

Staying Fat

Bloc Party

I rely on (bitter cold)
I depend on (arctic snow)
A pair of trainers (I've got mine)
Could make a God of the two of us (I want yours)I exist on (apropos)
I insist on (arctic snow)
A change of clothing (will fill the void)
Could lift us into fidelity (will suck you in)The walls are coming in again
The sound keeps you hemmed to the past
The streets grid alone from the door
You gotta spin the fucking treadleI rely on (bitter cold)
I depend on (arctic snow)
The man made fibers (I've got mine)
That are the stuff of my birthright (I want yours)I decide on (apropos)
I retreat from (arctic snow)
The dregs of discourse (will fill the void)
For a new world order (will suck you in)The walls are coming in again
The sound keeps you hemmed to the past
The streets grid alone from the door
You gotta spin the fucking treadle...
In a pile of days between no oceans
All the kids are rioting
There's no art in a broken head
All the kids are staying fatAnd I'm air-kissing, back-slapping
Check the body for valuables
It's called progress
Come on pilgrim sing to the pyres
It's called progress
If they want to kill themselves
Then buy them the gowns
It's called progressProgress

Songwriters

OKEREKE, KELE/LISSACK, RUSSELL/MOAKES, GORDON/TONG, MATTPublished by
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>