again I'd make more mistakes I'd not be so scared of falling
If I could do it again I'd climb more trees
I'd pick and I'd eat more wild
blackberries

Just give me moments not hours or days Just give me moments

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