Letter To My Son

Bloc Party.

I found myself at the point where we kissed first
On a rooftop overlooking the East London mosque
They said, they said, they said, they said
You can't go around breaking young girl's hearts
I say, I say, I say, I say, keep it casual, easy, babe
And you looked so right in that red dress
Oh, how I'd love to be a rock for you
To be anything you could rely on
So I'll try, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try
But I'll get caught out
So we'll try, we'll try, we'll try, we'll try
But we forget the lines, forget the lines
And you looked so wonderful in the back of the car
Like you could start a hundred wars
See what trouble we could both cause
By the bedroom door, the kitchen floor
I tried, I tried, I tried, I tried, I tried, I tried
I'll leave it unto them to be a father to a son
I tried, I tried, I tried, I tried, I tried, I tried
Forgive me autumn, forgive me autumn
Forgive me autumn, forgive me autumn
Forgive me autumn

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