

# 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

Let's drive to Brighton on the weekend  
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