Your Visits Are Getting Shorter

Bloc Party

I can see it in your eyes now
You have come to resent me
Condescension in the silence
Your fingers are tired, girl
How they falter against my thigh
Your kisses are pining for the lips of someone elseYour visits getting shorter
Your heart is getting farther from me
Your touch is getting colder
Away somewhere you need to beBoys in blue blazers, boys [Incomprehensible]
Boys in your maths class, who'll do anything you askYou're pulling the trigger and the gun is in my mouth
A subtle annoyance laced with disgust
When you get older and all those boys grow tired of you
You can come find me, I can never hate youYour visits getting shorter
Your heart is getting farther from me
Your touch is getting colder
Away somewhere you need to beBoys on your left side, boys on your right
Boys by your locker who'll do anything you askLet's spend the whole day in bed then
'Cause if we don't, you'll want to, want to leave
I try to hold something I can
I try to hold something I can never keepYour visits getting shorter
Your heart is getting farther from me
Your touch is getting colder
Away somewhere you need to beBoys on your left side, boys on your right
Boys by your locker who'll do anything you ask

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