Where Is Home?

Bloc Party.

After the funeral, breaking cola nuts
We sit and reminisce about the past
And in her voice, only sadness
Her only son taken from herIn every headline we are reminded
That this is not home for us
In every headline we are reminded
That this is not home for usThe second generation blues
Our points of view not listened to
Different worlds and different rules
A question of allegianceClinging to her Bible and her scapular
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 boyIn every headline we are reminded
That this is not home for usWhere is it? Where is home?
Where is it? Where is home?I'll walk this modern tightrope
Of humility and belligerence
This tommyrot and flag waving
Is getting me downI 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'tSo I just sigh and I just sulk
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, whereWhere is it? Where is home?
Where is it? Where is home?In every headline we are reminded
That this is not home for us
In every headline we are reminded
That this is not home for us

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