

Waiting For The 7:18 (Live At Bedford Esquires)

Bloc Party

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
Let's drive to Brighton on the weekend
Let's drive to Brighton on the weekend
Let's drive to Brighton on the weekend
Let's drive to Brighton on the weekend
Let's drive to Brighton on the weekend
Let's drive to Brighton on the weekend
Let's drive to Brighton on the weekend

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>