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 sound keeps you hemmed to the past)
The walls are coming in again
(The streets grid alone from the door)
You gotta spin the fucking dread or
I 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 sound keeps you hemmed to the past)
The walls are coming in again
(The streets grid alone from the door)

You gotta spin the fucking dread or
(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 fat
And I'm air-kissing, back-slapping
Check the body for valuables, it's called progress
Come on pilgrim sing to the pyres
It's high and how it is called, it's called progress
If they want to kill themselves
Then buy them the gowns, it's called progress
Progress progress progress progress progress progress progress

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