

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 Garçons
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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