

Bloc Party, Where Is Home?

After the funeral, breaking kola nuts
We sit and reminisce about the past
And in her voice, only sadness
Her only son taken from her

In every headline we are reminded that this is not home for us

The second generation blues
Our points of view not listened to
Different worlds and different rules
A question of allegiance

Clinging to her bible and her scapula
And the memory of the way things were
I don't see hope, I cannot smile
I burn with anger all the time

We all read what they did to the black boy

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Where is it?
Where is home?

I'll walk this modern tightrope
Of humility and belligerence

...
Is getting me down

I want to stamp on the face of every young policeman
To break the fingers of every old judge
To cut off the feet of every ballerina
But I can't

So I just sigh and I just sigh
And I pretend that there's nothing wrong
The teeth of this world tear me in half
And everyday I must ask myself
Where, where, where:

Where is it?
Where is home?

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