

# Song for Clay (Disappear Here)

## Bloc Party

I am trying to be heroic  
In an age of modernity  
I am trying to be heroic  
As all around me history sinks So I enjoy and I devour  
Flesh and wine and luxury  
But in my heart, I am lukewarm  
Nothing ever really touches me At the Les Trois Garcons  
We meet at precisely 9 o'clock  
I order the foie gras  
And I eat it with complete disdain Bubbles rise in champagne flutes  
But when we kiss, I feel nothing  
Feasting on sleeping pills  
And Marlboro Reds  
Self-pity won't save you Oh, how our, how our parents  
They suffered for nothing  
Live the dream, live the dream, live the dream  
Like the '80s never happened People are afraid, are afraid  
To merge on the freeway  
Disappear here We stroll past the queue  
Into the magazine launch party  
I'm handed a pill  
And I swallow it with complete disdain Kick drum pounds, off-beat high hats  
Remember to look bored  
We suck each other's faces  
And make sure we are noticed  
Cocaine won't save you Because East London is a vampire  
It sucks the joy right out of me  
How we long for corruption  
In these golden years Oh, how our, how our parents  
They suffered for nothing  
Live the dream, live the dream, live the dream  
Like the '80s never happened People are afraid, are afraid  
To merge on the freeway  
Disappear here, disappear here, disappear here  
Disappear here, disappear here

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